DIALOGUES

OF THE

D E A D,

BY THE LATE

LORD (GEORGE) LYTTLETON.

FIRST *AMERICAN* EDITION,
From the FIFTH LONDON EDITION, Corrected.

PRINTED AT *WORCESTER*, MASSACHUSETTS,
BY THOMAS, SON & THOMAS.
Sold by them, and in BOSTON, by THOMAS & ANDREWS.

April—1797.

PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH ENGLISH *EDITION.*

LUCIAN *among the Ancients, and among the Moderns* FENELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY *and* MONSIEUR FONTENELLE, *have written* DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD *with a general applauſe. The plan they have traced out is ſo extenſive, that the matter which lies within the compaſs of it can ſcarce be exhauſted. It ſets before us the hiſtory of all times and all nations, preſents to the choice of a writer all characters of remarkable perſons, which may beſt be oppoſed to, or compared with each other; and is, perhaps, one of the moſt agreeable methods, that can be employed, of conveying to the mind any Critical, Moral, or Political Obſervations; becauſe the* Dramatic Spirit, *which may be thrown into them, gives them more life, than they could have in diſſertations, however well written. And ſometimes* a new dreſs *may render* an old truth *more pleaſing to thoſe, whom the mere love of novelty betrays into error, as it very frequently does not only the* wits, *but the* ſages *of theſe days. Indeed one of the beſt ſervices, that could now be done to mankind by any good writer, would be the bringing them back to* common ſenſe, *from which the deſire of ſhining by extraordinary notions*

notions has ſeduced great numbers, to the no ſmall detriment of morality, and of all real knowledge.

It may be proper to obſerve, that in all works of this nature, the dead are often ſuppoſed, by a neceſſary fiction, to be thoroughly informed of many particulars, which happened in times poſterior to their own, and in all parts of the world, as well as in the countries to which they belonged. Thus, in Fenelon's dialogue between Gelon and Dion, the former finds fault with the conduct of the latter; and in another between Solon and the Emperor Juſtinian, the Athenian cenſures the Government of the Roman Legiſlator, and talks of the hiſtory of Procopius, as if he had read it. I have alſo taken the liberty that others have uſed, to date the ſeveral Dialogues, as beſt ſuited with the purpoſes to which they were written, ſuppoſing ſome of them to have paſt immediately after the deceaſe of one or more of the ſpeakers, and others at a very great diſtance of time from that in which they lived. But I have not in this edition made any alteration in the dates of the former. Elyſium, Minos, Mercury, Charon and Styx, being neceſſary allegories in this way of writing are occaſionally uſed here, as they have been by Fontenelle and the Archbiſhop of Cambrey: Which (if it offended any critical or pious ears) I would juſtify by the declaration gravely annexed to the works of all Italian writers, wherein they uſe ſuch expreſſions: "See haveſſi nominato "Fato, Fortuna, Deſtino, Elyſio, Stige, &c. Sono "Schorzi di penna poetica, non ſentimenti di an-"imo Catolico."* 1 N0 61

Three

* If I have named *Fate, Fortune, Deſtiny, Elyſium, Styx*, &c. they are only the ſports of a poetical pen, not the ſentiments of a catholic mind.

Three of these Dialogues were written by a different hand: as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the reader, without my having told it. If the friend who favoured me with them should ever write any more, I shall think that the publick owes me a great obligation, for having excited a genius so capable of uniting delight with instruction, and giving to virtue and knowledge those graces, which the wit of the age has too often, and too successfully employed all its skill to bestow on vice and folly.

Besides many corrections which the Reader will find in this edition, four new Dialogues are added, in order to complete one chief design of the work, I mean the illustrating of certain Principles *and certain* Characters *of importance, by bringing in persons who have acted upon different systems, to defend their own conduct, or to explain their own notions, by free discourse with each other, and in a manner conformable to the turn of their minds, as they have been represented to us by the best authors.*

The seeing this done in the compass of a small volume, may possibly induce our young gentry (for whose service it is more particularly intended) to meditate on the subjects treated of in this work: And, if they make a proper use of the lights given to them, the Public, I hope, will derive some benefit from the book, when the writer is no more.

1 NO 61

CONTENTS.

DIALOGUE I.

Page.

LORD Falkland——Mr. Hampden 13

DIALOGUE II.

Louis le Grand——Peter the Great 18

DIALOGUE III.

Plato——Fenelon 23

DIALOGUE IV.

Mr. Addiſon——Dr. Swift 29

DIALOGUE V.

Ulyſſes——Circe 35

DIALOGUE VI.

Mercury——An Engliſh Duelliſt——A North American Savage 41

DIALOGUE VII.

Pliny the Elder——Pliny the Younger 48

DIALOGUE VIII.

Fernando Cortez——William Penn 53

DIALOGUE IX.

Marcus Portius Cato——Meſſalla Corvinus . . 60

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE X.
Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden——Chancellor Oxenſtiern 65

DIALOGUE XI.
Titus Veſpaſianus——Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus 70

DIALOGUE XII.
Henry Duke of Guiſe——Michiavel 75

DIALOGUE XIII.
Virgil—Horace—Mercury—Scaliger the Elder 82

DIALOGUE XIV.
Boileau——Pope 90

DIALOGUE XV.
Octavia——Portia——Arria 113

DIALOGUE XVI.
Louiſe de Coligni, Princeſs of Orange——Frances Walſingham, Counteſs of Eſſex and of Clanrickard; before, Lady Sidney 119

DIALOGUE XVII.
Marcus Brutus——Pomponius Atticus 123

DIALOGUE XVIII.
William the Third, King of England——John de Witt, Penſioner of Holland 132

DIALOGUE XIX.
M. Appicus——Darteneuf 148

DIALOGUE XX.
Alexander the Great——Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden 159

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXI.
Cardinal Ximenes——Cardinal Wolſey 168

DIALOGUE XXII.
Lucian——Rabelais 175

DIALOGUE XXIII.
Pericles—Coſmo de Medicis, Firſt of that Name 182

DIALOGUE XXIV.
Locke——Bayle 195

DIALOGUE XXV.
Archibald, Earl of Douglaſs, Duke of Touraine ——John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, Field Marſhal of his Britanic Majeſty's Forces 204

DIALOGUE XXVI.
Cadmus——Hercules 217

DIALOGUE XXVII.
Mercury——And a modern fine Lady 223

DIALOGUE XXVIII.
Plutarch——Charon——And a modern Book-ſeller 227

DIALOGUE XXIX.
Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus——Caius Julius Ceſar 237

DIALOGUE XXX.
Plato——Diogenes 248

DIALOGUE XXXI.
Ariſtides——Phocion——Demoſthenes 256

DIALOGUE XXXII.
Marcus Aurelius Philoſophus—Servius Tullius 265

1 NO 61

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

LORD FALKLAND—MR. HAMPDEN.

LORD FALKLAND.

ARE not you ſurpriſed to ſee me in Elyſium, MR. HAMPDEN.

MR. HAMPDEN.

I was going to put the ſame queſtion to your lordſhip; for, doubtleſs, you thought me a rebel.

LORD FALKLAND.

And certainly you thought me an Apoſtate from the Commonwealth, and a ſupporter of Tyranny.

MR. HAMPDEN.

I own I did, and I don't wonder at the ſeverity of your thoughts about me. The heat of the times deprived us both of our natural candour. Yet I will confeſs to you here, that, before I died, I began to ſee in our party enough to juſtify your apprehenſions, that the Civil War, which we had entered into from generous motives, from a laudable deſire to preſerve our free Conſtitution, would end very unhappily, and perhaps, in the iſſue, deſtroy that Conſtitution, even by the arms of thoſe who pretended to be moſt zealous for it.

LORD FALKLAND.

And I will as frankly own to you,* that I ſaw, in the court and camp of the king, ſo much to alarm me for the liberty of my country, if our arms were ſucceſsful, that I dreaded a victory little leſs than I did a defeat, and had nothing in my mouth but the word peace, which I conſtantly repeated with paſſionate fondneſs, in every council at which I was called to aſſiſt.

MR. HAMPDEN.

I wiſhed for peace too, as ardently as your lordſhip. But I ſaw no hopes of it. The inſincerity of the king and the influence of the queen made it impoſſible to truſt to his promiſes or declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reaſonably have upon *Laws* deſigned to limit and reſtrain the power of the crown, after he had violated *the Bill of Rights*, obtained with

* See the Letters in the Sidney Collection from the Earl of Sunderland to his Lady.

with ſuch difficulty, and containing ſo clear an aſſertion of the privileges which had been in diſpute? If his conſcience would allow him to break an Act of Parliament *made to determine the bounds of the Royal Prerogative*, becauſe he thought *that the Royal Prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal ties could bind a conſcience ſo prejudiced? Or what effectual ſecurity could his people obtain againſt the obſtinate malignity of ſuch an opinion, but entirely taking from him *the power of the ſword*, and enabling *themſelves* to defend the laws he had paſt.

LORD FALKLAND.

There is evidently too much truth in what you have ſaid. But, by taking from the king *the power of the ſword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the government into a *Democracy*; and if he had ſubmitted to it, he would only have preſerved the name of a king. The ſceptre would have been held by thoſe who had the ſword; or we muſt have lived in a ſtate of perpetual anarchy, without any force, or balance in the government; a ſtate which could not have laſted long, but would have ended in a Republick or in abſolute dominion.

MR. HAMPDEN.

Your reaſoning ſeems unanſwerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud and thoſe other court divines, who directed the King's conſcience, and fixed in it ſuch principles, as made him unfit to govern a limited monarchy, though with many good qualities, and ſome great ones; let them, I ſay, anſwer for all the miſchiefs they brought upon him and the nation.

LORD FALKLAND.

They were indeed much to blame; but thoſe principles had gained ground before their times, and ſeemed

ſeemed the principles of our Church, in oppoſition to the Jeſuits, who had certainly gone too far in the other extreme.

MR. HAMPDEN.

It is a diſgrace to our Church to have taken up ſuch opinions; and I will venture to prophecy, that our clergy, in future times muſt renounce them, or they will be turned againſt them by thoſe who mean their deſtruction. Suppoſe a *Popiſh King* on the throne. Will the Clergy adhere to paſſive obedience and nonreſiſtance? If they do, they deliver up their religion to Rome; if they do not, their practice will confute their own doctrines.

LORD FALKLAND.

Nature, ſir, will in the end be ſure to ſet right whatever opinion contradicts her great Laws, let who will be the teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on thoſe miſerable times in which we both lived, the more I eſteem it a favour of Providence to us, that we were cut off ſo ſoon. *The moſt grievous misfortune that can befal a virtuous man, is to be in ſuch a ſtate, that he can hardly ſo act as to approve his own conduct.* In ſuch a ſtate we both were. We could not eaſily make a ſtep, either forward or backward, without great hazard of guilt, or at leaſt of diſhonour. We were unhappily entangled in connexions with men who did not mean ſo well as ourſelves, or did not judge ſo rightly. If we endeavoured to ſtop them, they thought us falſe to the cauſe: If we went on with them, we ran directly upon rocks, which we ſaw, but could not avoid. Nor could we take ſhelter in a philoſophical retreat from buſineſs. Inaction would in us have been cowardice and deſertion. To complete the public calamities, a religious fury, on both ſides, mingled itſelf with the rage of our civil diſſenſions, more frantic than that, more implacable, more averſe to all healing

healing meaſures. The moſt intemperate councils were thought the moſt *pious*, and a regard to the laws, if they oppoſed the ſuggeſtions of theſe fiery zealots, was accounted *irreligion*. This added new difficulties to what was before but too difficult in itſelf, the ſettling of a nation which no longer could put any confidence in its ſovereign, nor lay more reſtraints on the royal authority without deſtroying the balance of the whole conſtitution. In theſe circumſtances, the balls, that pierced our hearts, were directed thither by the hands of our guardian Angels, to deliver us from horrors we could not ſupport, and perhaps from a guilt our ſouls abhorred.

MR. HAMPDEN.

Indeed things were brought to ſo deplorable a ſtate, that, if either of us had ſeen his party triumphant, he muſt have lamented that triumph as the ruin of his country. Were I to return into life, the experience I have had would make me very cautious how I kindled the ſparks of Civil War in England: For I have ſeen, that, when once that devouring fire is lighted, it is not in the power of the head of a party to ſay to the conflagration, *Thus far ſhalt thou go, and here ſhall thy violence ſtop.*

LORD FALKLAND.

The converſation we have had, as well as the reflections of my own mind on paſt events, would, if I were condemned to my body again, teach me great moderation in my judgments of perſons, who might happen to differ from me in difficult ſcenes of public action: They would entirely cure me of the *ſpirit of party*, and make me think, that, as in the church, ſo alſo in the ſtate, no evil is more to be feared than a rancorous and enthuſiaſtical zeal.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

LOUIS LE GRAND—PETER THE GREAT.

LOUIS.

WHO, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the trade of a ſhipwright in the dockyards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I have done, the ſurname of *Great?*

PETER.

Which of us beſt deſerved that title, poſterity will decide. But my greatneſs appeared ſufficiently in that very act which ſeemed to you a debaſement.

LOUIS.

The dignity of a king does not ſtoop to ſuch mean employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the eyes of my ſubjects or foreigners, but in all the ſplendor and majeſty of royal power.

PETER.

Had I remained on the throne of Ruſſia, as my anceſtors did, environed with all the pomp of barbarous greatneſs, I ſhould have been idolized by my people, as much at leaſt, as you ever were by the French. My deſpotiſm was more abſolute, their ſervitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed

reformed their evil cuſtoms; have taught them arts, civility, navigation and war; have exalted them from brutes in human ſhapes into men. In this was ſeen the extraordinary force of my genius beyond any compariſon with all other kings, that I thought it no degradation, or diminution of my greatneſs to deſcend from my throne, and go and work in the dockyards of a foreign Republick: To ſerve as a private ſailor in my own fleets, and as a common ſoldier in my own army; till I had raiſed myſelf by my merit in all the ſeveral ſteps and degrees of promotion, up to the higheſt command, and had thus induced my nobility to ſubmit to a regular ſubordination in the ſea and land ſervice, by a leſſon hard to their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other maſter, or by any other method of inſtruction.

LOUIS.

I am forced to acknowledge, that it was a great act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgment was perverted by the prejudices ariſing from my own education, and the ridicule thrown upon it by ſome of my courtiers, whoſe minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the greatneſs of yours in that ſituation.

PETER.

It was an act of more heroiſm than any ever done by Alexander or Cæſar. Nor will I conſent to exchange my glory for theirs. They both did great things; but they were at the head of great nations, far ſuperior in valour and military ſkill to thoſe with whom they contended. I was the king of an ignorant, undiſciplined, barbarous people. My enemies were at firſt ſo ſuperior to my ſubjects, that ten thouſand of them could beat a hundred thouſand Ruſſians. They had formidable navies: I had not a ſhip. The king of Sweden was a prince of the moſt

moſt intrepid courage, aſſiſted by generals of conſummate knowledge in war, and ſerved by ſoldiers ſo diſciplined, that they were become the admiration and terror of Europe. Yet I vanquiſhed theſe ſoldiers; I drove that prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at ſea as well as land; I *new created* my people; I gave them Arts, Sciences, Policy; I enabled them to keep all the powers of the North in awe and dependence, to give kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman emperors, to mix with great weight in the affairs of all Europe. What other man has ever done ſuch wonders as theſe? read all the records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in compariſon with me!

LOUIS.

Your glory would indeed have been ſupreme and unequalled, if, in civilizing your ſubjects, you had reformed the brutality of your own manners, and the barbarous vices of your nature. But, alas! the legiſlator and reformer of the Muſcovites was drunken and cruel.

PETER.

My drunkenneſs I confeſs: Nor will I plead, to excuſe it, the example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious paſſions of anger, and produced actions, of which our reaſon, when ſober, was aſhamed. But the cruelty you upbraid me with may in ſome degree be excuſed, as neceſſary to the work I had to perform. Fear of puniſhment was in the hearts of my barbarous ſubjects the only principle of obedience. To make them reſpect the royal authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the terrors of rage. You had a more pliant people to govern, a people whoſe minds could be ruled, like a fine managed horſe,

horſe, with an eaſy and gentle rein. The fear of ſhame did more with them than the fear of the *knout* could do with the Ruſſians. The humanity of your character and the ferocity of mine were equally ſuitable to the nations over which we reigned: But what excuſe can you find for the cruel violence you employed againſt your Proteſtant ſubjects? They deſired nothing but to live under the protection of laws you yourſelf had confirmed; and they repaid that protection by the moſt hearty zeal for your ſervice. Yet theſe did you force, by the moſt inhuman ſeverities, either to quit the religion in which they were bred, and which their conſciences ſtill retained, or to leave their native land, and endure all the woes of a perpetual exile. If the rules of policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your kingdom, and transferring to foreign countries its manufactures and commerce, I am ſurpriſed that your heart itſelf did not ſtop you. It makes one ſhudder to think, that ſuch orders ſhould be ſent from the moſt poliſhed court in Europe, as the moſt ſavage Tartars could hardly have executed without remorſe and compaſſion.

LOUIS.

It was not my heart, but my religion, that dictated theſe ſeverities. My confeſſor told me, they alone would atone for all my ſins.

PETER.

Had I believed in my patriarch, as you believed in your prieſt, I ſhould not have been the great monarch that I was.—But I mean not to detract from the merit of a prince whoſe memory is dear to his ſubjects. They are proud of having obeyed you, which is certainly the higheſt praiſe to a king. My people alſo date their glory from the era of my reign. But there is this capital diſtinction between us. The

pomp

pomp and pageantry of ſtate were neceſſary to your greatneſs: I was great in myſelf, great in the energy and powers of my mind, great in the ſuperiority and *ſovereignty* of my ſoul over all other men.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

PLATO—FENELON.

PLATO.

WELCOME to Elyſium, O thou, the moſt pure, the moſt gentle, the moſt refined diſciple of Philoſophy that the world, in modern times, has produced! Sage FENELON, welcome!—I need not name myſelf to you. Our ſouls by ſympathy muſt know one another.

FENELON.

I know you to be PLATO, the moſt amiable of all the diſciples of SOCRATES, and the Philoſopher of all antiquity whom I moſt deſired to reſemble.

PLATO.

HOMER and ORPHEUS are impatient to ſee you in that region of theſe happy fields, which their ſhades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great poet though you have written no verſes. And they are now buſy in compoſing for you unfading wreathes of all the fineſt and ſweeteſt Elyſian flowers. But I will lead you from them to the ſacred grove of Philoſophy, on the higheſt hill of Elyſium, where the air is moſt pure and moſt ſerene. I will conduct you to the fountain of wiſdom, in which you will ſee, as in your own writings, the fair image

image of virtue perpetually reflected. It will raiſe in you more love than was felt by NARCISSUS, when he contemplated the beauty of his own face in the unruffled ſpring. But you ſhall not pine, as he did, for a ſhadow. The goddeſs herſelf will affectionately meet your embraces and mingle with your ſoul.

FENELON.

I find you retain the allegorical and poetical ſtile, of which you were ſo fond in many of your writings. Mine alſo ran ſometimes into poetry, particularly in my *Telemachus*, which I meant to make a kind of Epic compoſition. But I dare not rank myſelf among the great poets, nor pretend to any equality in oratory with you, the moſt eloquent of Philoſophers, on whoſe lips the attic bees diſtilled all their honey.

PLATO.

The French language is not ſo harmonious as the Greek: Yet you have given a ſweetneſs to it, which equally charms the ear and heart. When one reads your compoſitions, one thinks that one hears APOLLO's Lyre, ſtrung by the hands of the Graces and tuned by the Muſes. The idea of a *perfect king*, which you have exhibited in your *Telemachus*, far excels, in my own judgment, my imaginary *Republick*. Your *dialogues* breathe the pure ſpirit of virtue, of unaffected good ſenſe, of juſt criticiſm, of fine taſte. They are in general as ſuperior to your countryman FONTENELLE's, as reaſon is to falſe wit, or truth to affectation. The greateſt fault of them, I I think, is, that ſome are too ſhort.

FENELON.

It has been objected to them, and I am ſenſible of it myſelf, that moſt of them are too full of *common place*

place morals. But I wrote them for the inſtruction of a young prince: And one cannot too forcibly imprint on the minds of thoſe who are born to empire the moſt ſimple truths: Becauſe, as they grow up, the flattery of a court will try to diſguiſe and conceal from them thoſe truths, and to eradicate from their hearts the love of their duty, if it has not taken there a very deep root.

PLATO.

It is indeed the peculiar misfortune of princes, that they are often inſtructed with great care in the refinements of policy, and not taught the firſt principles of moral obligations, or taught ſo ſuperficially, that the virtuous man is ſoon loſt in the corrupt politician. But the leſſons of virtue you gave your royal pupil are ſo graced by the charms of your eloquence, that the oldeſt and wiſeſt men may attend to them with pleaſure. All your writings are embelliſhed with a ſublime and agreeable imagination, which gives elegance to ſimplicity, and dignity to the moſt vulgar and obvious truths. I have heard, indeed, that your countrymen are leſs ſenſible of the beauty of your genius and ſtile than any of their neighbours. What has ſo much depraved their taſte?

FENELON.

That which depraved the taſte of the Romans after the age of AUGUSTUS; an immoderate love of *wit*, of *paradox*, of *refinement*. The works of their writers, like the faces of their women, muſt be painted and adorned with artificial embelliſhments to attract their regards. And thus the natural beauty of both is loſt. But it is no wonder if few of them eſteem my *Telemachus*; as the maxims I have principally inculcated there are thought by many inconſiſtent with the grandeur of their monarchy, and with the ſplendor of a refined and opulent nation.

They ſeem generally to be falling into opinions, that the chief end of ſociety is to procure the pleaſures of luxury; that a nice and elegant taſte of voluptuous enjoyments is the perfection of merit; and that a king, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine palace, who furniſhes it well with good ſtatues and pictures, who encourages the fine Arts, and makes them ſubſervient to every modiſh vice, who has a reſtleſs ambition, a perfidious policy, and a ſpirit of conqueſt, is better for them than a NUMA, or a MARCUS AURELIUS. Whereas to check the exceſſes of luxury, thoſe exceſſes I mean which enfeeble the ſpirit of a nation; to eaſe the people, as much as is poſſible, of the burthen of taxes; to give them the bleſſings of peace and tranquillity, when they can be obtained without injury or diſhonor; to make them frugal, and hardy, and maſculine in the temper of their bodies and minds, that they may be the fitter for war whenever it does come upon them; but above all to watch diligently over their morals, and diſcourage whatever may defile or corrupt them, is the great buſineſs of government, and ought to be in all circumſtances the principal object of a wiſe legiſlature. Unqueſtionably *that is the happieſt country which has moſt virtue in it:* And to the eye of ſober reaſon the pooreſt SWISS CANTON is a much nobler ſtate than the kingdom of France, if it has more liberty, better morals, a more ſettled tranquillity, more moderation in proſperity, and more firmneſs in danger.

PLATO.

Your notions are juſt, and if your country rejects them, ſhe will not long hold the rank of the firſt nation in Europe. Her declenſion is begun, her ruin approaches. For, omitting all other arguments, can a ſtate be well ſerved, when the raiſing of an opulent fortune in it's ſervice, and making a ſplendid uſe of that fortune, is a diſtinction more envied than any which ariſes from integrity in office, or publick ſpirit

in

in government? Can that ſpirit which is the parent of national greatneſs, continue vigorous and diffuſive, where the deſire of wealth, for the ſake of a luxury, which wealth alone can ſupport, and an ambition aſpiring, not to glory, but to profit, are the predominant paſſions? If it exiſts in a king, or a miniſter of State, how will either of them find, among a people ſo diſpoſed, the neceſſary inſtruments to execute his great deſigns; or rather, what obſtruction will he not find from the continual oppoſition of private intereſt to publick? But, if, on the contrary, a court inclines to tyranny, what a facility will be given by theſe diſpoſitions to that evil purpoſe? How will men, with minds relaxed by the enervating eaſe and ſoftneſs of luxury, have vigour to oppoſe it? Will not moſt of them lean to ſervitude, *as their natural ſtate*, as that in which the extravagant and inſatiable cravings of their artificial wants may beſt be gratified at the charge of a bountiful maſter, or by the ſpoils of an enſlaved and ruined people? When all ſenſe of publick virtue is thus deſtroyed, will not fraud, corruption and avarice, or the oppoſite workings of court factions to bring diſgrace on each other, ruin armies and fleets without the help of an enemy, and give up the independence of the nation to foreigners, after having betrayed its liberties to a king? All theſe miſchiefs you ſaw attendant on that luxury, which ſome modern Philoſophers account (as I am informed) the higheſt good to a State! Time will ſhew that their doctrines are pernicious to ſociety, pernicious to government; and that yours, tempered and moderated, ſo as to render them more practicable in the preſent circumſtances of your country, are wiſe, ſalutary, and deſerving of the general thanks of mankind. But, leſt you ſhould think, from the praiſe I have given you, that flattery can find a place in Elyſium, allow me to lament, with the tender ſorrow of a friend, that a man ſo ſuperior to all other follies could give into the *Reveries* of a Madame GUYON, a diſtracted enthuſiaſt. How ſtrange was it to ſee

the

the two great Lights of France, you and the biſhop of Meaux, engaged in a controverſy, whether a *mad woman* was a *Heretic*, or a *Saint!*

FENELON.

I confeſs my own weakneſs, and the ridiculouſneſs of the diſpute. But did not your warm imagination carry you alſo into ſome *Reveries* about *Divine Love*, in which you talked unintelligibly, even to yourſelf?

PLATO.

I *felt* ſomething more than I was able to *expreſs*.

FENELON.

I had my *feelings* too, as fine and as lively as yours. But we ſhould both have done better to have avoided thoſe ſubjects, in which *ſentiment* took the place of *reaſon*.

DIALOGUE IV.

MR. ADDISON—DR. SWIFT.

DR. SWIFT.

SURELY, ADDISON, fortune was exceedingly inclined to play the fool (a humour her Ladyſhip, as well as moſt other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when ſhe made you *a Miniſter of State*, and me *a Divine!*

ADDISON.

I muſt confeſs we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to inſinuate, that all would have been right, if our deſtinies had been reverſed?

SWIFT.

Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent biſhop, and I ſhould have governed Greatbritain, as I did Ireland, with an abſolute ſway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and ſo forth.

ADDISON.

You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never underſtood that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are very different things.

SWIFT.

SWIFT.

Ay; ſo you fellows that have no genius for politics may ſuppoſe. But there are times, when by ſeaſonably putting himſelf at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times, when the nation itſelf is a mob, and ought to be treated as ſuch by a ſkilful obſerver.

ADDISON.

I do not deny the truth of your propoſition. But is there no danger, that, from the natural viciſſitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob ſhould be mobbed in his turn?

SWIFT.

Sometimes there may: But I riſked it; and it anſwered my purpoſe. Aſk the Lord Lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me, inſtead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my ſuperiority. And if I could make myſelf ſo conſiderable, when I was only a dirty Dean of St. PATRICK's, without a ſeat in either houſe of Parliament, what ſhould I have done, if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a ſituation that would have enabled me to make myſelf heard in the houſe of Lords or of Commons?

ADDISON.

You would undoubtedly have done very marvellous acts! Perhaps you might then have been as zealous a Whig as my lord WHARTON himſelf. Or, if the Whigs had unhappily offended *the Stateſman*, as they did *the Doctor*, who knows whether you might not have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me aſk you one queſtion between you and me. If your great talents had raiſed you to the office of firſt

miniſter under that prince, would you have tolerated the Proteſtant religion, or not?

SWIFT.

Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? Do you think, becauſe SUNDERLAND took a fancy to make you a great man in the ſtate, that he, or his maſter, could make you as great in wit, as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it muſt be given *from above*. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the biſhops can the other. And, though I will own you had ſome, yet believe me, my good friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough in your nature, to pretend to a competition in that point with me.

ADDISON.

I have been told by my friends that I was rather too modeſt. So I will not determine this diſpute for myſelf, but refer it to Mercury, the God of wit, who fortunately happens to be coming this way, with a Soul he has brought to the Shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A queſtion of precedence in the claſs of wit and humour, over which you preſide, having ariſen between me and my countryman, Dr. SWIFT, we beg leave———

MERCURY—Dr. SWIFT, I rejoice to ſee you—How does my old lad? How does honeſt *Lemuel Gulliver*? Have you been in *Lilliput* lately, or in the *flying Iſland*, or with your good nurſe *Glumdalclitch*? Pray when did you *eat a cruſt with lord Peter*? Is *Jack* as mad ſtill as ever? I hear that, ſince you publiſhed the hiſtory of his caſe, the poor fellow, by more gentle uſage, is almoſt got well. If he had but more food he would be as much in his ſenſes as *Brother Martin* himſelf. But *Martin*, they tell me, has lately ſpawned a ſtrange brood of *Methodiſts*, *Moravians*, *Hutchinſonians*, who are madder than ever *Jack* was in his worſt days. It is a great pity you are

not

not alive again, to make a new edition of your Tale of the Tub for the uſe of theſe fellows.—Mr. ADDISON, I beg your pardon, I ſhould have ſpoken to you ſooner; but I was ſo ſtruck with the ſight of my old friend the Doctor, that I forgot for a time the reſpects due to you.

SWIFT.

ADDISON, I think our diſpute is decided, before the Judge has heard the cauſe.

ADDISON.

I own it is, in your favour;—but———

MERCURY—Don't be diſcouraged, friend ADDISON. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. SWIFT and I naturally like one another. He worſhips me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I aſſure you, I have a great value for you.—*Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the Countrygentleman in the Freeholder*, and twenty more characters, drawn with the fineſt ſtrokes of unaffected wit and humour in your admirable writings, have obtained for you a high place in the claſs of *my Authors*, though not quite ſo high a one as the Dean of St. PATRICK's. Perhaps you might have got before him, if the decency of your nature and the cautiouſneſs of your judgment would have given you leave. But, allowing, that in the force and ſpirit of his wit he has really the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate ſentiment; in developing the ſecret ſprings of the ſoul; in ſhewing the mild lights and ſhades of a character; in diſtinctly marking each line, and every ſoft gradation of tints, which would eſcape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the ſhade even of the greateſt ſimplicity, or the moſt

moſt ridiculous weakneſſes; ſo that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*, even while we are *laughing!* SWIFT was able to do nothing that approaches to this. He could draw an ill face, or caricature a good one, with a maſterly hand: But there was all his power: And, if I am to ſpeak as a *God*, a worthleſs power it is. Yours is divine. It tends to exalt human nature.

SWIFT.

Pray, good MERCURY (if I may have liberty to ſay a word for myſelf) do you think that my talent was not highly beneficial to *correct* human nature? Is whipping of no uſe to mend naughty boys?

MERCURY—Men are generally not ſo patient of whipping as boys; and *a rough Satiriſt* is ſeldom known to mend them. Satire, like antimony, if it be uſed as a medicine, muſt be rendered leſs corroſive. Yours is often rank poiſon. But I will allow that you have done ſome good in your way, though not half ſo much as ADDISON did in his.

ADDISON.

MERCURY, I am ſatisfied. It matters little what rank you aſſign me as a wit, if you give me the precedence as a friend and benefactor to mankind.

MERCURY——I paſs ſentence on the *Writers*, not the *Men*. And my decree is this. When any hero is brought hither, who wants to be humbled, let the taſk of lowering his arrogance be aſſigned to SWIFT. The ſame good office may be done to a philoſopher vain of his wiſdom and virtue, or to a bigot puffed up with ſpiritual pride. The Doctor's diſcipline will ſoon convince the firſt, that with all his boaſted morality he is but a *Yahoo*; and the latter, that to be *holy* he muſt neceſſarily be *humble*. I would alſo have him apply his *anticoſmetic waſh* to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws

draws blood at every ſtroke, to the hard back of inſolent folly or petulant wit. But ADDISON ſhould be employed to comfort thoſe, whoſe delicate minds are dejected with too painful a ſenſe of ſome infirmities in their nature. To them he ſhould hold his fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their ſight their hidden excellencies, and put them in a temper fit for Elyſium.—Adieu: Continue to eſteem and love each other as you did in the other world, though you were of oppoſite parties, (and what is ſtill more wonderful) *rival wits*. This alone is ſufficient to entitle you both to Elyſium.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES—CIRCE.

IN CIRCE's *Iſland.**

CIRCE.

YOU will go then, ULYSSES; but tell me without reſerve—What carries you from me?

ULYSSES.

Pardon, Goddeſs, the weakneſs of human nature. My heart will ſigh for my country. It is an attachment which all my admiration of you cannot entirely overcome.

CIRCE.

This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: But what, ULYSSES, do you fear? My terrors are gone. The proudeſt Goddeſs on earth, when ſhe has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her Divinity and power at his feet.

ULYSSES.

* N. B. This cannot be properly called a Dialogue ofthe Dead; but we have one of the ſame kind among Cambray's Dialogues, between Ulyſſes and his companion Grillus, when turned to a Boar by the enchantments of Circe, and two or three others, that are ſuppoſed to have paſſed between living perſons.

ULYSSES.

It may be ſo while there ſtill remains in her heart the tenderneſs of love, or in her mind the fear of ſhame. But you, CIRCE, are above thoſe vulgar ſenſations.

CIRCE.

I underſtand your caution; it belongs to your character: And therefore, to remove all diffidence from you, I ſwear by Styx, I will do no manner of harm, either to you, or your friends, for any thing which you ſay, however offenſive it may be to my love or my pride: But will ſend you away from my iſland with all marks of my friendſhip. Tell me now truly, what pleaſures you hope to enjoy in the barren rock of Ithaca, which can compenſate for thoſe you leave in this paradiſe, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

ULYSSES.

The pleaſures of virtue; the ſupreme happineſs of doing good. Here I do nothing. My mind is in a palſy: All its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action, that I may worthily employ thoſe talents, which I have cultivated from the earlieſt days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me. They are the exerciſe of my ſoul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than theſe vacant groves. There I could reap the bright harveſt of glory; here I am hid, like a coward, from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of *my former ſelf* haunts and ſeems to upbraid me, whereſoever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every ſhade; It even intrudes itſelf into your preſence, and chides me from your arms. O Goddeſs, unleſs you have power to lay that ſpirit, unleſs you can make me for-

get

get myſelf, I cannot be happy here, I ſhall every day be more wretched.

CIRCE.

May not a wiſe and good man, who has ſpent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, be permitted to retire, and enjoy the reſt of his days in quiet and pleaſure?

ULYSSES.

No retreat can be honourable to a wiſe and good man, but in company with the Muſes. Here I am deprived of that ſacred ſociety. The Muſes will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuouſneſs and ſenſual pleaſure. How can I ſtudy, or think, while ſuch a number of beaſts (and the worſt beaſts are men turned into beaſts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting all about me?

CIRCE.

There may be ſomething in this: But this, I know, is not all. You ſuppreſs the ſtrongeſt reaſon that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, beſides that of *your former ſelf*, which appears to you in this iſland; which follows your walks; which more particularly interpoſes itſelf between you and me, and chides you from my arms. It is Penelope, ULYSSES, I know it is.—Don't pretend to deny it. You ſigh for Penelope in my boſom itſelf.—And yet ſhe is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed by nature with the gift of unfading youth. Several years have paſt ſince her's has been faded. I might ſay without vanity that in her beſt days ſhe was never ſo handſome as I. But what is ſhe now?

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

You have told me yourſelf, in a former converſation, when I enquired of you about her, that ſhe is faithful to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years abſence, as at the time when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of youth and beauty. How much muſt her conſtancy have been tried ſince that time! How meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falſhood? Shall I forget my Penelope, who can't forget me; who has no pleaſure ſo dear to her as my remembrance?

CIRCE.

Her love is preſerved by the continual hope of your ſpeedy return. Take that hope from her. Let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode with me, that you have fixed it forever. Let her know that ſhe is free to diſpoſe as ſhe pleaſes of her heart and her hand. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face. —If all this does not cure her of the remains of her paſſion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I underſtand nothing of womankind.

ULYSSES.

O cruel Goddeſs! why will you force me to tell you truths I deſire to conceal? If by ſuch unmerited, ſuch barbarous uſage, I could loſe her heart, it would break mine. How ſhould I be able to endure the torment of thinking, that I had wronged ſuch a wife? What could make me amends for her being no longer mine, for her being another's? Don't frown, CIRCE; I muſt own, (ſince you will have me ſpeak) I muſt own you could not.—With all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to aſſiſt thoſe of nature, you are not ſo powerful a charmer as ſhe. You feel *deſire*, and you give it: But you have

have never felt *love*, nor can you inſpire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beaſt? PENELOPE raiſed me into a hero. Her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the ſiege of Troy, though the parting with me was worſe than death to herſelf. She bid me expoſe myſelf there to all the perils of war among the foremoſt heroes of Greece, though her poor heart ſunk and trembled at every thought of thoſe perils, and would have given all its own blood to ſave a drop of mine. Then there was ſuch a conformity in all our inclinations! When MINERVA was teaching me the leſſons of wiſdom ſhe delighted to be preſent; ſhe heard, ſhe retained, ſhe gave them back to me ſoftened and ſweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of ORPHEUS, MUSAEUS and LINUS, with what taſte did ſhe diſcern every excellence in them! My feelings were dull compared to her's. She ſeemed herſelf to be the Muſe who had inſpired thoſe verſes, and had tuned their lyres to infuſe into the hearts of mankind the love of wiſdom and virtue, and the fear of the Gods. How beneficent was ſhe, how tender to my people! What care did ſhe take to inſtruct them in all the finer elegant arts; to relieve the neceſſities of the ſick and aged; to ſuperintend the education of children; to do my ſubjects every good office of kind interceſſion; to lay before me their wants; to mediate for thoſe who were objects of mercy; to ſue for thoſe who deſerved the favours of the crown. And ſhall I baniſh myſelf forever from ſuch a conſort? Shall I give up her ſociety for the brutal joys of a ſenſual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having loſt the human ſoul, or at leaſt all its noble and godlike powers? Oh CIRCE, it is impoſſible; I cannot bear the thought.

CIRCE.

CIRCE.

Be gone—don't imagine that I aſk you to ſtay. *The Daughter of the Sun* is not ſo mean ſpirited, as to ſolicit a mortal to ſhare her happineſs with her. It is a happineſs which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity and deſpiſe you. All you have ſaid ſeems to me a jargon of ſentiments fitter for a ſilly woman than a great man. Go, read, and ſpin too, if you pleaſe, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my iſland. You ſhall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every ſtorm, that Neptune can raiſe, purſue and overwhelm you.—Be gone, I ſay, quit my ſight.

ULYSSES.

Great Goddeſs, I obey—but remember your oath.

DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY—AN ENGLISH DUELLIST—A NORTH AMERICAN SAVAGE.

THE DUELLIST.

MERCURY, CHARON's boat is on the other ſide of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have ſome converſation with the North American SAVAGE, whom you brough hither with me, I never before ſaw one of that *ſpecies*. He looks very grim. ——Pray, ſir, what is your name? I underſtand you ſpeak Engliſh.

SAVAGE.

Yes, I learnt it in my childhood, having been bred for ſome years among the Engliſh of Newyork. But, before I was a man, I returned to my valiant countrymen, the *Mohawks*; and having been villainouſly cheated by one of yours in the ſale of ſome rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the reſt of my tribe in the late war againſt France, and was killed while I was out upon a ſcalping party. But I died very well ſatisfied: For my brethren were victorious; and, before I was ſhot, I had glorioufly ſcalped ſeven men, and five women and children. In a former war I had performed ſtill greater exploits. My name is *the bloody Bear*: It was given me to expreſs my fierceneſs and valour.

DUELLIST.

Bloody Bear, I reſpect you, and am much your humble ſervant. My name is TOM PUSHWELL, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profeſſion a gameſter and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable ſingle combat, but don't underſtand cutting the throats of women and children.

SAVAGE.

Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its cuſtoms. But by the grimneſs of your countenance, and that hole in your breaſt, I preſume you were killed, as I was, in ſome ſcalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your ſcalp?

DUELLIST.

Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a ſum of money. After two or three years, being in great want himſelf, he aſked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was ſomewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour, and ſent him a challenge. We met in Hidepark. The fellow could not fence: I was abſolutely the adroiteſt ſwordſman in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at laſt he run upon me with ſuch impetuoſity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour ſhould, without any ſniveling ſigns of contrition or repentance: And he will follow me ſoon; for his ſurgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is ſaid that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of ſeven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: My whore will take good care

care of herſelf, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hoſpital.

SAVAGE.

MERCURY, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman: He has murdered his friend: I ſay poſitively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will ſwim over the river: I can ſwim like a duck.

MERCURY.

Swim over the Styx! It muſt not be done; it is againſt the laws of PLUTO's empire. You muſt go in the boat, and be quiet.

SAVAGE.

Don't tell me of laws: I am a ſavage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Engliſhman: There are laws in his country, and yet you ſee he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow ſubject, in time of peace, becauſe he aſked him to pay a debt. I know indeed, that the Engliſh are *a barbarous nation*; but they cannot poſſibly be ſo brutal as to make ſuch things lawful.

MERCURY.

You reaſon well againſt him. But how comes it that you are ſo offended with murder; you, who have frequently maſſacred women in their ſleep, and children in the cradle?

SAVAGE.

I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend:—Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but ſee that the murderer does not ſit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it inſtantly in the fire

fire I ſee yonder. Farewell.—I am determined to ſwim over the water.

MERCURY.

By this touch of my Wand I deprive thee of all thy ſtrength.—Swim now if thou canſt.

SAVAGE.

This is a potent enchanter.—Reſtore me my ſtrength and I promiſe to obey thee.

MERCURY.

I reſtore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: Otherwiſe worſe will befal you.

DUELLIST.

MERCURY, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah SAVAGE, doſt thou pretend to be aſhamed of my company? Doſt thou know that I have kept the beſt company in England?

SAVAGE.

I know thou art a ſcoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! Kill thy friend who lent thee money for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into Styx.

MERCURY.

Stop.—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

SAVAGE.

I muſt obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

DUELLIST.

DUELLIST.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Beſides, I kept a good table.—I *eat* as well as any man either in England or France.

SAVAGE.

Eat! did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman or his leg, or his ſhoulder! There is *fine eating!* I have eat twenty.—My table was always *well ſerved.* My wife was eſteemed the beſt cook for the dreſſing of man's fleſh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your *eating* with mine.

DUELLIST.

I danced very finely.

SAVAGE.

I'll dance with thee for thy ears. I can dance all day long. I can dance the *War Dance* with more ſpirit than any man of my nation. Let us ſee thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a poſt! Has MERCURY ſtruck thee with his enfeebling rod? Or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how aukward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou haſt never yet learnt. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging *Raſcal.*

DUELLIST.

O Heavens! muſt I bear this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither ſword nor piſtol. And his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

MERCURY.

You muſt anſwer his queſtions. It was your own deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well

well bred; but he will tell you ſome truths which you muſt neceſſarily hear, when you come before RHADAMANTHUS. He aſked you what what you could do beſides eating and dancing.

DUELLIST.

I ſang very agreeably.

SAVAGE.

Let me hear you ſing your *Death Song* or the *War Hoop*. I challenge you to ſing.—Come, begin.—The fellow is mute.—MERCURY, this is a *Liar*.—He has told us nothing but *Lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

DUELLIST.

The Lie given me!—and alas! I dare not reſent it. What an indelible diſgrace to the family of the PUSHWELLS! This indeed is *Damnation*.

MERCURY.

Here, CHARON, take theſe two Savages to your care. How far the barbariſm of the Mohawk will excuſe his horrid acts I leave MINOS to judge. But what can be ſaid for the other, for the Engliſhman? The cuſtom of duelling! A bad excuſe at the beſt! but here it cannot avail. The ſpirit that urged him to draw his ſword againſt his friend is not that of *Honour*; it is the ſpirit of the furies, and to them he muſt go.

SAVAGE.

If he is to be puniſhed for his wickedneſs turn him over to me. I perfectly underſtand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this *kick on your Breech*.

DUELLIST.

DUELLIST.

Oh my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER.——PLINY THE YOUNGER.

PLINY THE ELDER.

THE account that you give me,* nephew, of your behaviour, amidſt the terrors and perils that accompanied the firſt eruption of Veſuvius, does not pleaſe me much. There was more of vanity in it than of true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth was ſhaking beneath you, when the whole heaven was darkened with ſulphureous clouds; when all nature ſeemed falling into its final deſtruction, to be *reading* LIVY, and *making extracts*, was an abſurd affectation. To meet danger with courage is manly; but to be inſenſible of it is brutal ſtupidity; and to pretend inſenſibility, where it cannot be ſuppoſed, is ridiculous falſeneſs. When you afterwards refuſed to leave your aged mother, and ſave yourſelf without her, you indeed acted nobly. It was alſo becoming a Roman to keep up her ſpirit, amidſt all the horrors of that tremendous ſcene, by ſhewing yourſelf undiſmayed. But the real merit and glory of this part of your behaviour is ſunk by the other, which gives an air of oſtentation and vanity to the whole.

PLINY

* V. C. Plinii Epiſt. l. vi. ep. 20.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

That vulgar minds ſhould conſider my attention to my ſtudies in ſuch a conjuncture as unnatural and affected, I ſhould not much wonder. But that you would blame it as ſuch, I did not apprehend; you, whom no buſineſs could ſeparate from the Muſes; you, who approached nearer to the fiery ſtorm, and died by the ſuffocating heat of the vapour.

PLINY THE ELDER.

I died in doing my duty.* Let me recal to your remembrance all the particulars, and then you ſhall judge yourſelf on the difference of your behaviour and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet which then lay at Miſenum. On the firſt account I received of the very unuſual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a veſſel to carry me out, to ſome diſtance from the ſhore, that I might the better obſerve the Phenomenon, and endeavour to diſcover its nature and cauſe. This I did, as a Philoſopher, and it was a curioſity proper and natural to an inquiſitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and ſurely you ſhould have gone; for LIVY might have been read at any other time, and ſuch ſpectacles are not frequent. When I came out from my houſe, I found all the inhabitants of Miſenum flying to the ſea. That I might aſſiſt them, and all others who dwelt on the coaſt, I immediately commanded the whole fleet to put out, and ſailed with it all round the Bay of Naples, ſteering particularly to thoſe parts of the ſhore where the danger was greateſt, and from whence the affrighted people were endeavouring to eſcape with the moſt trepidation. Thus I happily preſerved ſome thouſands of lives; noting at the ſame time, with an unſhaken compoſure and freedom of mind, the ſeveral Phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Mount Veſuvius, our gallies were covered with aſhes,

* V. Epiſt. 16. l. vi.

es, the ſhowers of which grew continually hotter and hotter; then pumice ſtones, and burnt and broken *Pyrites* began to fall on our heads; and we were ſtopt by the obſtacles which the ruins of the volcano had ſuddenly formed, by falling into the ſea, and almoſt filling it up, on that part of the coaſt. I then commanded my pilot to ſteer to the Villa of my friend POMPONIANUS, which, you know, was ſituated in the inmoſt receſs of the Bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the ſhore, as he was deſirous to have done. We were therefore conſtrained to paſs the night in his houſe. The family watched, and I ſlept; till the heaps of pumice ſtones, which inceſſantly fell from the clouds, that had by this time been impelled to that ſide of the Bay, roſe ſo high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that, if I had ſtaid any longer, I could not have got out; and the earthquakes were ſo violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the houſe. We therefore thought it more ſafe to go into the open air, guarding our heads, as well as we were able, with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing contrary, and the ſea very rough, we all remained on the ſhore, till the deſcent of a ſulphureous and fiery vapour ſuddenly oppreſſed my weak lungs, and put an end to my life. In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my ſtation required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occaſion, and in many other parts of your conduct, I muſt ſay, my dear nephew, there was a mixture of vanity blended with your virtue, which impaired and diſgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthieſt men whom Rome has ever produced; for none excelled you in ſincere integrity of heart and greatneſs of ſentiments. Why would you loſe the ſubſtance of glory by ſeeking the ſhadow?—Your eloquence had, I think, the ſame fault as your manners: It was generally too *affected*. You profeſſed to make CICERO your guide and pattern. But when one reads his Panegyric upon

upon JULIUS CESAR, in his Oration for MARCELLUS, and yours upon TRAJAN, the first seems the genuine language of truth and nature, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime Oratory: The latter appears the harangue of a florid *Rhetorician*, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own wit, than to extol the great man whose virtues he was praising.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

I will not question your judgment either of my life or my writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. It is perhaps some excuse for the affectation of my style, that it was the fashion of the age in which I wrote. Even the eloquence of TACITUS, however nervous and sublime, was not unaffected. Mine indeed was more diffuse, and the ornaments of it were more tawdry; but his laboured conciseness, the constant *glow* of his diction, and pointed *brilliancy* of his sentences, were no less unnatural. One principal cause of this I suppose to have been, that as we despaired of excelling the two great masters of Oratory, CICERO and LIVY, in their own manner, we took up another, which, to many, appeared more shining, and gave our compositions a more original air. But it is mortifying to me to say much on this subject. Permit me therefore to resume the contemplation of that on which our conversation turned before. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have been describing! Do not you remember the beauty of that fine coast, and of the Mountain itself, before it was torn with the violence of those internal fires, that forced their way through its surface. The foot of it was covered with corn fields and rich meadows, interspersed with splendid villas and magnificent towns: The sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy. How quick, how unexpected, how terrible was the change! All was at once overwhelmed

whelmed with aſhes, cinders, broken rocks and fiery torrents, preſenting to the eye the moſt diſmal ſcene of horror and deſolation.

PLINY THE ELDER.

You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your philoſophical mind, that this change is a ſtriking emblem of that which muſt happen, by the natural courſe of things, to every rich, luxurious State? While the inhabitants of it are ſunk in voluptuouſneſs, while all is ſmiling around them, and they imagine that no evil, no danger is nigh, the latent ſeeds of deſtruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a ſudden, they lay waſte all their opulence, all their boaſted delights; and leave them a ſad monument of the fatal effects of internal tempeſts and convulſions.

DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ—WILLIAM PENN.

CORTEZ.

IS it poſſible, WILLIAM PENN, that you ſhould ſeriouſly compare your glory with mine! The planter of a ſmall colony in North America preſume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican Empire!

PENN.

Friend, I pretend to no glory—the LORD preſerve me from it.—All glory is *his*;—but this I ſay, that I was *his Inſtrument* in a more glorious work than that performed by thee: Incomparably more glorious.

CORTEZ.

Doſt thou not know, WILLIAM PENN, that with leſs than ſix hundred Spaniſh foot, eighteen horſe, and a few ſmall pieces of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men, dethroned an emperor who had been raiſed to the throne by his valour, and excelled all his countrymen in the Science of War, as much as they excelled all the reſt of the Weſt Indian nations? that I made him my priſoner in his own capital; and, after he had been depoſed and ſlain by his ſubjects, vanquiſhed and took GUATIMOZIN, his ſucceſſor, and accom-

pliſhed my conqueſt of the whole Empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spaniſh crown? Doſt thou not know, that, in doing theſe wonderful acts, I ſhewed as much courage as ALEXANDER the great, as much prudence as CESAR? That, by my policy, I ranged under my banners the powerful Commonwealths of Tlaſcala, and brought them to aſſiſt me in ſubduing the Mexicans, though with the loſs of their own beloved Independence? and that, to conſummate my glory, when the governor of Cuba, VELASQUEZ, would have taken my command from me, and ſacrificed me to his envy and jealouſy, I drew from him all his forces and joined them to my own, ſhewing myſelf as ſuperior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

PENN.

I know very well that thou waſt as fierce as a lion, and as ſubtile as a ſerpent. The DEVIL, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black liſt of Heroes* as ALEXANDER or CESAR. It is not my buſineſs to interfere with him in ſettling thy rank. But hark thee, friend CORTEZ—What right hadſt thou, or had the king of Spain himſelf, to the Mexican Empire? Anſwer me that, if thou canſt.

CORTEZ.

The pope gave it to my maſter.

PENN.

The DEVIL offered to give our LORD all the kingdoms of the earth, and I ſuppoſe the pope, as *his vicar*, gave thy maſter this; In return for which he *fell down and worſhipped him*, like an idolator as he was. But ſuppoſe the high prieſt of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to MONTEZUMA, would his grant have been good?

CORTEZ.

CORTEZ.

These are questions of casuistry, which it is not the business of a soldier to decide. We leave that to gownsmen. But pray, MR. PENN, what right had you to the province you settled?

PENN.

An honest right of fair purchase. We gave the native Savages some things they wanted, and they in return gave us lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood shed to stain our acquisition.

CORTEZ.

I am afraid there was a little *fraud* in the purchase. Thy followers, WILLIAM PENN, are said to think cheating in a quiet and sober way no mortal sin.

PENN.

The saints are always calumniated by the ungodly. But it was a sight which an ANGEL might contemplate with delight, to behold the colony I settled! To see us living with the Indians like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of their barbarous manners by the gentleness of ours! To see the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderness, rendered as fertile and fair as the garden of GOD! O FERNANDO CORTEZ, FERNANDO CORTEZ! didst thou leave the great empire of Mexico in that State? No, thou hadst turned those delightful and populous regions into a desert, a desert flooded with blood. Dost thou not remember that most infernal scene, when the noble emperor GUATIMOZIN was stretched out by thy soldiers upon hot burning coals, to make him discover into what

what part of the lake of Mexico he had thrown the royal treasures? Are not his groans ever sounding in the ears of thy conscience? Do not they rend thy hard heart, and strike thee with more horror than the yells of the furies?

CORTEZ.

Alas! I was not present when that dire act was done. Had I been there I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN.

Thou wast the captain of that band of robbers, who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counsels and conduct enabled them to commit it: And thy skill saved them afterwards from the vengeance that was due to so enormous a crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly punished them for it, if they had not had thee for their general, *thou Lieutenant of Satan.*

CORTEZ.

The *Saints* I find can *rail*, WILLIAM PENN. But how do you hope to preserve this *admirable* colony which you have settled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent Lambs.* Are there no *Wolves* in North America to devour those *Lambs?* But if the Americans should continue in perpetual peace with all your successors there, the French will not. Are the inhabitants of Pennsylvania to make war against *them* with prayers and preaching? If so, that garden of GOD which you say you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey, and they will take from you your property, your laws and your religion.

PENN.

PENN.

The LORD's will be done! The LORD will defend us againſt the rage of our enemies, if it be his good pleaſure.

CORTEZ.

Is this the wiſdom of a great legiſlator! I have heard ſome of your countrymen compare you to SOLON! Did SOLON, think you, give laws to a people, and leave thoſe laws and that people at the mercy of every envader? The firſt buſineſs of legiſlature is to provide a military ſtrength that may defend the whole ſyſtem. If a houſe is built in a land of robbers, without a gate to ſhut, or a bolt or bar to ſecure it, what avails it how well proportioned, or how commodious the architecture of it may be? Is it richly furniſhed within? The more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to ſeize its wealth. The world, WILLIAM PENN, is all a land of Robbers. Any State or Commonwealth erected therein muſt be well fenced and ſecured by good military inſtitutions; or, the happier it is in all other reſpects, the greater will be its danger, the more ſpeedy its deſtruction. Perhaps the neighbouring Engliſh colonies may for a while protect yours: But that precarious ſecurity cannot always preſerve you. Your plan of government muſt be changed, or your colony will be loſt. What I have ſaid is alſo applicable to Greatbritain itſelf. If an increaſe of its wealth be not accompanied with an increaſe of its force, that wealth will become the prey of ſome of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial ſpirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praiſe may be due to its civil inſtitutions, if they are not guarded by a wiſe ſyſtem of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own diſſolution.

PENN.

PENN.

These are suggestions of human wisdom. The Doctrines I held were *inspired*; they came *from above*.

CORTEZ.

It is blasphemy to say, *that any folly could come from the fountain of wisdom*. Whatever is inconsistent with the great laws of nature, and with the necessary state of human society, cannot possibly have been inspired by GOD. Self defence is as necessary to nations as to men. And shall particulars have a right which nations have not? True religion, WILLIAM PENN, is the perfection of reason. Fanaticism is the disgrace the destruction of reason.

PENN.

Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A *Papist* talk of *Reason!* Go to the inquisition, and tell *them* of *Reason and the great Laws of Nature*. They will broil thee, as thy soldiers broiled the unhappy GUATIMOZIN. Why dost thou turn pale? Is it the name of the inquisition, or the name of GUATIMOZIN, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched man! who madest thyself a voluntary instrument to carry into a new discovered world that hellish tribunal. Tremble and shake when thou thinkest, that every murder the inquisitors have committed, every torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou must answer to GOD for all their inhumanity, for all their injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the renown of thy conquests, and to have a conscience as pure and undisturbed as mine?

CORTEZ.

CORTEZ.

I feel the force of thy words. They pierce me like daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the ills I have caused.—Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the glory of GOD, and propagate in the remoteſt parts of the earth his holy religion. He will be merciful to well deſigning and pious error. Thou alſo wilt have need of that gracious indulgence; though not, I own, ſo much as I.

PENN.

Aſk thy heart, whether ambition was not thy real motive, and zeal the pretence?

CORTEZ.

Aſk thine, whether thy zeal had no worldly views, and whether thou didſt believe all the nonſenſe of the ſect, at the head of which thou waſt pleaſed to become a legiſlator. Adieu.—Self examination requires retirement.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO——MESSALLA CORVINUS.

CATO.

OH MESSALLA!—Is it then possible that what some of our countrymen tell me should be true? Is it possible that you could live the courtier of OCTAVIUS, that you could accept of employments and honours from him, from the tyrant of your country; you, the brave, the noble minded, the virtuous MESSALLA; you, whom I remember, my son in law BRUTUS has frequently extolled, as the most promising youth in Rome, tutored by Philosophy, trained up in arms, scorning all those soft, effeminate pleasures, that reconcile men to an easy and indolent servitude, fit for all the roughest tasks of honour and virtue, fit to live or to die a freeman?

MESSALLA.

MARCUS CATO, I revere both your life and your death: But the last, permit me to tell you, did no good to your country; and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the sternness of your virtue, I will not say, of your pride. For my own part, I adhered with constant integrity and unwearied zeal to the republic, while the republic existed. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for her, not for himself. When he was dead,

dead, I ſaw that nothing remained to my country but *the choice of a Maſter*. I choſe *the beſt*.

CATO.

The beſt!—What, a man who had broken all laws, who had violated all truſts, who had led the armies of the Commonwealth againſt ANTONY, and then joined with him and that ſottiſh traitor LEPIDUS, to ſet up a triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; who ſhed the beſt blood in Rome by an inhuman proſcription; murdered even his own guardian; murdered CICERO, to whoſe confidence, too improvidently given, he owed all his power? Was this the maſter you choſe? Could you bring your tongue to give him the name of *Auguſtus*? Could you ſtoop to beg conſulſhips and triumphs from him? Oh ſhame to virtue! O degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her ſons, her nobleſt ſons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the wound that I died of; it ſtabs my ſoul.

MESSALLA.

Moderate, CATO, the vehemence of your indignation. There has always been too much paſſion mixed with your virtue. The enthuſiaſm you are poſſeſſed with is a noble one; but it diſturbs your judgment. Hear me with patience, and with the tranquillity that becomes a philoſopher. It is true, that OCTAVIUS had done all you have ſaid: But it is no leſs true, that in our circumſtances he was the beſt maſter Rome could chooſe. His mind was fitted by nature for empire. His underſtanding was clear and ſtrong. His paſſions were cool, and under the abſolute command of his reaſon. His name gave him an authority over the troops and the people, which no other Roman could poſſeſs in an equal degree. He uſed that authority to reſtrain the exceſſes of both, which it was no longer in the power of the ſenate to repreſs, nor of any other general, or magiſ-

trate in the ſtate. He reſtored diſcipline in our armies, the firſt means of ſalvation, without which no legal government could have been formed or ſupported. He avoided all odious and invidious names. He maintained and reſpected thoſe which time and long habits had endeared to the Roman people. He permitted a generous liberty of ſpeech. He treated the nobles of POMPEY's party as well as thoſe of his father's, if they did not themſelves, for factious purpoſes, keep up the diſtinction. He formed a plan of government, moderate, decent, reſpectable, which left the ſenate its majeſty, and ſome of its power. He reſtored vigour and ſpirit to the laws; he made new and good ones for the reformation of manners; he enforced their execution; he governed the empire with lenity, juſtice and glory: He humbled the pride of the Parthians; he broke the fierceneſs of the barbarous nations: He gave to his country, exhauſted and languiſhing with the great loſs of blood, which ſhe had ſuſtained in the courſe of ſo many civil wars, the bleſſing of peace; a bleſſing which was become ſo neceſſary for her that without it ſhe could enjoy no other. In doing theſe things, I acknowledge, he had my aſſiſtance. I am prouder of it, and I think I can juſtify myſelf more effectually to my country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, CATO, it is better *to do ſome good* than to *project a great deal.* A little practicable virtue is of more uſe to ſociety than the moſt ſublime theory, or the beſt principles of government ill applied.

CATO.

Yet I muſt think it was beneath the character of MESSALLA to join in ſupporting a government, which, though coloured and mitigated, was ſtill a tyranny. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary exile, where you would not have ſeen the face of the tyrant, and where you might have quietly

practiſed

practiſed thoſe private virtues, which are all the Gods require from good men in certain ſituations?

MESSALLA.

No:—I did much more good by continuing at Rome. Had AUGUSTUS required of me any thing baſe, any thing ſervile, I would have gone into exile, I would have died, rather than do it.—But he reſpected my virtue, he reſpected my dignity, he treated me as well as AGRIPPA, or as MECAENAS, with this diſtinction alone, that he never employed my ſword but againſt foreign nations, or the old enemies of the republick.

CATO.

It muſt, I own, have been a pleaſure to be employed againſt ANTONY, that monſter of vice, who plotted the ruin of liberty, and the raiſing of himſelf to ſovereign power, amidſt the riot of BACCHANALS, and in the embraces of harlots: Who, when he had attained to that power, delivered it up to a laſcivious Queen, and would have made an Egyptian ſtrumpet the miſtreſs of Rome, if the battle of Actium had not ſaved us from *that laſt of misfortunes*.

MESSALLA.

In that battle I had a conſiderable ſhare. So I had in encouraging the liberal arts and ſciences, which AUGUSTUS protected. Under his judicious patronage the Muſes made Rome their capital ſeat. It would have pleaſed you to have known VIRGIL, HORACE, TIBULLUS, OVID, LIVY, and many more, whoſe names will be illuſtrious to all generations.

CATO.

I underſtand you, MESSALLA. Your AUGUSTUS and you, after the ruin of our liberty, made Rome a Greek

Greek city, an academy of fine wits, another Athens under the government of DEMETRIUS PHALEREUS. I had much rather have ſeen her under FABRICIUS and CURIUS, and her other honeſt old conſuls, who could not read.

MESSALLA.

Yet to theſe writers ſhe will owe as much of her glory as ſhe did to thoſe heroes. I could ſay more, a great deal more, on the happineſs of the mild dominion of AUGUSTUS. I might even add, that the vaſt extent of the empire, the factions of the nobility, and the corruption of the people, which no laws under the ordinary magiſtrates of the ſtate were able to reſtrain, ſeemed neceſſarily to require ſome change in the government? That CATO himſelf, had he remained upon earth, could have done us no good, unleſs he would have yielded to become *our prince*. But I ſee you conſider me as a deſerter from the republic, and an apologiſt for a tyrant. I therefore leave you to the company of thoſe ancient Romans, for whoſe ſociety you were always much fitter than for that of your contemporaries. CATO ſhould have lived with FABRICIUS and CURIUS, not with POMPEY and CESAR.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN—CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERN.

CHRISTINA.

YOU ſeem to avoid me, OXENSTIERN; and, now we are met, you don't pay me the reverence that is due to your queen! Have you forgotten that I was your ſovereign?

OXENSTIERN.

I am not your ſubject here, madam; but you have forgotten, that you yourſelf broke that bond, and freed me from my allegiance, many years before you died, by abdicating the crown, againſt my advice and the inclination of your people. Reverence here is paid only to virtue.

CHRISTINA.

I ſee you would mortify me if it were in your power, for acting againſt your advice. But my fame does not depend upon your judgment. All Europe admired the greatneſs of my mind in reſigning a crown, to dedicate myſelf entirely to the love of the Sciences and the fine Arts: Things of which you had no taſte in barbarous Sweden, the realm of Goths and Vandals.

OXENSTIERN.

There is hardly any mind *too great* for a crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you ſure, Madam, it was magnanimity, that cauſed you to fly from the government of a kingdom, which your anceſtors, and particularly your heroic father GUSTAVUS, had ruled with ſo much glory?

CHRISTINA.

Am I ſure of it? Yes:——and to confirm my own judgment, I have that of many learned men and *Beaux Eſprits* of all countries, who have celebrated my action as the perfection of heroiſm.

OXENSTIERN.

Thoſe *Beaux Eſprits* judged according to their predominant paſſion. I have heard young ladies expreſs their admiration of MARK ANTONY for heroically leaving his fleet at the battle of ACTIUM, to follow his miſtreſs. Your paſſion for literature had the ſame effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a manner more becoming your birth and rank? Why did not you bring the Muſes to Sweden, inſtead of deſerting that kingdom to ſeek them in Rome? For a prince to encourage and protect Arts and Sciences, and more eſpecially to inſtruct an illiterate people, and inſpire them with knowledge, politeneſs and fine taſte, is indeed an act of true greatneſs.

CHRISTINA.

The Swedes were too groſs to be refined by any culture, which I could have given to their dull, their half frozen ſouls. Wit and genius require the influence of a more ſouthern climate.

OXENSTIERN.

OXENSTIERN.

The Swedes too groſs! No, Madam; Not even the Ruſſians are too groſs to be refined, if they had a prince to inſtruct them.

CHRISTINA.

It was too tedious a work for the vivacity of my temper to poliſh bears into men: I ſhould have died of the ſpleen before I had made any proficiency in it. My deſire was to ſhine among thoſe who are qualified to judge of my talants. At Paris, at Rome, I had the glory of ſhewing the French and Italian wits, that the north could produce *one* not inferior to them. They beheld me with wonder. The homage I had received in my palace at Stockholm was paid to my dignity: That which I drew from the French and Roman Academies was paid to my talents. How much more glorious, how much more delightful to an elegant and rational mind, was the latter than the former! Could you once have felt the joy, the tranſport of my heart, when I ſaw the greateſt authors, and all the celebrated artiſts, in the moſt learned and civilized countries of Europe, bringing their works to me, and ſubmitting the merit of them to my deciſions; when I ſaw the Philoſophers, the Rhetoricians, the Poets, making my judgment the ſtandard of their reputation; you would not wonder that I preferred the empire of wit to any other empire.

OXENSTIERN.

O great GUSTAVUS! my ever honored, my adored maſter! O greateſt of kings, greateſt in valour, in virtue, in wiſdom, with what indignation muſt thy ſoul, enthroned in Heaven, have looked down on thy unworthy, thy degenerate daughter! With what ſhame muſt thou have ſeen her rambling about from

from court to court, deprived of her royal dignity, debaſed into a pedant, a witling, a ſmatterer in ſculpture and painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy Rhetorician, or hireling Poet! I weep to think on this ſtain, this diſhonourable ſtain, to thy illuſtrious blood! And yet——would to GOD! would to GOD! this was all the pollution it has ſuffered!

CHRISTINA.

Dareſt thou, OXENSTIERN, impute any blemiſh to my honour!

OXENSTIERN.

Madam, the world will ſcarce reſpect the frailties of queens when they are on their thrones; much leſs when they have voluntarily degraded themſelves to the level of the vulgar. And if ſcandalous tongues have unjuſtly aſperſed their fame, the way to clear it is not by an *aſſaſſination*.

CHRISTINA.

Oh! that I were alive again, and reſtored to my throne, that I might puniſh the inſolence of this hoary traitor! But, ſee! he leaves me, he turns his back upon me with cool contempt!—Alas! do I not deſerve this ſcorn? In ſpite of myſelf I muſt confeſs that I do.—O vanity, how ſhortlived are the pleaſures thou beſtoweſt! I was thy votary: Thou waſt the god for whom I changed my religion. For thee I forſook my country and my throne. What compenſation have I gained for all theſe ſacrifices ſo laviſhly, ſo imprudently made? Some puffs of incenſe from authors, who thought their flattery due to the rank I had held, or hoped to advance themſelves by my recommendation, or, at beſt, overrated my paſſion for literature, and praiſed me, to raiſe the value of thoſe talents with which they were endowed. But in the eſteem of *wiſe men* I ſtand very low; and *their*

eſteem

eſteem alone is the true meaſure of glory. Nothing, I perceive, can give the mind a laſting joy, but the conſcioufneſs of having performed our duty in that ſtation, which it has pleaſed the Divine Providence to aſſign to us. The glory of virtue is ſolid and eternal: All other will fade away like a thin vapoury cloud, on which the caſual glance of ſome faint beams of light has ſuperficially imprinted their weak and tranſient colours.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.—PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

TITUS.

NO——SCIPIO: I can't give place to you in this.—In other reſpects I acknowledge myſelf your inferior, though I was Emperor of Rome, and you only her conſul. I think your triumph over CARTHAGE more glorious than mine over JUDEA: But in that I gained over love I muſt eſteem myſelf ſuperior to you, though your generoſity with regard to the fair Celtiberian, your captive, has been celebrated ſo highly.

SCIPIO.

Fame has been then unjuſt to your merit: For little is ſaid of the *Continence* of TITUS: But mine has been the favourite topic of eloquence in every age and country.

TITUS.

It has:—And in particular your great Hiſtorian LIVY has poured forth all the ornaments of his admirable Rhetoric to embelliſh and dignify that part of your ſtory. I had a great hiſtorian too, CORNELIUS TACITUS: But either from the brevity which he affected in writing, or from the ſeverity of his

his nature, which, never having felt the paſſion of love, thought the ſubduing of it too eaſy a victory to deſerve great encomiums, he has beſtowed but three lines upon my parting with BERENICE, which coſt me more pain, and greater efforts of mind, than the conqueſt of Jeruſalem.

SCIPIO.

I wiſh to hear from yourſelf the hiſtory of that parting, and what could make it ſo hard and painful to you.

TITUS.

While I ſerved in Paleſtine under the auſpices of my father VESPASIAN, I became acquainted with BERENICE, ſiſter to king AGRIPPA, and who was herſelf a queen in one of thoſe eaſtern countries, She was the moſt beautiful woman in Aſia; but ſhe had graces more irreſiſtable ſtill than her beauty. She had all the inſinuation and wit of CLEOPATRA, without her coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: She loved my perſon, not my greatneſs. Her tenderneſs, her fidelity, ſo enflamed my paſſion for her, that I gave her a promiſe of marriage.

SCIPIO.

What do I hear? A Roman ſenator promiſe to marry a queen!

TITUS.

I expected, SCIPIO, that your ears would be offended with the ſound of ſuch a match. But conſider that Rome was very different in my time from Rome in yours. The ferocious pride of our ancient republican ſenators had bent itſelf to the obſequious complaiſance of a court. BERENICE made no doubt, and I flattered myſelf, that it would not be inflexible

flexible in this point alone. But we thought it neceſſary to defer the completion of our wiſhes till the death of my father. On that event the Roman Empire, and (what I knew ſhe valued more) *my hand*, became due to her, according to my engagements.

SCIPIO.

The Roman Empire due to a Syrian queen! Oh Rome, how art thou fallen! Accurſed be the memory of OCTAVIUS CESAR, who by oppreſſing its liberty ſo lowered the majeſty of the Republick, that a brave and virtuous Roman, in whom was veſted all the power of that mighty State, could entertain ſuch a thought! But did you find the ſenate and people ſo ſervile, ſo loſt to all ſenſe of their honour and dignity, as to affront the great genius of imperial Rome, and the eyes of her tutelary gods, the eyes of JUPITER CAPITOLINUS, with the ſight of a queen, an Aſiatic queen, on the throne of the CESARS?

TITUS.

I did not;——they judged of it as you, SCIPIO, judge; they deteſted, they diſdained it. In vain did I urge to ſome particular friends, who repreſented to me the ſenſe of the ſenate and people, that a MESSALINA, a POPPAEA, were a much greater diſhonour to the throne of the CESARS than a virtuous foreign princeſs.* Their prejudices were unconquerable; I ſaw it would be impoſſible for me to remove them. But I might have uſed my authority to ſilence their murmurs. A liberal donative to the ſoldiers, by whom I was fondly beloved, would have ſecured their fidelity, and conſequently would have forced the ſenate and people to yield to my inclination. BERENICE knew this, and with tears implored me not to ſacrifice her happineſs and my own to an unjuſt prepoſſeſſion. Shall I own it to you, PUBLIUS?

* The character of Berenice in this Dialogue is conformable to the idea given of her by Racine, not by Joſephus.

PUBLIUS? My heart not only pitied her, but acknowledged the truth and ſolidity of her reaſons. Yet ſo much did I abhor the idea of tyranny, ſo much reſpect did I pay to the ſentiments of my ſubjects, that I determined to ſeparate myſelf from her forever, rather than force either the laws or the prejudices of Rome to ſubmit to my will.

SCIPIO.

Give me thy hand, noble TITUS. Thou waſt worthy of the empire; and SCIPIO AFRICANUS honours thy virtue.

TITUS.

My virtue can have no greater reward from the approbation of man. But, O SCIPIO, think what anguiſh my heart muſt have felt, when I took that reſolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy BERENICE. You ſaw the ſtruggle of MASINISSA, when you forced him to give up his beloved SOPHONISBA. Mine was a harder conflict. She had abandoned him to marry the king of Numidia. He knew that her ruling paſſion was ambition, not love. He could not rationally eſteem her, when ſhe quitted a huſband, whom ſhe had ruined, who had loſt his crown and his liberty in the cauſe of her country, and for her ſake, to give her perſon to him, the capital foe of that unfortunate huſband. He muſt, in ſpite of his paſſion, have thought her a perfidious, a deteſtable woman. But I eſteemed BERENICE: She deſerved my eſteem. I was certain ſhe would not have accepted the Empire from any other hand: And had I been a private man, ſhe would have raiſed me to her throne. Yet I had the fortitude, I ought, perhaps, to ſay, the *hardneſs of heart*, to bid her depart from my ſight; depart forever! What, O PUBLIUS, was your conqueſt over yourſelf, in giving back to her betrothed lover the Celtiberian captive, compared to this? Indeed, *that*

was no conqueſt. I will not ſo diſhonour the virtue of SCIPIO, as to think he could feel any ſtruggle with himſelf on that account. A woman engaged to another, engaged by affection as well as vows, let her have been ever ſo beautiful, could raiſe in your heart no ſentiments but compaſſion and friendſhip. To have violated her would have been an act of brutality, which none but another TARQUIN could have committed. To have detained her from her huſband would have been cruel. But where love is mutual, where the object beloved ſuffers more in the ſeparation than you do yourſelf, to part with *her* is indeed a ſtruggle! It is the hardeſt ſacrifice a good heart can make to its duty.

SCIPIO.

I acknowledge that it is, and yield you the palm. But I will own to you, TITUS, I never knew much of the tenderneſs you deſcribe. HANNIBAL CARTHAGE, Rome, the ſaving of my country, the ſubduing of its rival, theſe filled my thoughts, and left no room there for thoſe effeminate paſſions. I do not blame your ſenſibility: But, when I went to the capitol *to talk with* JOVE, I never conſulted him about *love affairs*.

TITUS.

If my ſoul had been poſſeſſed by ambition alone, I might poſſibly have been a greater man than I was, but I ſhould not have been more virtuous, nor have gained the title I preferred to that of conqueror of Judea and emperor of Rome, in being called *the delight of Human kind*.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY DUKE OF GUISE.—MACHIAVEL.

GUISE.

AVAUNT! thou fiend—I abhor thy ſight.—I look upon thee as the original cauſe of my death, and of all the calamities brought upon the French nation, in my father's time and my own.

MACHIAVEL.

I the cauſe of your death! You ſurpriſe me!

GUISE.

Yes:—Your pernicious maxims of policy, imported from Florence with CATHERINE of Medicis, your wicked diſciple, produced in France ſuch a government, ſuch diſſimulation, ſuch perfidy, ſuch violent, ruthleſs counſels, as threw that whole kingdom into the utmoſt confuſion, and ended my life, even in the palace of my ſovereign, by the ſwords of aſſaſſins.

MACHIAVEL.

Whoever may have a right to complain of my policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your greatneſs to it, and your deviating from it was the real cauſe of your death. If it had not been for the aſſaſſination of admiral COLIGNI and the maſſacre of the Huguenots, the ſtrength and power which the conduct of

ſo

ſo able a chief would have given to that party, after the death of your father, its moſt dangerous enemy, would have been fatal to your houſe: Nor could you, even with all the advantage you drew from that *great ſtroke of royal policy*, have acquired the authority you afterwards roſe to in the kingdom of France, but by purſuing my maxims; by availing yourſelf of the ſpecious name of religion to ſerve the ſecret purpoſes of your ambition; and by ſuffering no reſtraint of fear or conſcience, not even the guilt of exciting a civil war, to check the neceſſary progreſs of your well concerted deſigns. But on the day of the *Barricades* you moſt imprudently let the king eſcape out of Paris, when you might have ſlain or depoſed him. This was directly againſt the great rule of my politics, *not to ſtop ſhort in rebellion or treaſon till the work is fully completed.* And you were juſtly cenſured for it by pope SIXTUS QUINTUS, a more conſummate politician, who ſaid, *you ought to have known, that when a ſubject draws his ſword againſt his king, he ſhould throw away the ſcabbard.* You likewiſe deviated from your counſels, by putting yourſelf in the power of a ſovereign you had ſo much offended. Why would you againſt all the cautions I had given, expoſe your life in a royal caſtle to the mercy of that prince? You truſted to his fear; but fear, inſulted and deſperate, is often cruel. Impute therefore your death, not to any fault in my maxims, but to your own folly in not having ſufficiently obſerved them.

GUISE.

If neither I, nor that prince, had ever practiſed your maxims in any part of our conduct, he would have reigned many years with honour and peace, and I ſhould have riſen by my courage and talents to as high a pitch of greatneſs, as it conſiſted with the duty of a ſubject to deſire. But your inſtructions led us on into thoſe crooked paths, out of which there was no retreat without great danger, nor

a

a poſſibility of advancing without being deteſted by all mankind; and *whoever is ſo has every thing to fear from that deteſtation.* I will give you a proof of this in the fate of a prince, who ought to have been your hero, inſtead of CESAR BORGIA, becauſe he was incomparably a greater man, and, of all who ever lived, ſeems to have acted moſt ſteadily according to the rules laid down by you;* I mean RICHARD the third, king of England. He ſtopped at no crime that could be profitable to him: He was a diſſembler, a hypocrite, a murderer in cool blood: After the death of his brother he gained the crown, by cutting off, without pity, all who ſtood in his way. He truſted no man any further than helped his own purpoſes, and conſiſted with his own ſafety. He liberally rewarded all ſervices done him, but would not let the remembrance of them atone for offences, or ſave any man from deſtruction who obſtructed his views. Nevertheleſs, though his nature ſhrunk from no wickedneſs which could ſerve his ambition, he poſſeſſed and exerciſed all thoſe virtues, which you recommend to the practice of *your prince.* He was bold and prudent in war, juſt and ſtrict in the general adminiſtration of his government, and particularly careful, by a vigorous execution of the laws, to protect the people againſt injuries or oppreſſions from the great. In all his actions and words there conſtantly appeared the higheſt concern for the honour of the nation. He was neither greedy of wealth that belonged to other men, nor profuſe of his own: But knew how to give and where to ſave. He profeſſed a moſt edifying ſenſe of religion, pretended great zeal for the reformation of manners, and was really an example of ſobriety, chaſtity and temperance, in the whole courſe of his life. Nor did he ſhed any blood, but of thoſe who were ſuch obſtacles in his way to dominion, as could not poſſibly be removed by any other means. This was a prince *after your heart.* Yet, mark his end.

* See Machiavel's Prince.

The horror his crimes had excited in the minds of his ſubjects, and the deteſtation it produced, were ſo pernicious to him, that they enabled an *exile*, who had no right to the crown, and whoſe abilities were much inferior to his, to invade his realm and deſtroy him.

MACHIAVEL.

This example, I own, may ſeem to be of ſome weight againſt the truth of my ſyſtem. But at the ſame time it demonſtrates, that there was nothing ſo new in the doctrines I publiſhed, as to make it reaſonable to charge me with the diſorders and miſchiefs, which, ſince my time, any kingdom may have happened to ſuffer from the ambition of a ſubject, or the tyranny of a prince. Human nature wants no teaching to render it wicked. In courts more eſpecially there has been, from the firſt inſtitution of monarchies, a policy practiſed, not leſs repugnant than mine to the narrow and vulgar laws of humanity and religion. Why ſhould I be ſingled out as worſe than other ſtateſmen?

GUISE.

There have been, it muſt be owned, in all ages and all ſtates, many wicked politicians. But thou art the firſt that ever *taught the ſcience of tyranny*, reduced it to rules, and inſtructed his diſciples how to acquire and ſecure it, by treachery, perjuries, aſſaſſinations, proſcriptions; and with a particular caution, not to be ſtopped in the progreſs of their crimes by any check of the conſcience or feeling of the heart; but to puſh them as far as they ſhall judge to be neceſſary to their greatneſs and ſafety. It is this which has given thee a preeminence in guilt over all other ſtateſmen.

MACHIAVEL.

MACHIAVEL.

If you had read my book with candour, you would have perceived, that I did not deſire to render men either tyrants or rebels, but only ſhewed, if they were ſo, what conduct, in ſuch circumſtances, it would be rational and expedient for them to obſerve.

GUISE.

When you were a miniſter of ſtate in Florence, if any chymiſt, or phyſician, had publiſhed a treatiſe, to inſtruct his countrymen in the art of poiſoning, and how to do it with the moſt certain deſtruction to others and ſecurity to themſelves, would you have allowed him to plead in his juſtification, that he did not deſire men to poiſon their neighbours; but if they would uſe ſuch evil means of mending their fortunes, there could ſurely be no harm in letting them know, what were the moſt effectual poiſons, and by what methods they might give them without being diſcovered? Would you have thought it a ſufficient apology for him, that he had dropped in his preface, or here and there in his book, a ſober exhortation againſt the committing of murder? Without all doubt, as a magiſtrate concerned for the ſafety of the people of Florence, you would have puniſhed the wretch with the utmoſt ſeverity, and taken great care to deſtroy every copy of ſo pernicious a book. Yet your own admired work contains a more baneful and more infernal art. It poiſons ſtates and kingdoms, and ſpreads its malignity, like a general peſtilence over the whole world.

MACHIAVEL.

You muſt acknowledge at leaſt, that my diſcourſes on LIVY are full of wiſe and virtuous maxims and precepts of government.

GUISE.

GUISE.

This, I think, rather aggravates than alleviates your guilt. How could you ſtudy and comment upon LIVY with ſo acute and profound an underſtanding, and afterwards write a book ſo abſolutely repugnant to all the leſſons of policy taught by that ſage and moral hiſtorian? How could you, who had ſeen the picture of virtue ſo amiably drawn by his hand, and who ſeemed yourſelf to be ſenſible of all its charms, fall in love with a *fury*, and ſet up her dreadful image, as an object of worſhip to princes?

MACHIAVEL.

I was ſeduced by vanity.——My heart was formed to love virtue. But I wanted to be thought *a greater genius in politicks* than ARISTOTLE or PLATO. Vanity, ſir, is a paſſion as ſtrong in authors as ambition in princes, or rather it is the ſame paſſion exerting itſelf differently, I was *a duke of Guiſe* in the republic of letters.

GUISE.

The bad influences of your guilt have reached farther than mine, and been more laſting. But, Heaven be praiſed, your credit is at preſent much declining in Europe. I have been told by ſome ſhades who are lately arrived here, that the ableſt ſtateſman of his time, a king, with whoſe fame the world is filled, has anſwered your book, and confuted all the principles of it, with a noble ſcorn and abhorrence. I am alſo aſſured, that in England there is a great and good king, *whoſe whole life has been a continual oppoſition to your evil ſyſtem*; who has hated all cruelty, all fraud, all falſeneſs; whoſe word has been ſacred, whoſe honour inviolate; who has made the laws of his kingdom the rules of his government, and good faith and a regard for the liberty of mankind the principles

ciples of his conduct with reſpect to foreign powers; who reigns more abſolutely now in the hearts of his people, and does greater things by the confidence they place in him, and by the efforts they make from the generous zeal of affection, than any monarch ever did, or ever will do, by all the arts of iniquity which you recommended.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIII.

VIRGIL—HORACE—MERCURY—SCALIGER THE ELDER.

VIRGIL.

MY dear HORACE, your company is my greateſt delight, even in the Elyſian Fields. No wonder it was ſo when we lived together in Rome. Never had man ſo genteel, ſo agreeable, ſo eaſy a wit, or a temper ſo pliant to the inclinations of others in the intercourſe of ſociety. And then ſuch integrity, ſuch fidelity, ſuch generoſity in your nature! A ſoul ſo free from all envy, ſo benevolent, ſo ſincere, ſo placable in its anger, ſo warm and conſtant in its affections! You were as neceſſary to MECAENAS, as he to AUGUSTUS. Your converſation ſweetened to him all the cares of his miniſtry: Your gaiety cheered his drooping ſpirits; and your counſels aſſiſted him when he wanted advice. For you were capable, my dear HORACE, of counſelling ſtateſmen. Your ſagacity, your diſcretion, your ſecreſy, your clear judgment in all affairs, recommended you to the confidence, not of MECAENAS alone, but of AUGUSTUS himſelf; which you nobly made uſe of to ſerve your old friends of the republican party, and to confirm both the miniſter and the prince in their love of mild and moderate meaſures, yet with a ſevere reſtraint of licentiouſneſs, the moſt dangerous enemy to the whole commonwealth under any form of government.

HORACE.

HORACE.

To be ſo praiſed by VIRGIL would have put me in Elyſium, while I was alive.—But I know your modeſty will not ſuffer me in return for theſe encomiums, to ſpeak of your character. Suppoſing it as perfect as your poems, you would think, as you did of them, that it wanted correction.

VIRGIL.

Don't talk of my modeſty.—How much greater was yours, when you diſclaimed the name of a poet, you, whoſe odes are ſo noble, ſo harmonius, ſo ſublime!

HORACE.

I felt myſelf too inferior to the dignity of that name.

VIRGIL.

I think you did like AUGUSTUS, when he refuſed to accept the title of king, but kept all the power with which it was ever attended. Even in your epiſtles and ſatires, where the poet was concealed, as much as he could be, you may properly be compared to a prince in diſguiſe, or in his hours of familiarity with his intimate friends: The pomp and majeſty were let drop, but the greatneſs remained.

HORACE.

Well!—I will not contradict you; and (to ſay the truth) I ſhould do it with no very good grace, becauſe in ſome of my odes I have not ſpoken ſo modeſtly of my own poetry, as in my epiſtles. But to make you know your preeminence over me and all writers of Latin verſe, I will carry you to QUINTILIAN,

TILIAN, the beſt of all Roman critics, who will tell you in what rank you ought to be placed.

VIRGIL.

I fear his judgment of me was biaſſed by your commendation.—But who is this ſhade that MERCURY is conducting? I never ſaw one that ſtalked with ſo much pride, or had ſuch ridiculous arrogance expreſſed in his looks!

HORACE.

They come towards us:—Hail, MERCURY! What is this ſtranger with you?

MERCURY.

His name is JULIUS CESAR SCALIGER, and he is by profeſſion a *critic*.

HORACE.

JULIUS CESAR SCALIGER! He was, I preſume, a *dictator* in criticiſm.

MERCURY.

Yes, and he has exerciſed his ſovereign power over you.

HORACE.

I will not preſume to oppoſe it. I had enough of following BRUTUS at Philippi.

MERCURY.

Talk to him a little:—He'll amuſe you. I brought him to you on purpoſe.

HORACE.

HORACE.

VIRGIL, do you accoſt him:—I can't do it with proper gravity: I ſhall laugh in his face.

VIRGIL.

Sir, may I aſk for what reaſon you caſt your eyes ſo ſuperciliouſly upon HORACE and me? I don't remember that AUGUSTUS ever looked down upon us with ſuch an air of ſuperiority, when we were his ſubjects.

SCALIGER.

He was only a ſovereign over your bodies, and owed his power to violence and uſurpation. But I have from nature an abſolute dominion over the wit of all authors, who are ſubjected to me as the greateſt of critics or *hypercritics*.

VIRGIL.

Your juriſdiction, great ſir, is very extenſive:—And what judgments have you been pleaſed to paſs upon us?

SCALIGER.

Is it poſſible you ſhould be ignorant of my decrees? I have placed you, VIRGIL, above HOMER; whom I have ſhewn to be ———

VIRGIL.

Hold, ſir—No blaſphemy againſt my maſter.

HORACE.

But what have you ſaid of me?

SCALIGER.

I have ſaid, *that I had rather have written the little dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been made king of Arragon.*

HORACE.

If we were in the other world, you ſhould give me the kingdom, and take both the ode and the lady in return. But did you always pronounce ſo favourably for us?

SCALIGER.

Send for my works and read them.—MERCURY will bring them to you with the firſt learned ghoſt that arrives here from Europe. There is inſtruction for you in them: I tell you of your faults.—But it was my whim to commend that little ode; and I never do things by halves. When I give praiſe, I give it liberally, to ſhew my royal bounty. But I generally blame, to exert all the vigour of my cenſorian power, and keep my ſubjects in awe.

HORACE.

You did not confine your ſovereignty to poets; you exerciſed it, no doubt, over all other writers.

SCALIGER.

I was a poet, a philoſopher, a ſtateſman, an orator, an hiſtorian, a divine, without doing the drudgery of any of theſe, but only cenſuring thoſe who did, and ſhewing thereby the ſuperiority of my genius over them all.

HORACE.

HORACE.

A ſhort way indeed to univerſal fame! And I ſuppoſe you were very peremptory in your deciſions.

SCALIGER.

Peremptory! Ay.—If any man dared to contradict my opinions, I called him a dunce, a raſcal, a villain, and frightened him out of his wits.

VIRGIL.

But what ſaid others to this method of diſputation?

SCALIGER.

They generally believed me becauſe of the confidence of my aſſertions; and thought I could not be ſo inſolent, or ſo angry, if I was not abſolutely ſure of being in the right. Beſides, in my controverſies, I had a great help from the language in which I wrote: For one can ſcold and call names with a much better grace in Latin than in French, or any tame, modern tongue.

HORACE.

Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your deſcent from the princes of Verona?

SCALIGER.

Pretended! Do you preſume to deny it?

HORACE.

Not I indeed:—Genealogy is not my ſcience. If you ſhould claim to deſcend in a direct line from king MIDAS, I would not diſpute it.

VIRGIL.

VIRGIL.

I wonder, SCALIGER, that you ſtooped to ſo low an ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnaſſus than over a petty ſtate in Italy?

SCALIGER.

You ſay well.—I was too condeſcending to the prejudices of vulgar opinion. The ignorant multitude imagine that a prince is a greater man than a critic. Their folly made me deſire to claim kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

HORACE.

Pray, MERCURY, how do you intend to diſpoſe of this auguſt perſon? You can't think it proper to let him remain with us.—He muſt be placed with the Demigods; he muſt go to OLYMPUS.

MERCURY.

Be not afraid.—He ſhall not trouble you long. I brought him hither to divert you with the ſight of an animal you never had ſeen, and myſelf with your ſurprize. He is the chief of all the modern critics, the moſt renowned captain of that numerous and dreadful band. Whatever you may think of him, I can ſeriouſly aſſure you, that, before he went mad, he had good parts, and great learning. But I will now explain to you the original cauſe of the abſurdities he has uttered. His mind was formed in ſuch a manner, that, like ſome perſpective glaſſes, it either diminiſhed or magnified all objects too much; but above all others it magnified the good man to himſelf. This made him ſo proud that it turned his brain. Now I have had my ſport with him, I think it will be charity to reſtore him to his ſenſes; or rather to beſtow what nature denied him, a ſound judgment.

ment. Come hither, SCALIGER.—By this touch of my Caduceus I give thee power to ſee things as they are, and among others thyſelf.—Look, gentlemen, how his countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he ſays: He is talking to himſelf.

SCALIGER.

Bleſs me! With what perſons have I been diſcourſing! With VIRGIL and HORACE! How could I venture to open my lips in their preſence? Good MERCURY, I beſeech you, let me retire from a company for which I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepeſt ſhade of that grove which I ſee in the valley. After I have performed a penance there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of thoſe illuſtrious ſhades, and beg them to ſee me burn my impertinent books of criticiſm, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own hands.

MERCURY.

They will both receive thee into favour. This mortification of truly knowing thyſelf is a ſufficient atonement for thy former preſumption.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU.——POPE.

BOILEAU.

MR. POPE, you have done me great honour. I am told, that you made me your model in poetry, and walked on PARNASSUS in the ſame paths which I had trod.

POPE.

We both followed HORACE: But in our manner of imitation, and in the turn of our natural genius, there was, I believe, much reſemblance. We both were too irritable, and too eaſily hurt by offences, even from the loweſt of men. The keen edge of our wit was frequently turned againſt thoſe whom it was more a ſhame to contend with than an honour to vanquiſh.

BOILEAU.

Yes:—But in general we were the champions of good morals, good ſenſe, and good learning. If our love of theſe was ſometimes heated into anger againſt thoſe who offended them no leſs than us, is that anger to be blamed?

POPE.

POPE.

It would have been nobler, if we had not been parties in the quarrel. Our enemies obſerve, that neither our cenſure, nor our praiſe, was always impartial.

BOILEAU.

It might perhaps have been better if in ſome inſtances we had not praiſed or blamed ſo much. But in panegyric and ſatire moderation is inſipid.

POPE.

Moderation is a cold, *unpoetical* virtue. Mere hiſtorical truth is better written in proſe. And therefore I think you did judiciouſly, when you threw into the fire your hiſtory of LOUIS LE GRAND, and truſted his fame to your poems.

BOILEAU.

When thoſe poems were publiſhed that monarch was the idol of the French nation. If you and I had not known, in our occaſional compoſitions, how to ſpeak to the paſſions, as well as to the ſober reaſon of mankind, we ſhould not have acquired that deſpotic authority in the empire of wit, which made us ſo formidable to all the inferior tribe of poets in England and France. Beſides, ſharp ſatiriſts want great patrons.

POPE.

All the praiſe which my friends received from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at leaſt, I may boaſt a ſuperiority over the *penſioned Boileau*.

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU.

A *penſion* in France was an honourable diſtinction. Had you been a Frenchman you would have ambitiouſly ſought it; had I been an Engliſhman I ſhould have proudly declined it. If our merit in other reſpects be not unequal, this difference will not ſet me much below you in the temple of virtue or of fame.

POPE.

It is not for me to draw a compariſon between our works. But, if I may believe the beſt critics who have talked to me on the ſubject, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticiſm* may well be compared with your *Art of Poetry*: my *Ethic Epiſtles* are eſteemed at leaſt equal to yours, and my *Satires* much better.

BOILEAU.

Hold, MR. POPE.——If there is really ſuch a ſympathy in our natures as you have ſuppoſed, there may be reaſon to fear, that, if we go on in this manner comparing our works, we ſhall not part in good friendſhip.

POPE.

No, no:—The mild air of the Elyſian fields has mitigated my temper, as I preſume it has yours. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a level. Our writings are admired, almoſt equally (as I hear) for *energy and juſtneſs of thought*. We both of us carried the beauty of our *diction*, and the harmony of our *numbers*, to the higheſt perfection that our languages would admit. Our poems were poliſhed to the utmoſt degree of correctneſs, yet without loſing their fire, or the agreeable appearance of freedom and

and eaſe. We borrowed much from the ancients, though you, I believe, more than I:* But our imitations (to uſe an expreſſion of your own) *had ſtill an original air.*

BOILEAU.

I will confeſs, Sir, (to ſhew you that the Elyſian climate has had its effects upon me) I will fairly confeſs, without the leaſt ill humour, that, in your *Eloiſa to Abelard*, your *Verſes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*, and ſome others you wrote in your youth, there is more fire of poetry, than in any of mine. You excelled in *the pathetic*, which I never approached. I will alſo allow, that you hit the *manner* of HORACE, and *the ſly delicacy* of his wit, more exactly than I, or than any other man who has written ſince his time. Nor could I, nor did even LUCRETIUS himſelf, make *Philoſophy* ſo *poetical*, and embelliſh it with ſuch charms as you have given to that of PLATO, or (to ſpeak more properly) of ſome of his modern diſciples, in your celebrated *Eſſay on Man*.

POPE.

What do you think of my *Homer*?

BOILEAU.

Your *Homer* is the moſt ſpirited, the moſt poetical, the moſt elegant and the moſt pleaſing tranſlation, that ever was made of any ancient poem; though not ſo much in the *manner* of the original, or ſo exactly agreeable to the *ſenſe* in all places, as might perhaps be deſired. But when I conſider the years you ſpent in this work, and how many excellent original poems you might, with leſs difficulty have produced in that time, I can not but regret that your talents

* See Boileau's Epigram on himſelf.

talents were thus employed. A great Poet, ſo tied down to a tedious tranſlation, is a COLUMBUS *chained to an oar*. What new regions of fancy, full of treaſures yet untouched, might you have explored, if you had been at liberty to have boldly expanded your ſails, and ſteered your own courſe, under the conduct and direction of your own genius!—But I am ſtill more angry with you for your edition of SHAKESPEARE. The office of an *Editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the drudgery it requires. Would any body think of employing a RAPHAEL to clean an old picture?

POPE.

The principal cauſe of my undertaking that taſk was zeal for the honour of SHAKESPEARE: And, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not wonder at this zeal. No other author had ever ſo copious, ſo bold, ſo *creative* an imagination, with ſo perfect a knowledge of the paſſions, the humours and ſentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from kings down to peaſants, with equal truth and equal force. If human nature were deſtroyed, and no monument were left of it except his works, other beings might know *what man was* from thoſe writings.

BOILEAU.

You ſay he painted all characters, from kings down to peaſants, with equal truth and equal force. I can't deny that he did ſo: But I wiſh he had not jumbled thoſe characters together, in the compoſition of his pictures, as he has frequently done.

POPE.

The ſtrange mixture of Tragedy, Comedy and Farce, in the ſame play, nay ſometimes in the ſame ſcene, I acknowledge to be quite inexcuſable. But this

this was the taſte of the times when SHAKESPEARE wrote.

BOILEAU.

A great genius ought to guide, not ſervilely follow, the taſte of his contemporaries.

POPE.

Conſider from how thick a darkneſs of barbariſm the genius of SHAKESPEARE broke forth! What were the Engliſh, and what (let me aſk you) were the French dramatic performances, in the age when he flouriſhed? The advances he made towards the higheſt perfection both of Tragedy and Comedy are amazing! In the principal points, in the power of exciting terror and pity, or raiſing laughter in an audience, none yet has excelled him, and very few have equalled.

BOILEAU.

Do you think that he was equal in Comedy to MOLIERE?

POPE.

In *Comic Force* I do: But in the fine and delicate ſtrokes of ſatire, and what is called *genteel Comedy*, he was greatly inferior to that admirable writer. There is nothing in him to compare with the *Miſanthrope*, the *Ecole des Femmes*, or *Tartuffe*.

BOILEAU.

This, MR. POPE, is a great deal for an Engliſhman to acknowledge. A veneration for SHAKESPEARE ſeems to be a part of your national religion, and the only part in which even your men of ſenſe are fanatics.

POPE.

POPE.

He who can read SHAKESPEARE, and be cool enough for all the accuracy of ſober criticiſm, has more of reaſon than taſte.

BOILEAU.

I join with you in admiring him as a prodigy of genius, though I find the moſt ſhocking abſurdities in his plays; abſurdities which no critic of my nation can pardon.

POPE.

We will be ſatisfied with your feeling the excellence of his beauties. But you would admire him ſtill more, if you could ſee the chief characters in all his beſt tragedies repreſented by an actor, who appeared on the ſtage a little before I left the world. He has ſhewn the Engliſh nation more excellencies in SHAKESPEARE, than the quickeſt wits could diſcern, and has imprinted them on the heart with a livelier feeling than the moſt ſenſible natures had ever experienced without his help.

BOILEAU.

The variety, ſpirit and force of MR. GARRICK's action have been much praiſed to me by many of his countrymen, whoſe ſhades I converſe with, and who agree in ſpeaking of him as we do of BARON, our moſt natural and moſt admired actor. I have alſo heard of another, who has now quitted the ſtage, but who had filled, with great dignity, force and elevation, ſome Tragic parts; and excelled ſo much in the Comic, that none ever has deſerved a higher applauſe.

POPE.

POPE.

MR. QUIN was indeed a moſt perfect comedian. In the part of FALSTAFF particularly, wherein the utmoſt force of SHAKESPEARE's *humour* appears, he attained to ſuch perfection, that he was not an actor; he was the man deſcribed by SHAKESPEARE; he was FALSTAFF himſelf! When I ſaw him do it, the pleaſantry of the *fat Knight* appeared to me ſo bewitching, all his vices were ſo mirthful, that I could not much wonder at his having ſeduced a young prince even to *rob* in his company.

BOILEAU.

That character is not well underſtood by the French. They ſuppoſe it belongs, not to Comedy, but to Farce; whereas the Engliſh ſee in it the fineſt and higheſt ſtrokes of wit and humour. Perhaps theſe different judgments may be accounted for, in ſome meaſure, by the diverſity of manners in different countries. But do not you allow, MR. POPE, that our writers, both of Tragedy and Comedy, are, upon the whole, more perfect maſters of their art than yours? If you deny it, I will appeal to the Athenians, the only judges qualified to decide the diſpute. I will refer it to EURIPIDES, SOPHOCLES and MENANDER.

POPE.

I am afraid of thoſe judges: For I ſee them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the moſt friendly converſation with CORNEILLE, RACINE and MOLIERE. Our Dramatic writers ſeem, in general, not ſo fond of their company: They ſometimes ſhove rudely by them, and give themſelves airs of ſuperiority. They ſlight their reprimands, and laugh at their precepts. In ſhort, they

will be tried by *their country* alone, and that judicature is partial.

BOILEAU.

I will preſs this queſtion no farther.—But let me aſk you, to which of our rival Tragedians, RACINE and CORNEILLE, do you give the preference?

POPE.

The ſublimeſt plays of CORNEILLE are, in my judgment, equalled by the ATHALIA of RACINE, and the tender paſſions are certainly touched by that elegant and moſt pathetic writer, with a much finer hand. I need not add that he is infinitely more correct than CORNEILLE, and more harmonious and noble in his verſification. CORNEILLE formed himſelf entirely upon LUCAN; but the maſter of RACINE was VIRGIL. How much better a taſte had the former than the latter in chuſing his model!

BOILEAU.

My friendſhip with RACINE, and my partiality for his writings, make me hear with great pleaſure the preference given to him above CORNEILLE by ſo judicious a critic.

POPE.

That he excelled his competitor in the particulars I have mentioned cannot I think be denied. But yet the ſpirit and the majeſty of ancient Rome were never ſo well expreſſed as by CORNEILLE. Nor has any other French dramatic writer, in the general character of his works, ſhewn ſuch a maſculine ſtrength and greatneſs of thought.—RACINE is the Swan deſcribed by ancient Poets, which riſes to the clouds on downy wings, and ſings a ſweet, but a gentle and plaintive note. CORNEILLE is the eagle,

gle, which ſoars to the ſkies on bold and ſounding pinions, and fears not to perch on the ſceptre of JUPITER, or to bear in his pounces the lightening of the God.

BOILEAU.

I am glad to find, MR. POPE, that in praiſing CORNEILLE you run into poetry, which is not the language of *ſober criticiſm*, though ſometimes uſed by LONGINUS.

POPE.

I caught the fire from the idea of CORNEILLE.

BOILEAU.

He has bright flaſhes; yet I think that in *his thunder* there is often more *noiſe* than *fire*. Don't you find him too declamatory, too turgid, too unnatural, even in his beſt Tragedies?

POPE.

I own I do.—Yet the greatneſs and elevation of his ſentiments, and the nervous vigour of his ſenſe, atone, in my opinion, for all his faults. But let me now, in my turn, deſire your opinion of our Epic Poet, MILTON.

BOILEAU.

LONGINUS perhaps would prefer him to all other writers: For he ſurpaſſes even HOMER in the *ſublime*. But other critics who require variety, and agreeableneſs, and a correct regularity of thought and judgment in an epic poem; who can endure no abſurdities, no extravagant fictions, would place him far below VIRGIL.

POPE.

POPE.

His genius was indeed ſo vaſt and ſublime, that his poem ſeems beyond the limits of criticiſm; as his ſubject is beyond the limits of nature. The bright and exceſſive blaze of poetical fire, which ſhines in ſo many parts of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, will hardly permit the dazzled eye to ſee its faults.

BOILEAU.

The taſte of your countrymen is much changed ſince the days of CHARLES the Second, when DRYDEN was thought a greater Poet than MILTON!

POPE.

The politics of MILTON at that time brought his poetry into diſgrace: For it is a rule with the Engliſh; they ſee no good in a man whoſe politics they diſlike. But, as their notions of government are apt to change, men of parts, whom they have ſlighted, become their favourite authors, and others, who have poſſeſt their warmeſt admiration, are in their turn undervalued. This revolution of favour was experienced by DRYDEN as well as MILTON. He lived to ſee his writings, together with his politics, quite out of faſhion. But even in the days of his higheſt proſperity, when the generality of the people admired his *Almanzor*, and thought his *Indian Emperor* the perfection of Tragedy, the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Rocheſter, the two wittieſt noblemen our country has produced, attacked his fame, and turned the rants of his heroes, the jargon of his ſpirits, and the abſurdity of his plots, into juſt ridicule.

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU.

You have made him good amends by the praiſe you have given him in ſome of your writings.

POPE.

I owed him that praiſe, as my maſter in the art of verſification. Yet I ſubſcribe to the cenſures which have been paſſed by other writers on many of his works. They are good critics, but he is ſtill a great Poet. You, Sir, I am ſure, muſt particularly admire him as an excellent Satiriſt. His *Abſalom and Achitophel* is a maſterpiece in that way of writing, and his *Mac Flecno* is, I think, inferior to it in nothing, but the meanneſs of the ſubject.

BOILEAU.

Did not you take the model of your *Dunciad* from the latter of thoſe very ingenious ſatires?

POPE.

I did—but my work is more extenſive than his, and my imagination has taken in it a greater ſcope.

BOILEAU.

Some critics may doubt whether the length of your poem was ſo properly ſuited to the meanneſs of the ſubject as the brevity of his. Three cantos to expoſe a dunce crowned with laurel! I have not given above three lines to the author of the *Pucelle*.

POPE.

My intention was to expoſe, not one author alone, but all the dullneſs and falſe taſte of the Engliſh nation in my times. Could ſuch a deſign be contracted into narrower compaſs?

BOILEAU.

We will not diſpute on this point, nor whether the hero of your *Dunciad* was really a dunce. But has not DRYDEN been accuſed of immorality and profaneneſs in ſome of his writings?

POPE.

He has, with too much reaſon: And I am ſorry to ſay, that all our beſt Comic writers after SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, except ADDISON and STEELE, are as liable as he to that heavy charge. FLETCHER is ſhocking. ETHERIDGE, WYCHERLY, CONGREVE, VANBRUGH and FARQUHAR, have painted the manners of the times in which they wrote, with a maſterly hand; but they are too often ſuch manners, that a virtuous man, and much more a virtuous woman, muſt be greatly offended at the repreſentation.

BOILEAU.

In this reſpect our ſtage is far preferable to yours. It is a ſchool of morality; vice is expoſed to contempt and to hatred. No falſe colours are laid on, to conceal its deformity, but thoſe with which it paints itſelf are there taken off.

POPE.

It is a wonderful thing, that in France the *Comic Muſe* ſhould be *the graveſt Lady in the Nation*. Of late ſhe is ſo *grave*, that one might almoſt miſtake her for her ſiſter MELPOMENE. MOLIERE made her indeed a good moral Philoſopher; but then ſhe philoſophized, like DEMOCRITUS, with a merry laughing face. Now ſhe weeps over vice, inſtead of ſhewing it to mankind, as I think ſhe generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights.

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU.

Her buſineſs is more with folly than with vice, and when ſhe attacks the latter, it ſhould be rather with ridicule than invective. But ſometimes ſhe may be allowed to raiſe her voice, and change her uſual ſmile, into a frown of juſt indignation.

POPE.

I like her beſt when ſhe ſmiles. But did you never reprove your witty friend LA FONTAINE for the vicious levity that appears in many of his tales? He was as guilty of the crime of *debauching the Muſes*, as any of our comic poets.

BOILEAU.

I own he was; and bewail the proſtitution of his genius, as I ſhould that of an innocent and beautiful country girl. He was all nature, all ſimplicity! Yet in that ſimplicity there was a grace, and unaffected vivacity, with a juſtneſs of thought and eaſy elegance of expreſſion, that can hardly be found in any other writer. His *manner* is quite original, and peculiar to himſelf, though all the *matter* of his writings is borrowed from others.

POPE.

In that *manner* he has been imitated by my friend Mr. PRIOR.

BOILEAU.

He has, very ſucceſsfully. Some of PRIOR'S Tales have the ſpirit of LA FONTAINE'S with more judgment, but not, I think, with ſuch an amiable and graceful ſimplicity.

POPE.

POPE.

PRIOR's harp had more ſtrings than LA FONTAINE's. He was a fine poet in many different ways: LA FONTAINE but in one. And, though in ſome of his Tales he imitated that author, his *Alma* was an original, and of ſingular beauty.

BOILEAU.

There is a writer of *Heroic Poetry*, who lived before MILTON, and whom ſome of your countrymen place in the higheſt claſs of your poets, though he is little known in France. I ſee him ſometimes in company with HOMER and VIRGIL, but oftener with TASSO, ARIOSTO and DANTE.

POPE.

I underſtand you mean SPENSER. There is a force and beauty in ſome of his *images* and *deſcriptions*, equal to any in thoſe writers you have ſeen him converſe with. But he had not the art of properly *ſhading* his pictures. He brings the minute and diſagreeable parts too much into ſight; and mingles too frequently vulgar and mean ideas with noble and ſublime. Had he choſen a ſubject proper for *epic poetry*, he ſeems to have had a ſufficient elevation and ſtrength in his genius to make him *a great epic poet:* But the allegory, which is continued throughout the whole work, fatigues the mind, and cannot intereſt the heart ſo much as thoſe poems, the chief actors in which are ſuppoſed to have really exiſted. The SYRENS and CIRCE in the Odyſſey are allegorical perſons; but ULYSSES, the hero of the poem, was a man renowned in Greece, which makes the account of his adventures affecting and delightful. To be now and then in Fairy land, among imaginary beings, is a pleaſing variety, and helps to diſtinguiſh the poet from

from the orator or hiſtorian: But to be always there is irkſome.

BOILEAU.

Is not SPENSER likewiſe blameable for confounding the chriſtian with the pagan theology, in ſome parts of his poem?

POPE.

Yes, he had that fault in common with DANTE, with ARIOSTO, and with CAMOENS.

BOILEAU.

Who is the poet that arrived ſoon after you in Elyſium, whom I ſaw SPENSER lead in and preſent to VIRGIL, as the author of a poem reſembling the *Georgics*? On his head was a garland of the ſeveral kinds of flowers that blow in each ſeaſon, with evergreens intermixed.

POPE.

Your deſcription points out THOMSON. He painted nature exactly, and with great ſtrength of pencil. His imagination was rich, extenſive and ſublime: His diction bold and glowing, but ſometimes *obſcure* and *affected*. Nor did he always know when to *ſtop*, or what to *reject*.

BOILEAU.

I ſhould ſuppoſe that he wrote tragedies upon the *Greek model*. For he is often admitted into the grove of EURIPIDES.

POPE.

He enjoys that diſtinction both as a *tragedian*, and as a *moraliſt*. For, not only in his plays, but all his other

other works, there is the pureſt *morality*, animated by *piety*, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate ſentiments of a moſt *tender* and *benevolent heart*.

BOILEAU.

St. EVREMOND has brought me acquainted with WALLER.—I was ſurpriſed to find in his writings a politeneſs and *gallantry* which the French ſuppoſe to be appropriated only to theirs. His genius was a compoſition, which is ſeldom to be met with, of the *ſublime* and the *agreeable*. In his compariſon between himſelf and APOLLO, as the lover of DAPHNE, and in that between AMORET and SACHARISSA, there is a *fineſſe* and delicacy of wit, which the moſt elegant of our writers have never exceeded. Nor had SARRAZIN or VOITURE the art of praiſing more *genteely* the ladies they admired. But his epiſtle to CROMWELL, and his poem on the death of that extraordinary man, are written with a force and greatneſs of manner, which give him a rank among the poets of the firſt claſs.

POPE.

Mr. WALLER was unqueſtionably a very fine writer. His Muſe was as well qualified as the Graces themſelves to dreſs out a VENUS; and he could even adorn the brows of a conqueror with fragrant and beautiful wreaths. But he had ſome puerile and low thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like ſchoolboys or mob admitted into a palace. There was alſo an intemperance and luxuriancy in his wit which he did not enough reſtrain. He wrote little to the underſtanding, and leſs to the heart; but he frequently delights the imagination, and ſometimes ſtrikes it with flaſhes of the higheſt *ſublime*.—We had another poet of the age of CHARLES the firſt, extremely admired by all his contemporaries, in whoſe works there is ſtill more affectation

affectation of wit, a greater redundancy of imagination, a worse taste, and less judgment: But he touched the heart more, and had finer feelings than WALLER.—I mean COWLEY.

BOILEAU.

I have been often solicited to admire his writings by his learned friend Dr. SPRATT. He seems to me a great wit, and a very amiable man, but not a good poet.

POPE.

The *spirit* of poetry is strong in some of his odes; but in the *Art* of poetry he is always extremely deficient.

BOILEAU.

I hear that of late his reputation is much lowered in the opinion of the English. Yet I cannot but think, that if a moderate portion of the superfluities of his wit were given by APOLLO to some of their modern bards, who write common place morals in very smooth verse, without any absurdity, but without a single new thought, or one enlivening spark of imagination, it would be a great favour to them, and do them more service, than all the rules laid down in my art of poetry, and yours of criticism.

POPE.

I am much of your mind.—But I left in England some poets, whom you, I know, will admire, not only for the harmony, and correctness of style, but the spirit and genius, you will find in their writings.

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU.

France too has produced ſome very excellent writers, ſince the time of my death.—Of one particularly I hear wonders. Fame to him is as kind as if he had been dead a thouſand years. She brings his praiſes to me from all parts of Europe.—You know I ſpeak of VOLTAIRE.

POPE.

I do: The Engliſh nation yields to none in admiration of his extenſive genius. Other writers excel in ſome one particular branch of wit or ſcience; but when the king of Pruſſia drew VOLTAIRE from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole academy of *Belles Lettres* in *him* alone.

BOILEAU.

That prince himſelf has ſuch talents for poetry as no other monarch, in any age or country, has ever poſſeſſed. What an aſtoniſhing compaſs muſt there be in his mind, what an heroic tranquillity and firmneſs in his heart, that he can, in the evening, compoſe an ode or epiſtle in the moſt elegant verſe, and the next morning fight a battle with the conduct of CESAR, or GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS!

POPE.

I envy VOLTAIRE ſo noble a ſubject both for his verſe and his proſe. But if that prince will write his own *commentaries* he will want no hiſtorian. I hope that in writing them, he will not reſtrain his pen, as CESAR has done, to a mere account of his wars, but let us ſee the politician, and the benignant protector of arts and ſciences, as well as the warrior, in that picture of himſelf. VOLTAIRE has ſhewn us, that the events of battles and ſieges are not the moſt intereſting

ing

ing parts of good history, but that all the improvements and embellishments of human society ought to be carefully and particularly recorded there.

BOILEAU.

The progress of arts and knowledge, and the great changes that have happened in the manners of mankind, are objects far more worthy of a reader's attention than the revolutions of fortune. And it is chiefly to VOLTAIRE that we owe this instructive species of history.

POPE.

He has not only been the father of it among the moderns, but has carried it himself to its utmost perfection.

BOILEAU.

Is he not too *universal*? Can any writer be *exact*, who is so comprehensive?

POPE.

A traveller round the world cannot inspect every region with such an accurate care, as exactly to describe each single part. If the outlines are well marked, and the observations on the principal points are judicious, it is all that can be required.

BOILEAU.

I would however advise and exhort the French and English youth, to take a fuller survey of some particular provinces, and to remember, that although, in travels of this sort, a lively imagination is a very agreeable companion, it is not the best guide. To speak without a metaphor, the study of history, both sacred and profane, requires a critical and laborious investigation. The composer of a set of lively and

witty remarks on facts ill examined, or incorrectly delivered, is not an hiſtorian.

POPE.

We cannot, I think, deny that name to the author of the life of CHARLES XII, king of Sweden.

BOILEAU.

No, certainly.—I eſteem it the very beſt hiſtory that this age has produced. As full of ſpirit as the hero whoſe actions it relates, it is nevertheleſs moſt exact in all matters of importance. The ſtyle of it is elegant, perſpicuous, unaffected; the diſpoſition and method are excellent, the judgments given by the writer acute and juſt.

POPE.

Are you not pleaſed with that philoſophical freedom of thought, which diſcovers itſelf in all the works of VOLTAIRE, but more particularly in thoſe of an hiſtorical nature?

BOILEAU.

If it were properly regulated, I ſhould reckon it among their higheſt perfections. Superſtition, and bigotry, and party ſpirit, are as great enemies to the truth and candour of hiſtory, as malice or adulation. To think freely is therefore a moſt neceſſary quality in a perfect hiſtorian. But all liberty has its bounds, which, in ſome of his writings, VOLTAIRE, I fear, has not obſerved. Would to Heaven he would reflect, while it is yet in his power to correct what is faulty, that all his works will outlive him; that many nations will read them; and that the judgment pronounced here upon the writer himſelf will be according to the ſcope and tendency of them, and to the

the extent of their good or evil effects on the great ſociety of mankind.

POPE.

It would be well for all Europe, if ſome other *wits* of your country, who give the tone to this age in all polite literature, had the ſame ſerious thoughts you recommend to VOLTAIRE. Witty writings, when directed to ſerve the good ends of virtue and religion, are like the lights hung out in a *pharos*, to guide the mariners ſafe through dangerous ſeas: But the brightneſs of thoſe, that are impious or immoral, ſhines only to betray, and lead men to deſtruction.

BOILEAU.

Has England been free from all ſeductions of this nature?

POPE.

No.—But the French have the art of rendering vice and impiety more agreeable than the Engliſh.

BOILEAU.

I am not very proud of this ſuperiority in the talents of my countrymen. But, as I am told that the *good ſenſe* of the Engliſh is now admired in France, I hope it will ſoon convince both nations, *that true wiſdom is virtue, and true virtue is religion.*

POPE.

I think it is alſo to be wiſhed, that a taſte for *the frivolous* may not continue too prevalent among the French. There is a great difference between gathering flowers at the foot of Parnaſſus, and aſcending the arduous heights of the mountain. The palms and laurels grow there, and if any of your countrymen aſpire

aſpire to gain them, they muſt no longer enervate all the vigour of their minds by this habit of trifling. I would have them be perpetual competitors with the Engliſh in manly wit and ſubſtantial learning. But let the competition be friendly. There is nothing which ſo contracts and debaſes the mind as national envy. True wit, like true virtue, naturally loves its own image, in whatever place it is found.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA—PORTIA—ARRIA.

PORTIA.

HOW has it happened, OCTAVIA, that ARRIA and I, who have a higher rank than you in the temple of fame, ſhould have a lower here in Elyſium? We are told, that the virtues, you exerted, as a wife, were greater than ours. Be ſo good as to explain to us what were thoſe virtues. It is the privilege of this place, that one can bear ſuperiority without mortification. The jealouſy of precedence died with the reſt of our mortal frailties. Tell us then your own ſtory. We will ſit down under the ſhade of this myrtle grove, and liſten to it with pleaſure.

OCTAVIA.

Noble ladies, the glory of our ſex and of Rome, I will not refuſe to comply with your deſire, though it recals to my mind ſome ſcenes my heart would wiſh to forget. There can be only one reaſon why MINOS ſhould have given to my conjugal virtues a preference above yours; which is, that the trial aſſigned to them was harder.

ARRIA.

How! Madam; harder than *to die* for your huſband! We *died* for ours.

OCTAVIA.

OCTAVIA.

You did, for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages they lived in; who trusted you with their lives, their fame, their honour. To *outlive* such husbands, is, in my judgment, a harder effort of virtue, than to *die for them* or *with them*. But MARK ANTONY, to whom my brother OCTAVIUS, for reasons of state, gave my hand, was indifferent to me, and loved another. Yet he has told me himself, I was handsomer than his mistress CLEOPATRA. Younger I certainly was; and to men *that* is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been loved by MARCELLUS. ANTONY said he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: A new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget an old attachment. He was but too amiable.—His very vices had charms beyond other men's virtues. Such vivacity! Such fire! Such a towering pride! He seemed made by nature to command; to govern the world; to govern it with such ease, that the business of it did not rob him of an hour of pleasure! Nevertheless, while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high spirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with the necessary respect, was to me as submissive, as obedient to every wish of my heart, as the humblest lover that ever sighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my affection from the manes of MARCELLUS, and fixed it on himself. He fixed it, ladies, (I own it with some confusion) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on MARCELLUS. And when he had done so, he scorned me, he forsook me, he returned to CLEOPATRA. Think who I was:—The sister of CESAR, sacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of JULLUS, the disgrace of her sex! Every outrage was added that could incense me still more. He gave her, at sundry times, as publick marks of his love,

love, many provinces of the empire of Rome in the eaſt.* He read her love letters openly, in his tribunal itſelf; even while he was hearing and judging the cauſes of kings. Nay he left his tribunal, and one of the beſt Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which ſhe happened to be paſſing by, at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all theſe demonſtrations of his extravagant paſſion for that infamous woman, he had the aſſurance, in a letter to my brother, to call her *his wife*.† Which of you, ladies, could have patiently borne this treatment?

ARRIA.

Not I, madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own boſom, to ſhew my dear PAETUS *how eaſy it was to die*, that dagger ſhould I have plunged into ANTONY'S heart, if piety to the Gods, and a due reſpect to the purity of my own ſoul, had not ſtopped my hand. But, I verily believe, I ſhould have killed myſelf; not, as I did, out of affection to my huſband, but out of ſhame and indignation at the wrongs I endured.

PORTIA.

I muſt own, OCTAVIA, that to bear ſuch uſage was harder to a woman than *to ſwallow fire*.

OCTAVIA.

Yet I did bear it,‡ madam, without even a complaint, which could hurt or offend my huſband. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long abſence from CLEOPATRA had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me rich preſents of clothes and money for his troops,

* See Plutarch's life of Antony. † V. Suetonium in Auguſto Cæſare. ‡ See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

troops, a great number of horſes, and two thouſand choſen ſoldiers, equipped and armed like my brother's Prætorian bands. He ſent to ſtop me at Athens, becauſe his miſtreſs was then with him. I obeyed his orders: But I wrote to him, by one of his moſt faithful friends, a letter full of reſignation, and ſuch a tenderneſs for him as I imagined might have power to touch his heart. My envoy ſerved me ſo well; he ſet my fidelity in ſo fair a light, and gave ſuch reaſons to ANTONY, why he ought to ſee and receive me with kindneſs, that CLEOPATRA was alarmed. All her arts were employed to prevent him from ſeeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt.* —Thoſe arts prevailed. He ſent me back into Italy, and gave himſelf up more abſolutely than ever to the witchcraft of that *Circe*. He added Africa to the States he had beſtowed on her before, and declared CAESARIO, her ſpurious ſon by JULIUS CESAR, heir to all her dominions, except PHOENICIA, and CILICIA, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to PTOLEMY, his ſecond ſon by her; and at the ſame time declared his eldeſt ſon by her, whom he had eſpouſed to the princeſs of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian Empire, which he meant to conquer for him. The children I had brought him he entirely neglected; as if they had been baſtards.— I wept. I lamented the wretched captivity he was in; but I never reproached him. My brother exaſperated at ſo many indignities, commanded me to quit the houſe of my huſband at Rome, and come into his.——I refuſed to obey him.——I remained in ANTONY's houſe, I perſiſted to take care of his children by FULVIA, the ſame tender care, as of my own. I gave my protection to all his friends at Rome. I implored my brother not to make my jealouſy or my wrongs the cauſe of a civil war. But the injuries done to Rome by ANTONY's conduct could not poſſibly be forgiven. When he found he

* See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

he ſhould draw the Roman arms on himſelf, he ſent orders to me to leave his houſe. I did ſo, but carried with me all his children by FULVIA, except ANTYLLUS, the eldeſt, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and CLEOPATRA's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own.

ARRIA.

Is it poſſible, Madam? the children of CLEOPATRA?

OCTAVIA.

Yes, the children of my rival. I married her daughter to JUBA, king of Mauritania, the moſt accompliſhed, and the handſomeſt prince in the world.

ARRIA.

Tell me, OCTAVIA, did not your pride and reſentment entirely cure you of your paſſion for ANTONY, as ſoon as you ſaw him go back to CLEOPATRA? And was not your whole conduct afterwards the effect of cool reaſon, undiſturbed by the agitations of jealous and tortured love?

OCTAVIA.

You probe my heart very deeply. That I had ſome help from reſentment and the natural pride of my ſex, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my huſband. I loved the ANTONY who had been my lover, more than I was angry with the ANTONY who forſook me, and loved another woman. Had he left CLEOPATRA and returned to me again with all his former affection, I really believe I ſhould have loved him as well as before.

ARRIA.

ARRIA.

If the merit of a wife is to be meaſured by her ſufferings, your heart was unqueſtionably the moſt perfect model of conjugal virtue. The wound I gave mine was but a ſcratch in compariſon to many you felt. Yet I do not know, whether it would be any benefit to the world, that there ſhould be in it many OCTAVIAS. *Too good ſubjects are apt to make bad Kings.*

PORTIA.

True, ARRIA; the wives of BRUTUS and CECINNA PAETUS may be allowed to have ſpirits a little rebellious. OCTAVIA was educated in the court of her brother. Subjection and patience were much better taught there than in our houſes, where the Roman liberty made its laſt abode. And though I will not diſpute the judgment of MINOS, I cannot help thinking that the affection of a wife to her huſband is more or leſs reſpectable in proportion to the character of that huſband. If I could have had for ANTONY the ſame friendſhip as I had for BRUTUS, I ſhould have deſpiſed myſelf.

OCTAVIA.

My fondneſs for ANTONY was ill placed; but my perſeverance in the performance of all the duties of a wife, notwithſtanding his ill uſage, a perſeverance made more difficult by the very exceſs of my love, appeared to MINOS the higheſt and moſt meritorious effort of female reſolution againſt the ſeductions of the moſt dangerous enemy to our virtue, *offended pride.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.——FRANCES WALSINGHAM, COUNTESS OF ESSEX AND OF CLANRICKARD; BEFORE, LADY SIDNEY.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

OUR deſtinies, Madam, had a great and ſurpriſing conformity. I was the daughter of Admiral COLIGNI, you of Secretary WALSINGHAM, two perſons who were the moſt conſummate ſtateſmen and ableſt ſupports of the Proteſtant religion, in France and in England. I was married to TELIGNI, the fineſt gentleman of our party, the moſt admired for his valour, his virtue, and his learning: You to Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, who enjoyed the ſame preeminence among the Engliſh. Both theſe huſbands were cut off, in the flower of youth and of glory, by violent deaths, and we both married again with ſtill greater men; I with WILLIAM, prince of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Commonwealth; you with DEVEREAUX, Earl of Eſſex, the favourite of ELIZABETH, and of the whole Engliſh nation.* But, alas; to complete the reſemblance of our fates, we both ſaw thoſe ſecond huſbands, who had raiſed

us

* See du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, from p. 177 to 190. Biographia Britann. Eſſex.

us ſo high, deſtroyed in the full meridian of their glory and greatneſs; mine by the piſtol of an aſſaſſin; yours ſtill more unhappily, by the axe, as a traitor.

COUNTESS OF CLANRICKARD.

There was indeed in ſome principal events of our lives the conformity you obſerve. But your deſtiny, though it raiſed you higher than me, was more unhappy than mine. For my father lived honourably, and died in peace: Yours was aſſaſſinated in his old age. How, Madam, did you ſupport or recover your ſpirits under ſo many misfortunes?

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

The Prince of Orange left an infant ſon to my care. The educating of him to be worthy of ſo illuſtrious a father, to be the heir of his virtue as well as of his greatneſs, and the affairs of the commonwealth, in which I intereſted myſelf for his ſake, ſo filled my mind, that they in ſome meaſure took from me the ſenſe of my grief, which nothing but ſuch a great and important ſcene of buſineſs, ſuch a neceſſary taſk of private and publick duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire in my turn; how did your heart find a balm to alleviate the anguiſh of the wounds it had ſuffered? What employed your widowed hours after the death of your ESSEX.

COUNTESS OF CLANRICKARD.

Madam, I did not long continue a widow: I married again.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Married again! With what prince, what king did you marry? The widow of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY and

and of my Lord ESSEX could not deſcend from them to a ſubject of leſs illuſtrious fame; and where could you find one that was comparable to either?

COUNTESS OF CLANRICKARD.

I did not ſeek for one, Madam: The heroiſm of the former, and the ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I deſired a quiet life and the joys of wedded love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well born, unambitious, unenterpriſing huſband. All this I found in the Earl of Clanrickard: And, believe me, Madam, I enjoyed more ſolid felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had poſſeſſed with my two former huſbands, in the pride of their glory, when England and all Europe reſounded with their praiſe.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Can it be poſſible, that the daughter of WALSINGHAM and the wife of SIDNEY and ESSEX, ſhould have ſentiments ſo inferior to the minds from which ſhe ſprung, and to which ſhe was matched! Believe me, Madam, there was no hour of the many years I lived after the death of the Prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the pride and joy, I continually had in hearing his praiſe, and ſeeing the monuments of his glory in the free Commonwealth his wiſdom had founded, for any other delights the world could give. The cares that I ſhared with him, while he remained upon earth, were a happineſs to my mind, becauſe they exalted its powers. The remembrance of them was dear to me after I had loſt him. I thought, his great ſoul, though removed to a higher ſphere, would look down upon mine with ſome tenderneſs of affection, as its fellow labourer in the heroic and divine work of delivering and freeing his country. But to be divorced from that ſoul! to be no longer his wife! to be the conſort of an inferior, inglorious huſband! I had much rather have died a thouſand deaths, than

that my heart ſhould one moment have conceived ſuch a thought.

COUNTESS OF CLANRICKARD.

Your highneſs muſt not judge of all hearts by your own. The ruling paſſion of *that* was apparently ambition. My inclinations were not ſo noble as yours, but better ſuited, perhaps, to the nature of woman. I loved Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, I loved the Earl of Eſſex, rather as amiable men than as heroes and Stateſmen. They were ſo taken up with their wars and State affairs, that my tenderneſs for them was too often neglected. The Earl of Clanrickard was conſtantly and wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *ſpirit of chivalry*, with which Sir PHILIP SIDNEY was abſolutely poſſeſſed. He had, in a high degree, the eſteem of ELIZABETH, but did not aſpire to her *love*; nor did he wiſh to be the rival of CARR or of VILLERS in the affection of JAMES. Such, Madam, was the man on whom my laſt choice beſtowed my hand, and whoſe kindneſs compenſated for all my misfortunes! Providence has aſſigned to different tempers different comforts. To you it gave the education of a Prince, the government of a State, the pride of being called the wife of a hero; to me a *good living huſband*, quiet, opulence, nobility and a fair reputation, though not in a degree ſo exalted as yours. If our whole ſex were to chooſe between your conſolations and mine, your highneſs, I think, would find very few of your taſte. But I reſpect the ſublimity of your ideas. Now that we have no bodies they appear leſs unnatural than I ſhould have thought them in the other world.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Adieu, Madam, our ſouls are of a different order, and were not made to ſympathize or converſe with each other.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS.—POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

BRUTUS.

WELL, ATTICUS, I find, that, notwithſtanding your friendſhip for CICERO and for me, you ſurvived us both many years, with the ſame cheerful ſpirit you had always poſſeſſed, and, by prudently wedding your daughter to AGRIPPA, ſecured the favour of OCTAVIUS CESAR, and even contracted a cloſe alliance with him, by your granddaughter's marriage with TIBERIUS NERO.

ATTICUS.

You know, BRUTUS, my philoſophy was the Epicurian. I loved my friends, and I ſerved them in their wants and diſtreſſes with great generoſity; but I did not think myſelf obliged to die when they died, or not to make others, as occaſions ſhould offer.

BRUTUS.

You did, I acknowledge, *ſerve* your friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourſelf, on their account, into any great danger or diſturbance of mind: But that you *loved* them I much doubt. If you loved CICERO, how could you love ANTONY?

If

If you loved me, how could you love OCTAVIUS? If you loved OCTAVIUS, how could you avoid taking part againſt ANTONY in their laſt civil war? Affection cannot be ſo ſtrangely divided, and with ſo much equality, among men of ſuch oppoſite characters, and who were ſuch irreconcileable enemies to each other.

ATTICUS.

From my earlieſt youth I poſſeſſed the ſingular talent of ingratiating myſelf with the heads of different parties, and yet not engaging with any of them ſo far as to diſturb my own quiet. My family was connected with the MARIAN party; and, though I retired to Athens, that I might not be unwillingly involved in the troubles, which that turbulent faction had begun to excite, yet, when young MARIUS was declared an enemy by the ſenate, I ſent him a ſum of money, to ſupport him in his exile. Nor did this hinder me from making my court ſo well to SYLLA, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the higheſt marks of his favour. Nevertheleſs, when he preſſed me to go with him to Rome,* I declined it, being as unwilling to fight for him againſt the MARIAN party, as for them againſt him. He admired my conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the preſents made to him, during his abode in that city, to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to ſhew that moderation in all contentions of this kind had been always my principle; and that in the inſtances you mentioned I did not act from any levity or inconſtancy in my nature, but from a regular conſiſtent plan of conduct, which my reaſon convinced me was the wiſeſt I could follow.

BRUTUS.

* Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vita Attici.

BRUTUS.

I remember indeed that you obſerved the ſame neutrality between POMPEY and JULIUS CESAR.

ATTICUS.

I did ſo—and that I might be able to do it with dignity, and without the reproach of ingratitude, I never would accept any office or honour from either of thoſe great men; nor from CICERO, though my ſiſter had married his brother; nor from you, MARCUS BRUTUS, whoſe friendſhip I thought the greateſt honour of my life.

BRUTUS.

Are there no obligations to a good heart, POMPONIUS, but honours and offices? Or could you, by refuſing to encumber yourſelf with theſe, diſſolve all other ties? But, ſetting aſide any conſiderations of private affection or eſteem, how was you able to reconcile your conduct with that, which is the ruling principle in the heart of every virtuous man, and more eſpecially a virtuous Roman, *the love of the Publick*?

ATTICUS.

The times I lived in were ſo bad, and the conflict of parties had ſo little to do in reality with *the love of the Publick*, that I thought my virtue much ſafer and purer by avoiding, than mixing in the fray.

BRUTUS.

Poſſibly, in the diſpute between MARIUS and SYLLA, and even in that between POMPEY and CESAR, a virtuous man might ſee ſo much to blame on both ſides, and ſo much to fear, which ever faction ſhould overcome the other, as to be juſtified in not

engaging with either. But let me ſay, without vanity, in the war which I waged againſt ANTONY and OCTAVIUS, you could have nothing to blame: For I know you approved the principle upon which I killed JULIUS CESAR. Nor had you any thing to fear if our arms had ſucceeded; for you knew that my intentions were upright and pure; nor was it doubtful that CASSIUS was as much determined as I to reſtore the Republick. How could you then, with any ſenſe of virtue in your heart, maintain an indifference and neutrality between the *deliverers* and the *tyrants* of your country?

ATTICUS.

My anſwer to this will neceſſarily require explanations, which my reſpect to the *manes* of BRUTUS make me wiſh to avoid.

BRUTUS.

In the other world I loved truth, and was deſirous that all might ſpeak it with freedom: But here even the tender ears of a tyrant are compelled to endure it. If I committed any faults, or erred in my judgment, the calamities I have ſuffered are a puniſhment for it. Tell me then truly, and without fear of offending, what you think were my failings.

ATTICUS.

You ſaid that the principle upon which you killed JULIUS CESAR had my approbation. This I do not deny:—But did I ever declare, or give you reaſon to believe, that I thought it a *prudent* or *well timed* act? I had quite other thoughts. Nothing ever ſeemed to me *worſe judged* or *worſe timed*: And theſe, BRUTUS, were my reaſons. CESAR was juſt ſetting out to make war on the Parthians. This was an enterprize of no little difficulty, and no little danger. But his unbounded ambition, and that reſtleſs ſpirit,

ſpirit, which never would ſuffer him to take any repoſe, did not intend to ſtop there.* You know very well, (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vaſt plan, of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian empire, along the coaſt of the Caſpian ſea and the ſides of mount Caucaſus, into Scythia, in order to ſubdue all the countries that border on Germany, and Germany itſelf; from whence he propoſed to return to Rome by Gaul. Conſider now, I beſeech you, how much time the execution of this project required. In ſome of his battles with ſo many fierce and warlike nations, the braveſt of all the barbarians, he might have been ſlain: But if he had not, diſeaſe, or age itſelf, might have ended his life, before he could have completed ſuch an immenſe undertaking. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty ſixth year, and of an infirm conſtitution. Except his baſtard by CLEOPATRA he had no ſon: Nor was his power ſo abſolute, or ſo quietly ſettled, that he could have a thought of bequeathing the empire, like a private inheritance, to his ſiſter's grandſon, OCTAVIUS. While he was abſent, there was no reaſon to fear any violence, or maladminiſtration in Italy, or in Rome. CICERO would have had the chief authority in the ſenate. The prætorſhip of the city had been conferred upon you by the favour of CESAR; and your known credit with him, added to the high reputation of your virtues and abilities, gave you a weight in all buſineſs, which none of his party, left behind him in Italy, would have been able to oppoſe. What a fair proſpect was here of good order, peace and liberty at home, while abroad the Roman name would have been rendered more glorious, the diſgrace of CRASSUS revenged, and the empire extended beyond the utmoſt ambition of our forefathers, by the greateſt general that ever led the armies of Rome, or, perhaps of any other nation! What did it ſignify, whether in Aſia, and among the barbarians, that general bore the name of king, or dictator? Nothing could

* V. Plutarch in Vita Jul. Ceſar.

could be more puerile in you and your friends, than to ſtart ſo much at the propoſition of his taking that name in Italy itſelf, when you had ſuffered him to enjoy all the power of royalty, and much more than any king of Rome had poſſeſſed, from ROMULUS down to TARQUIN.

BRUTUS.

We conſidered that name as the laſt inſult offered to our liberty and our Laws. It was an enſign of tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant purpoſe of rendering the ſervitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to puniſh the tyrant, and reſtore our country to freedom.

ATTICUS.

You puniſhed the tyrant, but you did not reſtore your country to freedom. By ſparing ANTONY, againſt the opinion of CASSIUS, you ſuffered the tyrant to remain. He was conſul, and from the moment that CESAR was dead, the chief power of the ſtate was in his hands. The ſoldiers adored him for his liberality, valour and military frankneſs. His eloquence was more perſuaſive from appearing unſtudied. The nobility of his houſe, which deſcended from HERCULES, would naturally inflame his heart with ambition. The whole courſe of his life had evidently ſhewn, that his thoughts were high and aſpiring, and that he had little reſpect for the liberty of his country. He had been the ſecond man in CESAR's party: By ſaving him you gave a new head to that party, which could no longer ſubſiſt without your ruin. Many, who would have wiſhed the reſtoration of liberty, if CESAR had died a natural death, were ſo incenſed at his murder, that merely for the ſake of puniſhing *that*, they were willing to confer all power upon ANTONY, and make him abſolute maſter of the republick. This was particularly true with reſpect to the veterans who had ſerved under CESAR:

And

And he ſaw it ſo plainly, that he preſently availed himſelf of their diſpoſitions. You and CASSIUS were obliged to fly out of Italy; and CICERO, who was unwilling to take the ſame part, could find no expedient to ſave himſelf and the ſenate, but the wretched one of ſupporting and raiſing very high another CESAR, the adopted ſon and heir of him you had ſlain, to oppoſe ANTONY, and to divide the CESAREAN party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that party, and made them his enemies, by harangues in the ſenate, which breathed the very ſpirit of the old POMPEIAN faction, and made him appear to OCTAVIUS, and all the friends of the dead dictator, no leſs guilty of his death, than thoſe who had killed him. What could this end in, but that which you and your friends had moſt to fear, a reunion of the whole CESAREAN party, and of their principal leaders, however diſcordant the one with the other, to deſtroy the POMPEIANS? For my own part, I foreſaw it long before the event, and therefore kept myſelf wholly clear of thoſe proceedings.—You think I ought to have joined you and CASSIUS at Philippi, becauſe I knew your good intentions, and that, if you ſucceeded, you deſigned to reſtore the Commonwealth. I am perſuaded you did both agree in that point; but you differed in ſo many others, there was ſuch a diſſimilitude in your tempers and characters, that the union between you could not have laſted long: And your diſſenſion would have had moſt fatal effects, with regard both to the ſettlement and to the adminiſtration of the republick. Beſides, the whole maſs of it was in ſuch a fermentation, and ſo corrupted, that I am convinced new diſorders would ſoon have ariſen. If you had applied gentle remedies, to which your nature inclined, thoſe remedies would have failed: If CASSIUS had induced you to act with ſeverity, your government would have been ſtigmatized with the name of a tyranny more deteſtable than that againſt which you conſpired; and CESAR's clemency would have been the perpetual topic of every factious oration to the people,

people, and of every ſeditious diſcourſe to the ſoldiers. Thus you would have ſoon been plunged in the miſeries of another civil war, or perhaps aſſaſſinated in the ſenate as JULIUS was by you. Nothing could give the Roman empire a laſting tranquillity, but ſuch a prudent plan of a *mitigated imperial power*, as was afterwards formed by OCTAVIUS, when he had ably and happily delivered himſelf from all oppoſition and partnerſhip in the government. Thoſe quiet times I lived to ſee, and I muſt ſay, they were the beſt I ever had ſeen, far better than thoſe under the turbulent ariſtocracy for which you contended. And let me boaſt a little of my own prudence, which, through ſo many ſtorms, could ſteer me ſafe into that port. Had it only given me ſafety, without reputation, I ſhould not think that I ought to value myſelf upon it. But in all theſe revolutions my honour remained as unimpaired as my fortune. I ſo conducted myſelf, that I loſt no eſteem, in being ANTONY's friend, after having been CICERO's, or in my alliance with AGRIPPA and AUGUSTUS CESAR, after my friendſhip with you. Nor did either CESAR or ANTONY blame my inaction in the quarrels between them; but, on the contrary, they both ſeemed to reſpect me the more for the neutrality I obſerved. My obligations to the one, and alliance with the other, made it improper for me to act againſt either: And my conſtant tenour of life had procured me an exemption from all civil wars by a kind of *preſcription*.

BRUTUS.

If man were born to no higher purpoſe, than to wear out a long life in eaſe and proſperity, with the general eſteem of the world, your wiſdom was evidently as much ſuperior to mine, as my life was ſhorter and more unhappy than yours. Nay, I verily believe it exceeded the prudence of any other man that ever exiſted, conſidering in what difficult circumſtances you were placed, and with how many violent ſhocks and ſudden changes of fortune you were obliged

ed to contend. But *here* the moſt *virtuous* and *publick ſpirited* conduct is found to have been the moſt *prudent*. The motives of our actions, not the ſucceſs, give us *here* renown. And, could I return to that life from whence I am eſcaped, I would not change my character to imitate yours: I would again be BRUTUS rather than ATTICUS. Even without the ſweet hope of an eternal reward in a more perfect ſtate, which is the ſtrongeſt and moſt immoveable ſupport to the good under every misfortune. I ſwear by the Gods, I would not give up *the noble feelings of my heart*, that elevation of mind which accompanies active and ſuffering virtue, for your ſeventyſeven years of conſtant tranquillity, with all the praiſe you obtained from the learned men whom you patronized, or the great men whom you courted.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, KING of ENGLAND—JOHN DE WITT, PENSIONER OF HOLLAND.

WILLIAM.

THOUGH I had no cauſe to love you, yet, believe me, I ſincerely lament your fate. Who could have thought that DE WITT, the moſt popular miniſter that ever ſerved a Commonwealth, ſhould fall a ſacrifice to popular fury! Such admirable talents, ſuch virtues as you were endowed with, ſo clear, ſo cool, ſo comprehenſive a head, a heart ſo untainted with any kind of vice, deſpiſing money, deſpiſing pleaſure, deſpiſing the vain oſtentation of greatneſs, ſuch application to buſineſs, ſuch ability in it, ſuch courage, ſuch firmneſs, and ſo perfect a knowledge of the nation you governed, ſeemed to aſſure you of a fixed and ſtable ſupport in the publick affection! But nothing can be durable that depends on the paſſions of the people.

DE WITT.

It is very generous in your majeſty, not only to compaſſionate the fate of a man, whoſe political principles made him an enemy to your greatneſs, but aſcribe it to the caprice and inconſtancy of the people; as if there had been nothing very blameable in his conduct. I feel the magnanimity of this diſcourſe from

from your majesty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my death. But I must frankly confess, that, although the rage of the populace was carried much too far, when they tore me and my unfortunate brother to pieces, yet I certainly had deserved to lose their affection, by relying too much on the friendship of France, and by weakening the military strength of the state, to serve little purposes of my own power, and secure to myself the interested affection of the Burgomasters, or others, who had credit and weight in the faction, the favour of which I courted. This had almost subjected my country to France, if you, great prince, had not been set at the head of the falling Republick, and had not exerted such extraordinary virtues and abilities, to raise and support it, as surpassed even the heroism and prudence of WILLIAM, our first stadtholder, and equalled you to the most illustrious patriots of Greece or Rome.

WILLIAM.

This praise from your mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can so much exalt the character of a prince, as to have his actions approved by a zealous republican, and the enemy of his house?

DE WITT.

If I did not approve them, I should shew myself the enemy of the Republick. You never sought to tyrannize over it; you loved, you defended, you preserved its freedom. Thebes was not more indebted to EPAMINONDAS, or PELOPIDAS, for its independence and glory, than the United Provinces were to you. How wonderful was it to see a youth, who had scarce attained to the twentysecond year of his age, whose spirit had been depressed and kept down by a jealous and hostile faction, rising at once to the conduct of a most arduous and perilous war, stopping an enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrat-

ed into the heart of his country; driving him back, and recovering from him all he had conquered: To ſee this done with an army, in which, a little before, there was neither diſcipline, courage, nor ſenſe of honour! Ancient hiſtory has no exploit ſuperior to it; and it will ennoble the modern, whenever a LIVY or a PLUTARCH ſhall ariſe, to do juſtice to it, and ſet the hero who performed it in a true light.

WILLIAM.

Say, rather, when time ſhall have worn out that malignity and rancour of party, which in free ſtates is ſo apt to oppoſe itſelf to the ſentiments of gratitude and eſteem for their ſervants and benefactors.

DE WITT.

How magnanimous was your reply, how much in the ſpirit of true *ancient virtue*, when being aſked, in the greateſt extremity of our danger "*How you intended to live after Holland was loſt?*"* You ſaid, "*You would live on the lands you had left in Germany, and had rather paſs your life in hunting there, than ſell your country or liberty to France at any rate!*" How nobly did you think, when, being offered your patrimonial lordſhips and lands in the county of Burgundy or the full value of them from France, by the mediation of England, in the treaty of peace, your anſwer was, "*That to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders, you would be content to loſe them all!*" No wonder, after this, that you were able to combine all Europe in a league againſt the power of France; that you were the centre of union, and the directing ſoul of that wiſe, that generous confederacy, formed by your labours; that you could ſteadily ſupport and keep it together, in ſpite of repeated misfortunes; that even after defeats you were as formidable to LOUIS, as other generals

* See Temple's Memoirs from the year 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 320, 321.

generals after victories; and that in the end you became the deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

WILLIAM.

I had in truth no other object, no other paſſion at heart, throughout my whole life, but to maintain the independence and freedom of Europe, againſt the ambition of France. It was this deſire which formed the whole plan of my policy, which animated all my counſels, both as Prince of Orange and King of England.

DE WITT.

This deſire was the moſt noble (I ſpeak it with ſhame) that could warm the heart of a prince, whoſe anceſtors had oppoſed and in a great meaſure deſtroyed the power of Spain, when that nation aſpired to the monarchy of Europe. France, ſir, in your days had an equal ambition and more ſtrength to ſupport her vaſt deſigns, than Spain under the government of PHILIP the ſecond. That ambition you reſtrained, that ſtrength you reſiſted. I, alas! was ſeduced by her perfidious court, and by the neceſſity of affairs in that ſyſtem of policy which I had adopted, to aſk her aſſiſtance, to rely on her favour, and to make the Commonwealth, whoſe counſels I directed, ſubſervient to her greatneſs.—Permit me, ſir, to explain to you the motives of my conduct. If all the princes of Orange had acted like you, I ſhould never have been the enemy of your houſe. But Prince MAURICE of Naſſau deſired to oppreſs the liberty of that ſtate, which his virtuous father had freed at the expenſe of his life, and which he himſelf had defended againſt the arms of the Houſe of Auſtria, with the higheſt reputation of military abilities. Under a pretence of religion (the moſt execrable cover of a wicked deſign) he put to death, as a criminal, that upright miniſter, BARNEVELT, his father's beſt friend, because

cauſe he refuſed to concur with him in treaſon againſt the ſtate. He likewiſe impriſoned ſeveral other good men and lovers of their country, confiſcated their eſtates, and ruined their families. Yet, after he had done theſe cruel acts of injuſtice, with a view to make himſelf ſovereign of the Dutch Commonwealth, he found they had drawn ſuch a general odium upon him, that, not daring to accompliſh his iniquitous purpoſe, he ſtopped ſhort of the tyranny to which he had ſacrificed his honour and virtue: A diſappointment ſo mortifying, and ſo painful to his mind, that it probably haſtened his death.

WILLIAM.

Would to Heaven he had died before the meeting of that infamous SYNOD of Dort, by which he not only diſhonoured himſelf and his family, but the Proteſtant religion itſelf! Forgive this interruption—my grief forced me to it—I deſire you to proceed.

DE WITT.

The brother of MAURICE, prince HENRY, who ſucceeded to his dignities in the Republick, acted with more moderation. But the ſon of that good prince, your majeſty's father (I am ſorry to ſpeak what I know you hear with pain) reſumed, in the pride and fire of his youth, the ambitious deſigns of his uncle. He failed in his undertaking, and ſoon afterwards died, but left in the hearts of the whole Republican party an incurable jealouſy and dread of his family. Full of theſe prejudices, and zealous for liberty, I thought it my duty, as penſionary of Holland, to prevent forever, if I could, your reſtoration to the power your anceſtors had enjoyed, which I ſincerely believed would be inconſiſtent with the ſafety and freedom of my country.

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Let me ſtop you a moment here.—When my great grandfather formed the plan of the Dutch Commonwealth, he made the power of a Stadtholder one of the principal ſprings in his ſyſtem of government. How could you imagine that it would ever go well when deprived of this ſpring, ſo neceſſary to adjuſt and balance its motions? A Conſtitution originally formed with no mixture of regal power may long be maintained in all its vigour and energy, without ſuch a power; but, if any degree of monarchy was mixed from the beginning in the principles of it, the forcing *that* out muſt neceſſarily diſorder and weaken the whole fabric. This was particularly the caſe in our Republick. The negative voice of every ſmall town in the provincial States, the tedious ſlowneſs of our forms and deliberations, the facility with which foreign miniſters may ſeduce or purchaſe the opinions of ſo many perſons as have a right to concur in all our reſolutions, make it impoſſible for the government, even in the quieteſt times, to be well carried on, without the authority and influence of a Stadtholder, which are the only remedy our Conſtitution has provided for thoſe evils.

DE WITT.

I acknowledge they are.—But I and my party thought no evil ſo great as that remedy; and therefore we ſought for other more pleaſing reſources. One of theſe, upon which we moſt confidently depended, was the friendſhip of France. I flattered myſelf that the intereſt of the French would ſecure to me their favour; as your relation to the crown of England might naturally raiſe in them a jealouſy of your power. I hoped they would encourage the trade and commerce of the Dutch in oppoſition to the Engliſh, the ancient enemies of their crown, and

let us enjoy all the benefits of a perpetual peace, unleſs we made war upon England, or England upon us; in either of which caſes it was reaſonable to preſume we ſhould have their aſſiſtance. The French miniſter at the Hague, who ſerved his court but too well, ſo confirmed me in theſe notions, that I had no apprehenſions of the *mine* which was forming under my feet.

WILLIAM.

You found your authority ſtrengthened by a plan ſo agreeable to your party; and this contributed more to deceive your ſagacity than all the art of D'ESTRADES.

DE WITT.

My policy ſeemed to me entirely ſuitable to the laſting ſecurity of my own power, of the liberty of my country, and of its maritime greatneſs. For I made it my care to keep up a very powerful navy, well commanded and officered, for the defence of all theſe againſt the Engliſh; but, as I feared nothing from France, or any power on the continent, I neglected the army; or rather I deſtroyed it, by enervating all its ſtrength, by diſbanding old troops and veteran officers, attached to the houſe of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading militia*, commanded by officers who had neither experience nor courage, and who owed their promotions to no other merit, but their relation to, or intereſt with ſome leading men in the ſeveral *Oligarchies*, of which the government in all the Dutch towns is compoſed. Nevertheleſs, on the invaſion of Flanders by the French, I was forced to depart from my cloſe connexion with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the triple alliance, which Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE propoſed, in order to check her ambition: But as I entered into that meaſure from neceſſity, not from choice, I did not purſue it, I neglected

lected to improve our union with England, or to secure that with Sweden; I avoided any conjunction of counsels with Spain; I formed no alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our army more and more; till a sudden, unnatural confederacy, struck up against all the maxims of policy, by the court of England with France, for the conquest of the seven Provinces, brought these at once to the very brink of destruction, and made me a victim to the fury of a populace too justly provoked.

WILLIAM.

I must say, that your plan was in reality nothing more than to procure for the Dutch *a licence to trade, under the good pleasure and gracious protection of France.* But any State that so entirely depends on another, is only a *Province*, and its *liberty* is a *servitude* graced with a sweet but empty name. You should have reflected, that to a monarch so ambitious and so vain as LOUIS LE GRAND, the idea of a conquest, which seemed almost certain, and the desire of humbling a haughty Republick, were temptations irresistable. His bigotry likewise would concur in recommending to him an enterprise, which he might think would put heresy under his feet. And if you knew either the character of CHARLES the Second or the principles of his government, you ought not to have supposed his union with France for the ruin of Holland an impossible, or even improbable event. It is hardly excusable in a Statesman to be greatly surprised, that the inclinations of princes should prevail upon them to act, in many particulars, without any regard to the political maxims and interests of their kingdoms.

DE WITT.

I am ashamed of my error; but the chief cause of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite so ill of CHARLES the Second and his ministry

as

as they deſerved.* I imagined too that his parliament would reſtrain him from engaging in ſuch a war, or compel him to engage in our defence, if France ſhould attack us. Theſe, I acknowledge, are *excuſes* not *juſtifications*. When the French marched into Holland, and found it in a condition ſo unable to reſiſt them, my fame as a miniſter irrecoverably ſunk. For, not to appear a *traitor*, I was obliged to confeſs myſelf a *dupe*. But what praiſe is ſufficient for the wiſdom and virtue you ſhewed, in ſo firmly rejecting the offers, which I have been informed were made to you, both by England and France, when firſt you appeared in arms at the head of your country, to give you the *Sovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, by the aſſiſtance, and under the protection of the two Crowns! Believe me, great Prince, had I been living in thoſe times, and had known the generous anſwers you made to thoſe offers, which were repeated more than once during the courſe of the war; not the moſt ancient and devoted ſervant to your family would have been more your friend than I. But who could reaſonably hope for ſuch moderation, and ſuch a right ſenſe of glory, in the mind of a young man, deſcended from *Kings*, whoſe mother was daughter to CHARLES the Firſt, and whoſe father had left him the ſeducing example of a very different conduct? Happy indeed was the Engliſh nation to have ſuch a Prince, ſo nearly allied to their crown both in blood and by marriage, whom they might call to be their deliverer, when bigotry and deſpotiſm, the two greateſt enemies to human ſociety, had almoſt overthrown their whole Conſtitution in church and ſtate.

WILLIAM.

They might have been happy; but were not.—— As ſoon as I had accompliſhed their deliverance for them,

* See Temple's Memoirs from the Year 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 293.

them, many of them became my moſt implacable enemies, and even wiſhed to reſtore the unforgiving Prince, whom they had ſo unanimouſly and ſo juſtly expelled from his kingdom.——Such levity ſeems incredible. I could not myſelf have imagined it poſſible, in a nation famed for *good ſenſe*, if I had not had proofs of it beyond contradiction. They ſeemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as *that they had called me over*. The ſecurity of their religion, the maintenance of their liberty, were no longer their care. All was to yield to the incomprehenſible doctrine of *Right Divine* and *Paſſive Obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both that doctrine and king JAMES, by their oppoſition to him, by their invitation of me, and by every act of the Parliament which gave me the Crown.—But the moſt troubleſome of my enemies were a ſet of Republicans, who violently oppoſed all my meaſures, and joined with the Jacobites in diſturbing my government, only becauſe it was not a Commonwealth.

DE WITT.

They who are Republicans under your government in the kingdom of England did not love Liberty, but aſpired to dominion, and wiſhed to throw the nation into a total confuſion, that it might give them a chance of working out from that anarchy a better State for themſelves.

WILLIAM.

Your obſervation is juſt. A proud man thinks himſelf a lover of Liberty, when he is only impatient of a power in government above his own, and, were he a king, or the firſt miniſter of a king, would be a Tyrant. Nevertheleſs I will own to you, with the candour which becomes a virtuous prince, that there were in England ſome Whigs, and even ſome of the moſt ſober and moderate Tories, who, with very honeſt

honeſt intentions, and ſometimes with good judgments, propoſed new ſecurities to the Liberty of the nation, againſt the prerogative or influence of the Crown, and the corruption of miniſters in future times. To ſome of theſe I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I reſiſted, for fear of weakening too much the royal authority, and breaking that *balance*, in which conſiſts the perfection of a mixed form of government. I ſhould not, perhaps, have reſiſted ſo many, if I had not ſeen in the Houſe of Commons a diſpoſition to riſe in their demands on the Crown, had they found it more yielding. The difficulties of my government, upon the whole, were ſo great, that I once had determined, from mere diſguſt and reſentment, to give back to the nation aſſembled in Parliament, the Crown they had placed on my head, and retire to Holland, where I found more affection and gratitude in the people. But I was ſtopped by the earneſt ſupplications of my friends, and by an unwillingneſs to undo the great work I had done: Eſpecially as I knew, that, if England ſhould return into the hands of king JAMES, it would be impoſſible, in that criſis, to preſerve the reſt of Europe from the dominion of France.

DE WITT.

Heaven be praiſed that your majeſty did not perſevere in ſo fatal a reſolution! The United Provinces would have been ruined by it together with England. But I cannot enough expreſs my aſtoniſhment, that you ſhould have met with ſuch treatment as could ſuggeſt ſuch a thought! The Engliſh muſt ſure be a people incapable either of Liberty or ſubjection!

WILLIAM.

There were, I muſt acknowledge, ſome faults in my temper, and ſome in my government, which are an

an excuſe for my ſubjects with regard to the uneaſineſs and diſquiet they gave me. My taciturnity, which ſuited the genius of the Dutch, offended theirs. They love an affable prince: It was chiefly his affability that made them ſo fond of CHARLES the Second. Their frankneſs and good humour could not brook the reſerve and coldneſs of my nature. Then the exceſs of my favour to ſome of the Dutch, whom I had brought over with me, excited a national jealouſy in the Engliſh, and hurt their pride. My government alſo appeared, at laſt, too unſteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories, which almoſt deprived me of the confidence and affection of both parties. I truſted too much to the integrity and the purity of my intentions, without uſing thoſe arts that are neceſſary to allay the ferment of factions and allure men to their duty by ſoothing their paſſions. Upon the whole, I am ſenſible that I better underſtood how to govern the Dutch than the Engliſh or the Scotch, and ſhould probably have been thought a greater man, if I had not been king of Greatbritain.

DE WITT.

It is a ſhame to the Engliſh, that gratitude and affection for ſuch merit as yours, were not able to overcome any little diſguſts ariſing from your temper, and enthrone their deliverer in the hearts of his people. But will your majeſty give me leave to aſk you one queſtion? Is it true, as I have heard, that many of them diſliked your alliances on the Continent, and ſpoke of your war with France as a *Dutch meaſure*, in which you ſacrificed England to Holland.

WILLIAM.

The cry of the nation at firſt was ſtrong for the war: But before the end of it the Tories began publickly to talk the language you mention. And no wonder they

they did;—for, as they then had a desire to set up again the maxims of government which had prevailed in the reign of their beloved CHARLES the Second, they could not but represent opposition to France, and vigorous measures taken to restrain her ambition, as unnecessary for England: Because they well knew that the counsels of that king had been utterly averse to such measures; that his whole policy made him a friend to France; that he was governed by a French mistress, and even bribed by French money, to give that court his assistance, or at least his acquiescence, in all their designs.

DE WITT.

A king of England, whose cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile pensioner to a French king, degrades himself from his royalty, and ought to be considered as an enemy to the nation. Indeed the whole policy of CHARLES the Second, when he was not forced off from his natural bias, by the necessity he lay under of soothing his Parliament, was a constant, designed, systematical opposition to the interest of his people. His brother, though more sensible to the honour of England, was, by his popery and desire of arbitrary power, constrained to lean upon France, and do nothing to obstruct her designs on the Continent, or lessen her greatness. It was therefore necessary to place the British Crown on your head, not only with a view to preserve the religious and civil rights of the people from internal oppressions, but to rescue the whole State from that servile dependance on its natural enemy, which must unquestionably have ended in its destruction. What folly was it to revile your measures abroad, as sacrificing the interest of your British dominions to connexions with the Continent, and principally with Holland! Had Great Britain no interest to hinder the French from being masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces, her strongest barrier on the Continent against the

the power of that nation, to ſubmit with the reſt to their yoke? Would her trade, would her coaſts, would her capital itſelf have been ſafe, after ſo mighty an increaſe of ſhipping and ſailors, as France would have gained by thoſe conqueſts? And what could have prevented them, but the war which you waged, and the alliances which you formed? Could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by Greatbritain, have attempted to make head againſt a power, which, even with her aſſiſtance, ſtrong and ſpirited as it was, they could hardly reſiſt? And after the check which had been given to the encroachments of France, by the efforts of the *firſt grand alliance*, did not a new and greater danger make it neceſſary to recur to another ſuch league? Was not the union of France and Spain under one monarch, or even under one family, the moſt alarming contingency that ever had threatened the liberty of Europe.

WILLIAM.

I thought ſo; and I am ſure I did not err in my judgment. But folly is blind; and faction wilfully ſhuts her eyes againſt the moſt evident truths that croſs her deſigns; as ſhe believes any lies, however palpable and abſurd, that ſhe thinks will aſſiſt them.

DE WITT.

The only objection which ſeems to have any rea weight againſt your ſyſtem of policy, with regard to the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, is the enormous expenſe that muſt neceſſarily attend it; an expenſe which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without extreme inconvenience.

WILLIAM.

I will anſwer that objection by aſking a queſtion. If, when you were penſionary of Holland, intelli-

gence had been brought, that the Dykes were ready to break, and the ſea was coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have ſaid to one of the deputies, who, when you were propoſing the proper repairs to ſtop the inundation, ſhould have objected to the charge, as too heavy on the Province? This was the caſe in a political ſenſe with both England and Holland. The fences raiſed to keep out ſuperſtition and tyranny were all giving way: Thoſe dreadful evils were threatening, with their whole accumulated force, to break in upon us, and overwhelm our eccleſiaſtical and civil conſtitutions. In ſuch circumſtances to object to a neceſſary expenſe is folly and madneſs.

DE WITT.

It is certain, Sir, that the utmoſt abilities of a nation can never be ſo well employed, as in the unwearied, pertinacious defence of their religion and freedom. When *theſe* are loſt, there remains nothing that is worth the concern of a good or wiſe man. Nor do I think it conſiſtent with the prudence of government not to guard againſt future dangers, as well as preſent; which precaution muſt be often in ſome degree expenſive. I acknowledge too, that the reſources of a commercial country, which ſupports its trade, even in war, by invincible fleets, and takes care not to hurt it in the methods of impoſing or collecting its taxes, are immenſe, and inconceivable till the trial is made; eſpecially where the government which demands the ſupplies, is agreeable to the people. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* expenſe will in the end be deſtructive. What matters it whether a State is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign enemy, or dies by a conſumption of its own vital ſtrength? Such a conſumption will come upon Holland ſooner than upon England, becauſe the latter has a greater radical force: But, great as it is, that force at laſt will be ſo diminiſhed and exhauſted by perpetual drains, that it may fail all at once,

once, and thoſe efforts, which may ſeem moſt ſurpriſingly vigorous, will be in reality *the convulſions of death*. I do not apply this to your majeſty's government; but I ſpeak with a view to what may happen hereafter from the extenſive ideas of negociation and war which you have eſtabliſhed. They have been ſalutary to your kingdom; but they will, I fear, be pernicious in future times, if in purſuing great plans great miniſters do not act with a ſobriety, prudence and attention to frugality, which very ſeldom are joined with an extraordinary vigour and boldneſs of counſels.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS—DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

ALAS! Poor APICIUS—I pity thee from my heart, for not having lived in my age and in my country. How many good diſhes, unknown at Rome in thy days, have I feaſted upon in England!

APICIUS.

Keep your pity for yourſelf.—How many good diſhes have I feaſted upon in Rome which England does not produce, or of which the knowledge has been loſt, with other treaſures of antiquity, in theſe degenerate days! The fat paps of a ſow, the livers of ſcari, the brains of phœnicopters, and the *Tripotanum*, which conſiſted of three excellent ſorts of fiſh, for which you Engliſh have no names, the *Lupus Marinus*, the *Myxo*, and the *Muræna*.

DARTENEUF.

I thought the *Muræna* had been our Lamprey. We have delicate ones in the Severn!

APICIUS.

No:—The Muræna, ſo reſpected by the ancient Roman ſenators, was a ſaltwater fiſh, and kept by our

our nobles in ponds, into which the ſea was admitted.

DARTENEUF.

Why then I dare ſay our Severn lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them ſtewed or potted?

APICIUS.

I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I ſhould have been afraid that the Britons would have eaten me.

DARTENEUF.

I am ſorry for you, very ſorry :* For if you never were in Britain, you never eat the beſt oyſters.

APICIUS.

Pardon me, ſir, your Sandwich oyſters were brought to Rome in my time.†

DARTENEUF.

They could not be freſh: They were good ſo nothing there.—You ſhould have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a ſhame for you that you did not. —An epicure talk of danger when he is in ſearch of a dainty! Did not LEANDER ſwim over the Helleſpont in a tempeſt, to get to his miſtreſs? And what is a wench to a barrel of exquiſite oyſters?

APICIUS.

Nay—I am ſure you can't blame me for any want of alertneſs in ſeeking fine fiſhes. I ſailed to the

* See St. Evremond's Letters.

† See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on ancient coins, c. 5. Pars 2.

coaſt of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania,* only to taſte of one ſpecies, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coaſt, and finding that I had received a falſe information, I returned immediately, without even deigning to land.

DARTENEUF.

There was ſome ſenſe in that: But why did not you alſo make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you once taſted thoſe oyſters in their higheſt perfection, you would never have come back: You would have eaten till you burſt.

APICIUS.

I wiſh I had:—It would have been better than poiſoning myſelf, as I did, at Rome,† becauſe I found, upon the balance of my accounts, I had only the pitiful ſum of fourſcore thouſand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from ſtarving.

DARTENEUF.

A ſum of fourſcore thouſand pounds not keep you from ſtarving! Would I had had it! I ſhould have been twenty years in ſpending it, with the beſt table in London.

APICIUS.

Alas poor man! This ſhews that you Engliſh have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died I had ſpent in my kitchen 807,291l. 13s. 4d.§

DARTENEUF.

* See Athenæus and Bayle in his Notes to the article Apicius.

† See Senec. de Conſol. ad Helviam. Martial. Epig. 22. l. 3. Bayle Apicius. See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

§ See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

DARTENEUF.

I don't believe a word of it: There is certainly an error in the account.

APICIUS.

Why, the eſtabliſhment of LUCULLUS for his ſuppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every ſupper he ſat down to in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 Drachms,* which is in your money 1614l. 11s. 8d.

DARTENEUF.

Would I had ſupped with him there! But are you ſure there is no blunder in theſe calculations?

APICIUS.

Aſk your learned men that.—I reckon as they tell me.—But you may think that theſe feaſts were made only by great men, by triumphant generals, like LUCULLUS, who had plundered all Aſia, to help him in his houſekeeping. What will you ſay, when I tell you that the player Æſopus had one diſh that coſt him ſix thouſand ſeſtertia,† that is, four thouſand eight hundred and fortythree pounds, ten ſhillings Engliſh?

DARTENEUF.

What will I ſay? Why, that I pity my worthy friend, Mr. CIBBER; and that, if I had known this, when alive, I ſhould have hanged myſelf for vexation that I did not live in thoſe days.

APICIUS.

* See Arbuthnot, p. 133.

† Arbuthnot, p. 133. Plin. l. 10. c. 16.

APICIUS.

Well you might, well you might.——You don't know what *eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing leſs than the wealth of the Roman empire is ſufficient to enable a man of taſte to keep a good table. Our players were infinitely richer than your princes.

DARTENEUF.

Oh that I had but lived in the bleſſed reign of CALIGULA, or of VITELLIUS, or of HELIOGABALUS, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their ſlaves!

APICIUS.

Ay, there you touch me.—I am miſerable that I died before their good times.* They carried the glories of their table much farther than the beſt eaters of the age in which I lived.† VITELLIUS ſpent in feaſting, within the compaſs of one year, what would amount in your money to above ſeven millions two hundred thouſand pounds. He told me ſo himſelf in a converſation I had with him not long ago. And the two others you mentioned did not fall very ſhort of his royal magnificence.

DARTENEUE.

Theſe indeed were great princes. But what moſt affects me is the luxury of that upſtart fellow ÆSOPUS. Pray, of what ingredients might the diſh, he paid ſo much for, conſiſt?

APICIUS.

* See Bayle Apicius, Athenæus, l. 1. p. 7. † Arbuthnot, c. 5.

APICIUS.

Chiefly of *ſinging birds*.‡ It was that which ſo greatly enhanced the price.

DARTENEUF.

Of *ſinging birds!* Choak him.—I never eat but *one*, which I ſtole out of its cage from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted an only child. But, upon recollection, I doubt whether I have really ſo much cauſe to envy ÆSOPUS. For the *ſinging bird* which I eat was not ſo good as a Wheat ear or *Becaſigue*. And therefore I ſuſpect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity. It was like the fooliſh extravagance of the ſon of ÆSOPUS, who diſſolved pearls in vinegar and drank them at ſupper. I will ſtake my credit, that a haunch of good buck veniſon, and my favourite *ham pye*,§ were much better diſhes than any at the table of VITELLIUS himſelf. It does not appear that you ancients ever had any good ſoops, without which a man of taſte cannot poſſibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are deteſtable: But what is better than *the wing* of one of our Engliſh *wild* rabbits? I have been told you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is ill flavoured. And as for your boars *roaſted whole*, they were only fit to be ſerved up at a corporation feaſt or election dinner. A ſmall *barbecued hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good collar of Canterbury or Shrewſbury brawn is a much better diſh.

APICIUS.

If you had ſome meats that we wanted, yet our cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to yours. Our cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to hog's fleſh the taſte of all other meats.*

DARTENEUF.

‡ Arbuthnot, p. 133. § Pope's Imit. of Hor. Sat. I. l. 46.
* See Arbuthnot, c. 4.

DARTENEUF.

I ſhould never have endured their imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed, on a good *connoiſſeur* in painting, the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats, and even to ſome kinds of fiſh, a rich flavour of bacon, without deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. It does not appear to me that *eſſence of hams* was ever known to the ancients. We have a hundred *ragouts*, the compoſition of which ſurpaſſes all deſcription. Had yours been as good, you could not have lain indolently lolling upon couches, while you were eating. They would have made you ſit up and mind your buſineſs. Then you had a ſtrange cuſtom of hearing things *read to you* while you were at ſupper. This demonſtrates that you were not ſo well entertained as we are with our meat. When I was at table, I neither heard, nor ſaw, nor ſpoke; I only taſted. But the worſt of all is, that, in the utmoſt perfection of your luxury, you had no wine to be named with claret, burgundy, champaigne, old hock, or tokay. You boaſted much of your *Falernum:* But I have taſted the *Lachrymæ Chriſti*, and other wines of that coaſt, not one of which would I have drunk above a glaſs or two of, if you would have given me the kingdom of Naples. I have read that you boiled your wines, and mixed water with them; which is ſufficient evidence that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

APICIUS.

I am afraid you do really excel us in wines; not to mention your beer, your cyder, and your perry, of all which I have heard great fame from your countrymen, and their report has been confirmed by the teſtimony of their neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been alſo ſaid to me of an Engliſh liquor called punch.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

Ay—to have died without taſting *that* is miſerable indeed! There is rum punch, and arrack punch! It is difficult to ſay which is beſt; but JUPITER would have given his NECTAR for either of them, upon my word and honour.

APICIUS.

The thought of them puts me into a fever with thirſt.

DARTENEUF.

Theſe incomparable liquors are brought to us from the Eaſt and Weſtindies, of the firſt of which you know little, and of the latter nothing. This alone is ſufficient to determine the diſpute. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has COLUMBUS opened to us? Think of that and deſpair.

APICIUS.

I cannot indeed but exceedingly lament my ill fate, that America was not diſcovered, before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and a number of other fine fruits, or delicious meats, produced there, which I have never taſted.

DARTENEUF.

The ſingle advantage of having ſugar, to ſweeten every thing with, inſtead of honey, which you, for want of the other, were obliged to make uſe of, is ineſtimable.

APICIUS.

APICIUS.

I confeſs your ſuperiority in that important article. But what grieves me moſt is, that I never eat a turtle. They tell me that it is abſolutely the beſt of all foods!

DARTENEUF.

Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo:—But I never eat any: For in my time they were not brought over to England.

APICIUS.

Never eat any turtle! How could'ſt thou dare to accuſe me of not going to Sandwich, to eat oyſters, and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America, to riot on turtles? But know, wretched man, I am credibly informed, that they are now as plentiful in England as ſturgeons. There are turtle boats that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſtindies. I have juſt received this information from a fat alderman, who died in London laſt week, of a ſurfeit he got at a turtle feaſt in that city.

DARTENEUF.

What does he ſay? Does he affirm to you that turtle is better than veniſon!

APICIUS.

He ſays, there was a haunch of the fatteſt veniſon untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle alone.

DARTENEUF.

Alas! How imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when *the noble ſcience of eating* was ſuppoſed

ed to have been carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France. And yet a *turtle feaſt* is a novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from PLUTO of going back for one day to my own table at London, juſt to taſte of that food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the quantity of it I would eat before the next morning.

APICIUS.

You have forgotten you have no *body*: That which you had has long been rotten: And you can never return to the earth with another, unleſs PYTHAGORAS ſhould ſend you thither to animate a hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have eaten dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next age will eat ſome unknown to this. New diſcoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world.—But ſee; who comes hither? I think it is MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that I have ſtood near you inviſible, and heard your diſcourſe; a privilege which, you know, we deities uſe as often as we pleaſe. Attend therefore to what I ſhall communicate to you, relating to the ſubject upon which you have been talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, who had much more pleaſure in eating than either of you, through the whole courſe of your lives.

APICIUS.

One of theſe happy epicures, I preſume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman ſettled in the Weſtindies.

MERCURY.

No: One was a Spartan ſoldier and the other an Engliſh farmer.——I ſee you both look aſtoniſhed.

But what I tell you is truth. Labour and hunger gave a reliſh to the *black broth* of the former, and the *ſalt beef* of the latter, beyond what you ever found in the *Tripotanums* or *ham pies*, that vainly ſtimulated your forced and languid appetites, which perpetual indolence weakened, and conſtant luxury overcharged.

DARTENEUF.

This, APICIUS, is more mortifying than not to have ſhared a turtle feaſt.

APICIUS.

I wiſh, MERCURY, you had taught me your *art of cookery* in my life time: But it is a ſad thing not to know what *good living* is till after one is *dead*.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—CHARLES THE TWELFTH, KING OF SWEDEN.

ALEXANDER.

YOUR majesty seems in great wrath! Who has offended you?

CHARLES.

The offence is to you as much as me. Here is a fellow admitted into Elysium, who has affronted us both: An English poet, one POPE. He has called us *two madmen!**

ALEXANDER.

I have been unlucky in poets. No prince ever was fonder of the Muses than I, or has received from them a more ungrateful return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied ACHILLES, because he had a HOMER to celebrate his exploits; and I most bountifully rewarded CHOERILUS, a pretender to poetry, for writing verses on mine: But my liberality, instead of doing me honour, has since drawn upon me the ridicule of HORACE, a witty Roman poet, and LUCAN, another versifier of the same nation, has loaded my memory with the harshest invectives.

CHARLES.

* Pope's Essay on Man, Ep. iv. l. 219, 20.

CHARLES.

I know nothing of theſe; but I know that in my time, a pert French ſatiriſt, one BOILEAU, made ſo free with your character, that I tore his book for having abuſed my favourite hero.* And now this ſaucy Engliſhman has libelled us both.—But I have a propoſal to make to you for the reparation of our honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all theſe inſolent ſcribblers out of Elyſium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in ſpite of PLUTO and all his guards.

ALEXANDER.

This is juſt ſuch a ſcheme as that you formed at Bender, to maintain yourſelf there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, againſt the whole force of the Ottoman empire. And I muſt ſay, that ſuch follies gave the Engliſh poet too much cauſe to call you a madman.

CHARLES.

If my heroiſm was madneſs, yours, I preſume, was not wiſdom.

ALEXANDER.

There was a vaſt difference between your conduct and mine. Let poets or declaimers ſay what they will, hiſtory ſhews, that I was not only the braveſt ſoldier, but one of the ableſt commanders the world has ever ſeen. Whereas you, by imprudently leading your army into vaſt and barren deſerts, at the approach of the winter, expoſed it to periſh in its march for want of ſubſiſtence, loſt your artillery, loſt a great number of your ſoldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muſcovites under ſuch diſadvantages, as made it almoſt impoſſible for you to conquer.

CHARLES.

* See Porriatowſki's Remarks on Voltaire's Hiſtory of Charles XII.

CHARLES.

I will not diſpute your ſuperiority as a general. It is not for me, a mere mortal, to contend with the *ſon of* JUPITER AMMON.

ALEXANDER.

I ſuppoſe you think my pretending that JUPITER was my father as much intitles me to the name of a madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly miſtaken. It was not my vanity, but my policy, which ſet up that pretenſion. When I propoſed to undertake the conqueſt of Aſia, it was neceſſary for me to appear to the people ſomething more than a man. They had been uſed to the idea of *demigod heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal deſcent with OSIRIS and SESOSTRIS, with BACCHUS and HERCULES, the former conquerors of the eaſt. The opinion of my divinity aſſiſted my arms, and ſubdued all nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I called myſelf the *ſon of* JUPITER, and kept up the veneration that name inſpired, by a courage which ſeemed more than human, and by the ſublime magnanimity of all my behaviour, I did not forget that I was the *ſon of* PHILIP. I uſed the policy of my father, and the wiſe leſſons of ARISTOTLE, whom he had made my preceptor, in the conduct of all my great deſigns. It was the *ſon of* PHILIP who planted Greek colonies in Aſia, as far as the Indies; who formed projects of trade more extenſive than his empire itſelf; who laid the foundations of them in the midſt of his wars; who built Alexandria, to be the centre and ſtaple of commere between Europe, Aſia and Africk; who ſent NEARCHUS to navigate the unknown Indian Seas, and intended to have gone himſelf from thoſe ſeas to the pillars of HERCULES, that is, to have explored the paſſage round Africk, the diſcovery of which has ſince been

ſo glorious to VASCO DE GAMA.* Is was the *ſon of* PHILIP, who, after ſubduing the Perſians, governed them with ſuch lenity, ſuch juſtice, and ſuch wiſdom, that they loved him even more than ever they had loved their natural kings; and who, by intermarriages, and all methods that could beſt eſtabliſh a coalition between the conquerors and the conquered, united them into one people. But what, Sir, did you do, to advance the trade of your ſubjects, to procure any benefit to thoſe you had vanquiſhed, or to convert any enemy into a friend?

CHARLES.

When I might eaſily have made myſelf king of Poland, and was adviſed to do ſo, by COUNT PIPER, my favourite miniſter, I generouſly gave that kingdom to STANISLAUS, as you had given a great part of your conqueſt in India to PORUS, beſides his own dominions, which you reſtored to him entire, after you had beaten his army and taken him captive.

ALEXANDER.

I gave him the government of thoſe countries under me, and as my lieutenant; which was the beſt method of preſerving my power in conqueſts, where I could not leave garriſons ſufficient to maintain them. The ſame policy was afterwards practiſed by the Romans, who, of all conquerors, except me, were the greateſt politicians. But neither was I, nor were they ſo extravagant, as to conquer only for others, or dethrone kings with no view, but merely to have the pleaſure of beſtowing their Crowns on ſome of their ſubjects, without any advantage to ourſelves. Nevertheleſs, I will own, that my expedition to India was an exploit of the *ſon of* JUPITER, not of the *ſon of* PHILIP. I had done better

* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

ter if I had ſtaid to give more conſiſtency to my Perſian and Grecian empires, inſtead of attempting new conqueſts, and at ſuch a diſtance, ſo ſoon. Yet even this war was of uſe to hinder my troops from being corrupted by the effeminacy of Aſia, and to keep up that univerſal awe of my name, which in thoſe countries was the great ſupport of my power.

CHARLES.

In the unweared activity with which I proceed from one enterprize to another, I dare call myſelf your equal. Nay, I may pretend to a higher glory than you, becauſe you only went on from victory to victory; but the greateſt loſſes were not able to diminiſh my ardour, or ſtop the efforts of my daring and invincible ſpirit.

ALEXANDER.

You ſhewed in adverſity much more magnanimity than you did in proſperity. How unworthy of a prince who imitated me was your behaviour to the king your arms had vanquiſhed!* The compelling of AUGUSTUS to write himſelf a letter of crogratulation to one of his vaſſals, whom you had placed in his throne, was the very reverſe of my treatment of PORUS and DARIUS. It was an ungenerous inſult upon his ill fortune! It was the triumph of a little and a low mind! The viſit you made him immediately after that inſult was a farther contempt, offenſive to him, and both uſeleſs and dangerous to yourſelf.

CHARLES.

I feared no danger from it.—I knew he durſt not uſe the power I gave him to hurt me.

ALEXANDER.

* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

ALEXANDER.

If his reſentment, in that inſtant, had prevailed over his fear, as it was likely to do, you would have periſhed deſervedly by your inſolence and preſumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all dangers, which I thought it was neceſſary or proper for me to meet, I never put myſelf one moment in the power of an enemy whom I had offended. But you had the raſhneſs of *folly* as well as of *heroiſm*. A falſe opinion conceived of your enemy's weakneſs proved at laſt your undoing. When, in anſwer to ſome reaſonable propoſitions of peace, ſent to you by the Czar, you ſaid, "*You would come and treat with him at Moſcow*;"* he replied very juſtly, "*That you affected to act like* ALEXANDER, *but ſhould not find in him a* DARIUS." And, doubtleſs, you ought to have been better acquainted with the character of that prince. Had Perſia been governed by a PETER ALEXOWITZ when I made war againſt it, I ſhould have acted more cautiouſly, and not have counted ſo much on the ſuperiority of my troops, in valour and diſcipline, over an army commanded by a king, who was ſo capable of inſtructing them in all they wanted.

CHARLES.

The battle of NARVA, won by eight thouſand Swedes againſt fourſcore thouſand Muſcovites, ſeemed to authorize my contempt of the nation and their prince.

ALEXANDER.

It happened that their prince was not preſent in that battle. But he had not as yet had the time, which was neceſſary to inſtruct his barbarous ſoldiers. You gave him that time, and he made ſo good

* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

good a uſe of it, that you found at Pultowa the Muſcovites become a different nation. If you had followed the blow you gave them at Narva, and marched directly to Moſcow, you might have deſtroyed their HERCULES in his cradle. But you ſuffered him to grow, till his ſtrength was mature, and then acted as if he had been ſtill in his childhood.

CHARLES.

I muſt confeſs you excelled me in conduct, in policy, and in true magnanimity. But my liberality was not inferior to yours; and neither you nor any mortal ever ſurpaſſed me in the enthuſiaſm of courage. I was alſo free from thoſe vices which ſullied your character. I never was drunk; I killed no friend in the riot of a feaſt; I fired no palace at the inſtigation of a harlot.

ALEXANDER.

It may perhaps be admitted as ſome excuſe for my drunkenneſs,* that the Perſians eſteemed it an excellence in their kings to be able to drink a great quantity of wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a diſhonour. But you were as frantic, and as cruel, when ſober, as I was, when drunk.† You were ſober when you reſolved to continue in Turkey againſt the will of your hoſt, the *Grand Signior*. You were ſober when you commanded the unfortunate PATKULL, whoſe only crime was his having maintained the liberties of his country, and who bore the ſacred character of an embaſſador, to be broken alive on the wheel, againſt the laws of nations, and thoſe of humanity, more inviolable ſtill to a generous mind. You were likewiſe ſober when you wrote to the ſenate of Sweden, who, upon a report of your death, endeavoured to take ſome care of

* See Plutarch's Morals and Xenophon.

† See Voltaire's Charles XII.

of your kingdom, *That, you would ſend them one of your boots, and from that they ſhould receive their orders, if they pretended to meddle in government:* An inſult much worſe than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was moſt heated with wine and with adulation! As for my chaſtity, it was not ſo perfect as yours, though on ſome occaſions I obtained great praiſe for my continence: But, perhaps, if you had been not quite ſo inſenſible to the charms of the fair ſex, it would have mitigated and ſoftened the fierceneſs, the pride and the obſtinacy of your nature.

CHARLES.

It would have ſoftened me into a woman, or, what I think ſtill more contemptible, the ſlave of a woman. But you ſeem to inſinuate that you never were cruel or frantic unleſs when you were drunk. This I abſolutely deny.—You were not drunk when you crucified HEPHAESTION's phyſician,* for not curing a man who killed himſelf by his intemperance in his ſickneſs; nor when you ſacrificed to the manes of that favourite officer the whole nation of the Cuſſeans, men, women and children, who were entirely innocent of his death; becauſe you had read in HOMER, that ACHILLES had immolated ſome Trojan captives on the tomb of PATROCLUS. I could mention other proofs that your paſſions inflamed you as much as wine: But theſe are ſufficient.

ALEXANDER.

I cannot deny that my paſſions were ſometimes ſo violent as to deprive me for a while of the uſe of my reaſon; eſpecially when the pride of ſuch amazing ſucceſſes, the ſervitude of the Perſians, and barbarian flattery, had intoxicated my mind. To bear, at my age, with continual moderation, ſuch fortune as

* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

as mine, was hardly in human nature. As for you, there was an excefs and intemperance in your virtues, which turned them all into vices. And one virtue you wanted, which in a prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the publick, I mean the love of Science and of the elegant Arts. Under my care and patronage they were carried into Greece to their utmoft perfection. ARISTOTLE, APELLES and LYSIPPUS were among the glories of my reign: Yours was illuftrated only by battles.—Upon the whole, though from fome refemblance between us, I fhould naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I muft give the priority in renown to your enemy, PETER ALEXOWITZ. That great monarch *raifed* his country; you *ruined* yours. He was a *legiflator*; you were a *tyrant*.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXI.

CARDINAL XIMENES——CARDINAL WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

YOU ſeem to look on me, XIMENES, with an air of ſuperiority, as if I was not your equal. Have you forgotten that I was the favourite and firſt miniſter of a great king of England. That I was at once Lord High Chancellor, Biſhop of Durham, Biſhop of Wincheſter, Archbiſhop of York and Cardinal Legate. On what other ſubject were ever accumulated ſo many dignities, ſuch honours, ſuch power!

XIMENES.

In order to prove yourſelf my equal, you are pleaſed to tell me what you *had*, not what you *did*. But it is not the having of great offices; it is the doing of great things, that makes a great miniſter. I know that for ſome years you governed the mind of king HENRY the Eighth, and conſequently his kingdom, with the moſt abſolute ſway. Let me aſk you then, what were *the acts of your reign?*

WOLSEY.

My *acts* were thoſe of a very ſkilful courtier and able politician. I managed a temper which nature had made the moſt difficult to manage, of any, perhaps

haps, that ever exiſted, with ſuch conſummate addreſs, that all its paſſions were rendered entirely ſubſervient to my inclinations. In foreign affairs I turned the arms of my maſter, or diſpoſed of his friendſhip, which ever way my own intereſt happened to direct, It was not with *him*, but with *me*, that treaties were made by the emperor, or by France; and none were concluded, during my miniſtry, that did not contain ſome article in my favour, beſides ſecret aſſurances of aiding my ambition or reſentment, which were the real ſprings of all my negociations. At home I brought the pride of the Engliſh nobility, which had reſiſted the greateſt of the *Plantagenets* to bow ſubmiſſively to the ſon of a *butcher of Ipſwich*. And, as my power was royal, my ſtate and magnificence were ſuitable to it: My buildings, my furniture, my houſehold, my equipage, my liberalities and my charities, were above the rank of a ſubject.

XIMENES.

From all you have ſaid I underſtand that you gained great advantages *for yourſelf* in the courſe of your miniſtry, too great indeed for a good man to deſire, or a wiſe man to accept. But what did you do for your ſovereign and for the State?——You make me no anſwer.——What I did is well known. I was not content with forcing the arrogance of the Spaniſh nobility to ſtoop to my power,* but uſed that power to free the people from their oppreſſions. In you they reſpected the royal authority; I made them reſpect the majeſty of the law. I alſo relieved my countrymen, the commons of Caſtile, from a moſt grievous burthen, by an alteration in the method of collecting their taxes. After the death of ISABELLA I preſerved the tranquillity of Arragon and Caſtile, by procuring the regency of the latter for FERDINAND, a wiſe and valiant prince, though he

* See Marſolier Vie de Ximeſne.

he had not been my friend during the life of the queen. And when, after his deceaſe, I was raiſed to the regency by the general eſteem and affection of the Caſtilians, I adminiſtered the government with great courage, firmneſs and prudence; with the moſt perfect diſintereſtedneſs in regard to myſelf and moſt zealous concern for the publick. I ſuppreſſed all the factions which threatened to diſturb the peace of that kingdom in the minority and the abſence of the young king; and prevented the diſcontents of the commons of Caſtile, too juſtly incenſed againſt the Flemiſh miniſters, who governed their prince and rapaciouſly pillaged their country, from breaking out, during my life, into open rebellion, as they did, moſt unhappily ſoon after my death. Theſe were my civil acts: But to complete the renown of my adminiſtration, I added to it the palm of military glory. At my own charges and myſelf commanding the army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it, with its territory, to the Spaniſh dominions.

WOLSEY.

My ſoul was as elevated and noble as yours: My underſtanding as ſtrong, and more refined. But the difference of our conduct aroſe from the difference of our objects. To raiſe your reputation, and ſecure your power in Caſtile, by making that kingdom as happy, and as great as you could, was your object. Mine was to procure *the triple Crown* for myſelf by the aſſiſtance of my ſovereign, and of the greateſt foreign powers. Each of us took the means that were evidently moſt proper to the accompliſhment of his ends.

XIMENES.

Can you confeſs ſuch a principle of your conduct without a bluſh? But you will at leaſt be aſhamed, that you failed in your purpoſe, and were the dupe of the powers with whom you negociated; after having

having diſhonoured the character of your maſter, in order to ſerve your own ambition. I accompliſhed my deſire, with glory to my ſovereign, and advantage to my country. Beſides this difference, there was a great one in the methods by which we acquired our power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of princes; but I gained ISABELLA's by the opinion ſhe had of my piety and integrity: You gained HENRY's by a complaiſance and courſe of life, which were a reproach to your character and ſacred orders.

WOLSEY.

I did not, as you, XIMENES, did, carry with me to court the auſterity of a Monk; nor, if I had done ſo, could I poſſibly have gained any influence there. ISABELLA and HENRY were different characters, and their favour was to be ſought in different ways. By making myſelf agreeable to the latter, I ſo governed his paſſions, unruly as they were, that, while I lived, they did not produce any of thoſe dreadful effects, which after my death were cauſed by them in his family and kingdom.

XIMENES.

If HENRY the Eighth, your maſter, had been king of Caſtile, I would never have been drawn by him out of my cloiſter. A man of virtue and ſpirit will not be prevailed with to go into a court, where he cannot riſe without baſeneſs.

WOLSEY.

The inflexibility of your mind had like to have ruined you in ſome of your meaſures:* And the bigotry, which you had derived from your long abode in a cloiſter and retained when a miniſter, was very near

* See Marſolier Vie de Ximeſne.

near depriving the Crown of Caſtile, of the new conquered kingdom of Granada, by the revolt of the Moors in that city, whom you had prematurely forced to change their religion. Do you not remember how angry king FERDINAND was with you on that account.

XIMENES.

I do, and muſt acknowledge that my zeal was too intemperate in all that proceeding.

WOLSEY.

My worſt complaiſances to King HENRY the eighth were far leſs hurtful to England, than the unjuſt and inhuman court of inquiſition, which you eſtabliſhed in Granada, to watch over the faith of your unwilling converts, has been to Spain.

XIMENES.

I only revived and ſettled in Granada an ancient tribunal, inſtituted firſt by one of our ſaints againſt the Albigenſes, and gave it greater powers. The miſchiefs which have attended it cannot be denied. But if any force may be uſed for the maintenance of religion (and the church of Rome has, you know, declared authoritatively that it may) none could be ſo effectual to anſwer the purpoſe.

WOLSEY.

This is an argument rather againſt the opinion of the church, than for the inquiſition. I will only ſay, I think myſelf very happy, that my adminiſtration was ſtained with no action of cruelty, not even cruelty *ſanctified by the name of religion.* My temper indeed, which influenced my conduct more than my principles, was much milder than yours. To the proud I was proud; but to my friends and inferiors benevolent

benevolent and humane. Had I ſuccceded in the great object of my ambition, had I acquired the popedom, I ſhould have governed the church with more moderation, and better ſenſe, than, probably, you would have done, if you had exchanged the See of Toledo for that of Rome. My good nature, my policy, my taſte for magnificence, my love of the fine arts, of wit and of learning, would have made me the delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greateſt princes. Whereas in you, the ſour bigot and rigid monk would too much have prevailed over the prince and the ſtateſman.

XIMENES.

What either of us would have been in that ſituation does not appear. But, if you are compared to me *as a miniſter*, you are vaſtly inferior. The only circumſtance in which you can juſtly pretend to any equality is the encouragement you gave to learning, and your munificence in promoting it, which was indeed very great. Your two colleges founded at Ipſwich and Oxford may vie with my univerſity at Alcala de Henara. But in our generoſity there was this difference: All my revenues were ſpent in well placed liberalities, in acts of charity, piety and virtue: Whereas a great part of your enormous wealth was ſquandered away in luxury and vain oſtentation. With regard to all other points my ſuperiority is apparent. You were only a favourite: I was the friend and the father of the people. You ſerved yourſelf: I ſerved the ſtate. The concluſion of our lives was alſo much more honourable to me than you.

WOLSEY.

Did not you die, as I did, in diſgrace with your maſter?

XIMENES.

XIMENES.

That diſgrace was brought upon me by a faction of foreigners, to whoſe power, as a good Spaniard, I would not ſubmit. A miniſter, who falls a victim to ſuch an oppoſition, riſes by his fall. Yours was not graced by any publick cauſe, any merit to the nation. Your ſpirit therefore ſunk under it; you bore it with meanneſs. Mine was unbroken, ſuperior to my enemies, ſuperior to fortune; and I died, as I had lived, with undiminiſhed dignity and greatneſs of mind.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN—RABELAIS.

LUCIAN.

FRIEND RABELAIS, well met.——Our ſouls are very good company for one another. We both were great wits, and moſt audacious freethinkers. We laughed often at folly, and ſometimes at wiſdom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my ſtyle: But then, in return, you had a greater fertility of imagination. My *True Hiſtory* is much inferior, in fancy and invention, in force of wit and keenneſs of ſatire, to your *Hiſtory of the Acts of Garagantua and Pantagruel.*

RABELAIS.

You do me great honour: But I may ſay, without vanity, that both thoſe compoſitions intitle the authors of them to a very diſtinguiſhed place, among memoir writers, travellers, and even hiſtorians ancient and modern.

LUCIAN.

Doubtleſs they do. But will you pardon me if I aſk you one queſtion? Why did you chooſe to write ſuch abſolute *nonſenſe*, as you have in ſome places of your illuſtrious work?

RABELAIS.

RABELAIS.

I was forced to compound my phyſick for the mind with a large doſe of nonſenſe, in order to make it go down. To own the truth to you, if I had not ſo frequently put on *the fool's cap*, the freedoms I took, in other places, with *cowls*, with *red hats*, and *the triple crown itſelf*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my book, but I myſelf, ſhould, in all probability, have been condemned to the flames: And martyrdom was an honour to which I never aſpired. I therefore counterfeited folly, like JUNIUS BRUTUS, from the wiſeſt of all principles, that of ſelfpreſervation. You, LUCIAN, had no need to uſe ſo much caution. Your heathen prieſts deſired only a ſacrifice now and then from an epicurean, as a mark of *conformity*; and kindly allowed him to make as free as he pleaſed, in converſation or writings with the whole tribe of Gods and Goddeſſes, from the thundering JUPITER and the ſcolding JUNO, down to *the Dog Anubis* and the fragrant dame *Cloacina*.

LUCIAN.

Say rather that our government allowed us that liberty! For I aſſure you our prieſts were by no means pleaſed with it; at leaſt they were not in my time.

RABELAIS.

The wiſer men they! For, in ſpite of the conformity required by the laws, and enforced by the magiſtrate, that ridicule brought the ſyſtem of pagan theology into contempt, not only with the philoſophical part of mankind, but even with the vulgar.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

It did ſo, and the ableſt defenders of paganiſm were forced to give up the poetical fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

RABELAIS.

An excellent way of drawing ſenſe out of abſurdity, and grave inſtructions from lewdneſs! There is a great modern wit, Sir FRANCIS BACON, Lord VERULAM, who, in his treatiſe intitled *The Wiſdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own prieſts!

LUCIAN.

He has indeed ſhewn himſelf an admirable chymiſt, and made a fine tranſmutation of folly into wiſdom. But all the latter PLATONISTS took the ſame method of defending our faith, when it was attacked by the Chriſtians: And certainly a more judicious one could not be found. Our fables ſay, that in one of their wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themſelves into *beaſts*, in order to eſcape from the conquerors. Juſt the reverſe happened here:—For by this happy art, our *beaſtly divinities* were turned again into rational beings.

RABELAIS.

Give me a good commentator, with a ſubtile, refining, philoſophical head; and you ſhall have the edification of ſeeing him draw *the moſt ſublime allegories*, and the moſt venerable *myſtic truths*, from my hiſtory of *the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel!* I don't deſpair of being proved, to the entire ſatisfaction of ſome future age, to have been, without exception, the profoundeſt *divine* and *metaphyſician* that ever yet held a pen.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

I ſhall rejoice to ſee you advanced to that honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to conſider you as one of our claſs. There you ſit very high.

RABELAIS.

I am afraid there is another, and a modern author too, whom you would bid to ſit above me, and but juſt below yourſelf: I mean Dr. SWIFT.

LUCIAN.

It was not neceſſary for him to throw ſo much nonſenſe into his hiſtory of LEMUEL GULLIVER, as you did into that of your two illuſtrious heroes; and his ſtyle is far more correct than yours. His wit never deſcended (as yours frequently did) into the loweſt of taverns, nor ever wore the meaneſt garb of the vulgar.

RABELAIS.

If the garb which it wore, was not as *mean*, I am certain is was ſometimes as *dirty* as mine.

LUCIAN.

It was not always nicely clean. Yet in compariſon with you he was decent and elegant. But whether there was not in your compoſitions more *fire*, and a more *comic ſpirit*, I will not determine.

RABELAIS.

If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a matter in diſpute, as I have left the great queſtion, *Whether Panurge ſhould marry or not?* I would as ſoon undertake to meaſure the difference between the

the height and bulk of the giant, GARAGANTUA and his Brobdignanian majeſty, as the difference of merit between my writings and SWIFT's. If any man takes a fancy to like my book, let him freely enjoy the entertainment it gives him, and drink to my memory in a bumper. If another likes GULLIVER, let him toaſt Dr. SWIFT. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a bumper, *ſuppoſing the wine to be good.* If a third likes neither of us, let him ſilently paſs the bottle, and be quiet.

LUCIAN.

But what if he will not be quiet? A critick is an unquiet creature.

RABELAIS.

Why then he will diſturb himſelf not me.

LUCIAN.

You are a greater philoſopher than I thought you! I knew you paid no reſpect to popes, or kings; but to pay none to critics, is, in an author, a magnanimity beyond all example.

RABELAIS.

My life was a farce: My death was a farce: And would you have me make my book a ſerious affair? As for you, though in general you are only a joker, yet ſometimes you muſt be ranked among grave authors. You have written ſage and learned diſſertations on hiſtory, and other weighty matters. The criticks have therefore an undoubted right to maul you, if they find you in their province. But if any of them dare to come into mine, I will order GARAGANTUA to ſwallow them up, as he did the ſix pilgrims, in the next ſallad he eats.*

LUCIAN.

* See Rabelais, l. 1. c. 38.

LUCIAN.

Have I not heard that you wrote a very good ſerious book on the aphoriſms of HIPPOCRATES?

RABELAIS.

Upon my faith, I had forgot it. I am ſo uſed to my *fool's coat*, that I don't know myſelf in my ſolemn *doctor's gown*. But your information was right: That book was indeed a very reſpectable work. Yet nobody reads it; and if I had written nothing elſe, I ſhould have been reckoned, at beſt, *a lacquey to Hippocrates*: Whereas the hiſtorian of *Panurge* is *an eminent writer*. Plain good ſenſe, like a diſh of ſolid beef or mutton, is proper only for peaſants; but *a ragout of folly*, well dreſſed with *a ſharp ſauce of wit*, is fit to be ſerved up at an emperor's table.

LUCIAN.

You are an admirable pleaſant fellow! Let me embrace you.—How APOLLO and the Muſes may rank you on Parnaſſus I am not very certain: But, if I were maſter of the ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you ſhould be placed with a full bowl of Nectar before you, at the right hand of MOMUS.

RABELAIS.

I wiſh you were.—But I fear the inhabitants of thoſe ſublime regions will like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how MOMUS himſelf could get a ſeat at that table, I can't well comprehend! It has been uſual, I confeſs, in ſome of our courts upon earth, to have a privileged jeſter, called *the king's fool*. But in the court of Heaven one ſhould not have ſuppoſed ſuch an officer, as *Jupiter's Fool*. Your allegorical theology in this point is very abſtruſe.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

I think our prieſts admitted MOMUS into our Heaven, as the Indians are ſaid to worſhip the Devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him.—For, we may talk of the *giants* as much as we pleaſe; but to *our Gods* there is no enemy ſo formidable as he. *Ridicule* is the terror of all *falſe religion*. Nothing but *truth* can ſtand its laſh.

RABELAIS.

Truth, advantageouſly ſet in a good and fair light, can ſtand any attacks: But thoſe of ridicule are ſo teaſing and ſo fallacious, that I have ſeen them put her ladyſhip very much out of humour.

LUCIAN.

Ay, friend RABELAIS: And ſometimes out of countenance too. But *truth* and *wit* in confederacy will ſtrike MOMUS dumb. United, they are invincible: And ſuch a union is neceſſary upon certain occaſions. *Falſe reaſoning* is moſt effectually expoſed by *plain ſenſe*; but *wit* is the beſt opponent to *falſe ridicule*; as *juſt ridicule* is to all the *abſurdities*, which dare to aſſume the venerable names of *philoſophy*, or *religion*. Had we made ſuch a proper uſe of our agreeable talents, had we employed our ridicule to ſtrip the foolith faces of ſuperſtition, fanaticiſm, and dogmatical pride, of the ſerious and ſolemn maſks with which they are covered; at the ſame time exerting all the ſharpneſs of our wit, to combat the flippancy and pertneſs of thoſe, who argue only by jeſts againſt reaſon and evidence, in points of the higheſt and moſt ſerious concern; we ſhould have much better merited the eſteem of mankind.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES—COSMO DE MEDICIS, THE FIRST OF THAT NAME.

PERICLES.

IN what I have heard of your character and your fortune, illuſtrious COSMO, I find a moſt remarkable reſemblance with mine.* We both lived in republicks where the ſovereign power was in the people; and, by mere civil arts, but more eſpecially by our eloquence, attained, without any force, to ſuch a degree of authority, that we ruled thoſe tumultuous and ſtormy democracies with an abſolute ſway, turned the tempeſts which agitated them upon the heads of our enemies, and after having long and proſperouſly conducted the greateſt affairs, in war and peace, died revered and lamented by all our fellow citizens.

COSMO.

We have indeed an equal right to value ourſelves on *that nobleſt of empires*, the empire we gained over *the minds* of our countrymen.——*Force* or *caprice* may give *power*, but nothing can give *a laſting authority*, except *wiſdom and virtue*. By theſe we obtained, by theſe we preſerved, in our reſpective countries, a dominion unſtained by uſurpation or blood, a dominion

* See Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. 2. See alſo Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, from the fourteenth book to the eighth.

dominion conferred on us by the publick eſteem and the publick affection. We were in reality ſovereigns, while we lived with the ſimplicity of private men: And Athens and Florence believed themſelves to be free, though they obeyed all our dictates. This is more than was done by PHILIP of Macedon, or SYLLA, or CESAR. It is the perfection of policy to tame the fierce ſpirit of popular liberty, not by blows or by chains, but by ſoothing it into a voluntary obedience, and bringing it to lick the hand that reſtrains it.

PERICLES.

The taſk can never be eaſy; but the difficulty was ſtill greater to me than to you. For I had a lion to tame, from whoſe intractable fury the greateſt men of my country, and of the whole world, with all their wiſdom and virtue, could not ſave themſelves. THEMISTOCLES and ARISTIDES were examples of terror, that might well have deterred me from the adminiſtration of publick affairs at Athens. Another impediment in my way was the power of CIMON, who, for his goodneſs, his liberality, and the luſtre of his victories over the Perſians, was much beloved by the people; and, at the ſame time, by being thought to favour ariſtocracy, had all the noble and rich citizens devoted to his party. It ſeemed impoſſible to ſhake ſo well eſtabliſhed a greatneſs. Yet, by the charms and force of my eloquence, which exceeded that of all orators contemporary with me, by the integrity of my life, my moderation, and my prudence, but, above all, by my artful management of the people, whoſe power I increaſed, that I might render it the baſis and ſupport of my own, I gained ſuch an aſcendant over all my opponents, that having firſt procured the baniſhment of CIMON by OSTRACISM, and then of THUCYDIDES, another formidable antagoniſt, ſet up by the nobles againſt my authority, I became the unrivalled chief, or rather the monarch, of the Athenian republick, without ever putting

putting to death, in above forty years that my adminiſtration continued, one of my fellow citizens: A circumſtance, which I declared, when I lay on my deathbed, to be, in my own judgment, more honourable to me, than all my proſperity in the government of the ſtate, or the nine trophies, erected for ſo many victories, obtained by my conduct.

COSMO.

I had alſo the ſame happineſs to boaſt of at my death: And ſome additions were made to the territories of Florence under my government: But I myſelf was no ſoldier, and the Commonwealth I directed was never either ſo warlike or ſo powerful as Athens. I muſt, therefore, not pretend to vie with you in the luſtre of military glory: And I will moreover acknowledge, that to govern a people, whoſe ſpirit and pride were exalted by the wonderful victories of MARATHON, MYCALE, SALAMIS and PLATAEA, was much more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuſcans. The liberty of the Athenians was in your time more imperious, more haughty, more inſolent, than the deſpotiſm of the king of Perſia. How great then muſt have been your ability and addreſs, that could ſo abſolutely reduce it under your power! Yet the temper of my countrymen was not eaſy to govern: For it was exceedingly factious. The hiſtory of Florence is little elſe, for ſeveral ages, than an account of conſpiracies againſt the State. In my youth I myſelf ſuffered much by the diſſentions which then embroiled the Republick. I was impriſoned and baniſhed; but, after the courſe of ſome years, my enemies, in their turn, were driven into exile. I was brought back in triumph; and from that time till my death, which was above thirty years, I governed the Florentines, not by arms, or evil arts of tyrannical power, but with a legal authority; which I exerciſed ſo diſcreetly, as to gain the eſteem of all the neighbouring Potentates, and ſuch a conſtant affection of all my fellow citizens, that an inſcription,

inſcription, which gave me the title of *Father of my Country*, was engraved on my monument, by an unanimous decree of the whole Commonwealth.

PERICLES.

Your end was incomparably more happy than mine. For you died, rather of age than any violent illneſs, and left the Florentines in a ſtate of peace and proſperity procured for them by your counſels. But I died of the plague, after having ſeen it almoſt depopulate Athens; and left my country engaged in a moſt dangerous war, to which my advice, and the power of my eloquence, had excited the people. The misfortune of the peſtilence, with the inconveniences they ſuffered on account of the war, ſo irritated their minds, that, not long before my death, they condemned me to a fine.

COSMO.

It is wonderful, that, when once their anger was raiſed, it went no farther againſt you! A favourite of the people, when diſgraced, is in ſtill greater danger than a favourite of a king.

PERICLES.

Your ſurpriſe will increaſe at hearing, that very ſoon afterwards they choſe me their general, and conferred on me again the principal direction of all their affairs. Had I lived, I ſhould have ſo conducted the war, as to have ended it with advantage and honour to my country. For, having ſecured to her the ſoverignty of the ſea, by the defeat of the Samians, before I let her engage with the power of Sparta, I knew that our enemies would be at length wearied out and compelled to ſue for a peace: Becauſe the city, from the ſtrength of its fortifications, and the great army within it, being on the land ſide impregnable to the Spartans, and drawing continua

ſupplies from the ſea, ſuffered not much by their ravages of the country about it, from whence I had before removed all the inhabitants: Whereas their allies were undone by the deſcents we made on their coaſts.

COSMO.

You ſeem to have underſtood beyond all other men what advantages are to be drawn from a *maritime power*, and how to make it the ſureſt foundation of *empire*.

PERICLES.

I follow the plan traced out by THEMISTOCLES, the ableſt politician that Greece had ever produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponneſian war (as ſome have ſuppoſed) only to make myſelf neceſſary, and ſtop an enquiry into my publick accounts.* I really thought, that the republick of Athens could no longer defer a conteſt with Sparta, without giving up to that State the precedence in the direction of Greece, and her own independence. To keep off for ſome time even a neceſſary war, with a probable hope of making it more advantageouſly, at a favourable opportunity, is an act of true wiſdom: But not to make it, when you ſee that your enemy will be ſtrengthened, and your own advantages loſt, or conſiderably leſſened, by the delay, is a moſt pernicious imprudence. With relation to my accounts I had nothing to fear. I had not embezzled one *drachma* of publick money, nor added one to my own paternal eſtate; and the people had placed ſo entire a confidence in me, that they had allowed me, againſt the uſual forms of their government,† to diſpoſe of large ſums for *ſecret ſervice*, without account. When therefore

* See Thucydides, l. 2.

† See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles and Diodorus Siculus.

therefore I adviſed the Peloponneſian war, I neither acted from private views, nor with the inconſiderate temerity of a reſtleſs ambition;* but as became a wiſe ſtateſman, who, having weighed all the dangers that may attend a great enterprife, and ſeeing a reaſonable hope of good ſucceſs, makes it his option to fight for dominion and glory, rather than ſacrifice both to the uncertain poſſeſſion of an inſecure peace.

COSMO.

How were you ſure of inducing ſo volatile a people to perſevere in ſo ſteady a ſyſtem of conduct as that which you had laid down; a ſyſtem attended with much inconvenience and loſs to particulars, while it preſented but little to ſtrike or inflame the imagination of the publick? Bold and arduous enterprizes, great battles, much bloodſhed, and a ſpeedy deciſion, are what the multitude deſire in every war: But your plan of operation was the reverſe of all this; and the execution of it required the temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

PERICLES.

I found indeed many ſymptoms of their impatience; but I was able to reſtrain it, by the authority I had gained. For, during my whole miniſtry, I never had ſtooped to court their favour by any unworthy means; never flattered them in their follies, nor complied with their paſſions againſt their true intereſt and my own better judgment; but uſed the power of my eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wiſe moderation, to raiſe their ſpirits when too low, and ſhew them their danger when they grew too preſumptuous; the good effects of which conduct they had happily experienced in all their affairs. Whereas

* Thucydides, l. 2.

Whereas thoſe who ſucceeded to me in the government, by their incapacity, their corruption, and their ſervile complaiſance to the humour of the people, preſently loſt all the fruits of my virtue and prudence. XERXES himſelf, I am convinced, did not ſuffer more by the flattery of his courtiers, than the Athenians, after my deceaſe, by that of their orators and miniſters of State.

COSMO.

Thoſe orators could not gain the favour of the people by any other methods. Your arts were more noble: They were the arts of a ſtateſman and of a prince. Your magnificent buildings, which in beauty of architecture ſurpaſſed any the world had ever ſeen, the ſtatues of PHIDIUS, the paintings of XEUXIS, the protection you gave to knowledge, genius, and abilities of every kind, added as much to the glory of Athens as to your popularity.* And in this I may boaſt of an equal merit to Florence. For I embelliſhed that city and the whole country about it, with excellent buildings; I protected all arts; and, though I was not myſelf ſo eloquent, or ſo learned as you, I no leſs encouraged thoſe who were eminent, in my time, for their eloquence or their learning. MARCILIUS FICINUS, *the ſecond Father of the Platonic Philoſophy*, lived in my houſe, and converſed with me as intimately as ANAXAGORAS with you.† Nor did I ever forget and ſuffer him ſo to want the neceſſaries of life, as you did ANAXAGORAS, who had like to have periſhed by that unfriendly neglect; but, to ſecure him, at all times, from any diſtreſs in his circumſtances, and enable him to purſue his ſublime ſpeculations unmoleſted by low cares, I gave him an eſtate adjacent to one of my favourite villas. I alſo drew to Florence ARGIROPOLO,

* See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. 7.

† See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

POLO, the moſt learned Greek of thoſe times, that, under my patronage, he might teach the Florentine youth the language and Sciences of his country. But with regard to our buildings there is this remarkable difference: Yours were all raiſed at the expenſe of the publick, mine at my own.

PERICLES.

My eſtate would bear no profuſeneſs, nor allow me to exert the generoſity of my nature. Your wealth exceeded that of any particular, or indeed of any prince, who lived in your days. The vaſt commerce, which, after the example of your anceſtors, you continued to carry on in all parts of the world, even while you preſided at the helm of the State, enabled you to do thoſe ſplendid acts, which rendered your name ſo illuſtrious. But I was conſtrained to make the publick treaſure the fund of my bounties, and I thought I could not poſſibly diſpoſe of it better in time of peace,* than in finding employment for that part of the people which muſt elſe have been idle, and uſeleſs to the community, introducing into Greece all the elegant of arts, and adorning my country with works that are an honour to human nature. For, while I attended the moſt to theſe civil and peaceful occupations, I did not neglect to provide, with timely care, againſt war; nor ſuffer the nation to ſink into luxury and effeminate ſoftneſs. I kept our fleets in continual exerciſe, maintained a great number of ſeamen in conſtant pay, and diſciplined well our land forces. Nor did I ever ceaſe to recommend to all the Athenians, both by precepts and example, frugality, temperance, magnanimity, fortitude, and whatever could moſt effectually contribute to ſtrengthen their bodies and minds.

COSMO.

* See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles and Thucydides, l. 2.

COSMO.

Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the people leſs ſober and modeſt, by giving them a ſhare of the conquered lands, and paying them wages for their neceſſary attendance in the publick aſſemblies and other civil functions; but more eſpecially for the vaſt and ſuperfluous expenſe, you entailed on the State in the theatrical ſpectacles, with which you entertained them at the coſt of the publick.

PERICLES.

Perhaps I may have been too laviſh in ſome of thoſe bounties.—Yet, in a popular State it is neceſſary, that the people ſhould be amuſed, and ſhould ſo far partake of the opulence of the publick, as not to ſuffer any want, which would render their minds too low and ſordid for their political duties. In my time the revenues of Athens were ſufficient to bear this charge: But afterwards, when we had loſt the greateſt part of our empire, it became, I muſt confeſs, too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one cauſe of our ruin.

COSMO.

It is a moſt dangerous thing to load the State with largeſſes of that nature, or indeed with any unneceſſary, but popular charges; becauſe to reduce them is almoſt impoſſible, though the circumſtances of the publick ſhould neceſſarily demand a reduction. But did not you likewiſe, in order to advance your own greatneſs, throw into the hands of the people of Athens more power, than the inſtitutions of SOLON had entruſted them with, and more than was conſiſtent with the good of the State?

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

We are now in the regions where truth preſides, and I dare not offend her by playing the orator in defence of my conduct.* I muſt therefore acknowledge, that, by weakening the power of the court of AREOPAGUS, I tore up that anchor, which SOLON had wiſely fixed, to keep his Republick firm againſt the ſtorms and fluctuations of popular factions. This alteration, which fundamentally injured the whole State, I made, with a view to ſerve my own ambition, the only paſſion in my nature which I could not contain within the limits of virtue. For, I knew that my eloquence would ſubject the people to me, and make them the willing inſtruments of all my deſires: Whereas the Areopagus had in it an authority and a dignity which I could not controul. Thus, by diminiſhing the counterpoiſe our Conſtitution had ſettled to moderate the exceſs of popular power, I augmented my own. But ſince my death I have been often reproached by the ſhades of ſome of the moſt virtuous and wiſeſt Athenians, who have fallen victims to the caprice or fury of the people, with having been the firſt cauſe of the injuſtice they ſuffered, and of all the miſchiefs perpetually brought on my country, by raſh undertakings, bad conduct, and fluctuating councils. They ſay, I delivered up the State to the government of indiſcreet or venal orators, and to the paſſions of a miſguided, infatuated multitude, who thought their freedom conſiſted in encouraging calumnies againſt the beſt ſervants of the Commonwealth, and conferring power upon thoſe who had no other merit than falling in with and ſoothing a popular folly. It is uſeleſs for me to plead, that during my life none of theſe miſchiefs were felt;† that I employed my rhetoric to promote none

* See Plutarch in the lives of Solon and of Pericles.

† See Thucydides, l. 2.

none but good and wiſe meaſures; that I was as free from any taint of avarice or corruption as ARISTIDES himſelf. They reply, that I am anſwerable for all the great evils, occaſioned afterwards by the want of that ſalutary reſtraint on the natural levity and extravagance of a democracy, which I had taken away. SOCRATES calls me the patron of ANYTUS: And SOLON himſelf frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

COSMO.

SOLON has reaſon to do ſo;—for tell me, PERICLES, what opinion would you have of the Architect you employed in your buildings, if he had made them to laſt no longer than during the term of your life?

PERICLES.

The anſwer to your queſtion will turn to your own condemnation.* Your exceſſive liberalities to the indigent citizens, and the great ſums you lent to all the noble families, did in reality *buy* the Republick of Florence; and gave your family ſuch a power as enabled them to convert it from a popular State into an abſolute monarchy.

COSMO.

The Florentines were ſo infected with diſcord and faction,† and their Commonwealth was ſo void of military virtue, that they could not have long been exempt from a more ignominious ſubjection to ſome *foreign power*, if thoſe internal diſſenſions, with the confuſion and anarchy they produced, had continued. But the Athenians had performed very glorious exploits, had obtained a great empire; and were become

* See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. 7.

† See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence.

become one of the nobleſt States in the world, before you altered the balance of their government. And after that alteration they declined very faſt, till they loſt all their greatneſs.

PERICLES.

Their Conſtitution had originally a foul blemiſh in it, I mean *the Ban of Oſtraciſm*, which alone would have been ſufficient to undo any State. For there is nothing of ſuch important uſe to a nation, as that men who moſt excel in wiſdom and virtue ſhould be encouraged to undertake the buſineſs of government. But this deteſtable cuſtom deterred ſuch men from ſerving the publick, or, if they ventured to do ſo, turned even their own wiſdom and virtue againſt them; ſo that in Athens it was ſafer to be infamous than renowned. We are told, indeed, by the advocates for this ſtrange inſtitution, that it was not *a puniſhment*, but meant as *a guard to the equality and liberty of the State:* For which reaſon they deem it *an honour* done to the perſons, againſt whom it was uſed: As if words could change the real nature of things, and make a baniſhment of ten years, inflicted on a good citizen by the ſuffrages of his countrymen, no evil to him, or no offence againſt juſtice and the natural right every freeman may claim, that he ſhall not be expelled from any ſociety, of which he is a member, without having firſt been proved guilty of ſome criminal action.

COSMO.

The Oſtraciſm was indeed a moſt unpardonable fault in the Athenian Conſtitution. It placed envy in the ſeat of Juſtice, and gave to private malice and publick ingratitude a legal right to do wrong. Other nations are blamed for tolerating vice; but the Athenians alone would not tolerate virtue.

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

The friends to the Oſtraciſm ſay, that too eminent virtue deſtroys that equality, which is the ſafeguard of freedom.

COSMO.

No State is well modelled, if it cannot preſerve itſelf from the danger of tyranny without a grievous violation of natural juſtice: Nor would a friend to *true freedom*, which conſiſts in being governed, not by men but by laws, deſire to live in a country, where a CLEON bore rule, and where an ARISTIDES was not ſuffered to remain. But, inſtead of remedying this evil, you made it worſe. You rendered the people more intractable, more adverſe to virtue, leſs ſubject to the laws, and more to impreſſions from miſchievous demagogues, than they had been before your time.

PERICLES.

In truth, I did ſo;——and therefore my place in Elyſium, notwithſtanding the integrity of my whole publick conduct, and the great virtues I exerted, is much below the rank of thoſe who have governed Commonwealths, or limited monarchies, not merely with a concern for their preſent advantage, but alſo with a prudent regard to that *balance of power*, on which their permanent happineſs muſt neceſſarily depend.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE—BAYLE.

BAYLE.

YES; we both were Philoſophers; but my philoſophy was the deepeſt. You *dogmatized*; I *doubted*.

LOCKE.

Do you make *doubting* a proof of *depth* in philoſophy? It may be a good *beginning* of it, but it is a bad *end*.

BAYLE.

No:—The more profound our ſearches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we ſhall find; and the moſt ſubtile minds ſee objections and difficulties in every ſyſtem, which are overlooked or undiſcoverable by ordinary underſtandings.

LOCKE.

It would be better then to be no philoſopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows ſomething*. I find that the eyes which nature has given me, ſee many things very clearly, though ſome are out of their reach, or diſcerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a phyſician, who ſhould offer me an eyewater, the uſe of which would at firſt ſo ſharpen my ſight, as to carry it farther than ordinary viſion; but would in the end put them out? Your

Your philoſophy, Monſieur BAYLE, is to the eyes of the mind what I have ſuppoſed the doctor's *Noſtrum* to be to thoſe of the body. It actually brought your own excellent underſtanding, which was by nature quick ſighted, and rendered more ſo by art and a ſubtilty of logick peculiar to yourſelf, it brought, I ſay, your very acute underſtanding to ſee nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great truths of reaſon and religion in miſts of doubt.

BAYLE.

I own it did;—but your compariſon is not juſt. I did not ſee well, before I uſed my philoſophick eye-water: I only ſuppoſed I ſaw well; but I was in an error with all the reſt of mankind. The blindneſs was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myſelf firſt of thoſe falſe imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men.

LOCKE.

A great cure indeed! and don't you think, that, in return for the ſervice you did them, they ought to erect you a ſtatue?

BAYLE.

Yes; it is good for human nature to know its own weakneſs. When we arrogantly preſume on a ſtrength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourſelves, or, at leaſt, of deſerving ridicule and contempt by vain and idle efforts.

LOCKE.

I agree with you, that human nature ſhould know its own weakneſs; but it ſhould alſo feel its ſtrength, and try to improve it. This was my employment, as a philoſopher. I endeavoured to diſcover the real powers of the mind, to ſee what it could do; and what it could not; to reſtrain it from efforts beyond its

its ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmoſt exertion and moſt proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vaſt ocean of philoſophy I had the line and the plummet always in my hands. Many of its depths I found myſelf unable to fathom; but, by caution in ſounding, and the careful obſervations I made in the courſe of my voyage, I found out ſome truths of ſo much uſe to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

BAYLE.

Their ignorance makes them think ſo. Some other philoſopher will come hereafter, and ſhew thoſe truths to be falſhoods. He will pretend to diſcover other truths of equal importance. A latter ſage will ariſe, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whoſe ſagacious diſcoveries will diſcredit the opinions of his admired predeceſſor. In philoſophy, as in nature, all changes its form, and one thing exiſts by the deſtruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient inveſtigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phenomena of nature built on ſuppoſitions inſtead of experiments, muſt perpetually change and deſtroy one another. But ſome opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common ſenſe of mankind, which the mind has received on ſuch rational grounds of aſſent, that they are as immoveable as the pillars of heaven, or (to ſpeak philoſophically) as the great laws of nature, by which, under GOD, the univerſe is ſuſtained. Can you ſeriouſly think, that, becauſe the hypotheſis of your countryman, DESCARTES, which was nothing but an ingenious, well imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the ſyſtem of NEWTON, which is built on experi-

ments and Geometry, the two moſt certain methods of diſcovering truth, will ever fail: Or that, becauſe the whims of fanaticks and the divinity of the ſchoolmen cannot now be ſupported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthuſiaſm and falſe reaſoning, firmly believed, and maintained, will ever be ſhaken?

BAYLE.

If you had aſked DESCARTES, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his ſyſtem would be ever confuted by any other philoſopher's, as that of ARISTOTLE had been by his, what anſwer do you ſuppoſe he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, Monſieur BAYLE, you yourſelf know the difference between the foundations, on which the credit of thoſe ſyſtems and that of NEWTON is placed. Your ſcepticiſm is more affected than real. You found it a ſhorter way to a great reputation, (the only wiſh of your heart) to object, than to defend, to pull down, than to ſet up. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together, in a critical Dictionary, a pleaſant tale, or obſcene jeſt, and a grave argument againſt the Chriſtian religion, a witty confutation of ſome abſurd author, and an artful ſophiſm to impeach ſome reſpectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young ſmarts and ſmatterers in free thinking. But what miſchief have you not done to human ſociety? You have endeavoured, and with ſome degree of ſucceſs, to ſhake thoſe foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabrick of ſocial happineſs, entirely reſt. How could you, as a philoſopher, in the ſober hours of reflection, anſwer for this to your conſcience, even ſuppoſing you had doubts of the truth of a ſyſtem, which gives to virtue its ſweeteſt hopes, to impenitent vice its greateſt

greateſt fears, and to true penitence its beſt conſolations; which reſtrains even the leaſt approaches to guilt, and yet makes thoſe allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the ſtoick pride denied to it, but which its real imperfection and the goodneſs of its infinitely benevolent Creator, ſo evidently require?

BAYLE.

The mind is free; and it loves to exert its freedom. Any reſtraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny, againſt which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

The mind, though free, has a governor within itſelf, which may and ought to limit the exerciſe of its freedom. That governor is reaſon.

BAYLE.

Yes:——But reaſon, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice than upon any fixed laws. And if that reaſon which rules my mind, or yours, has happened to ſet up a favourite notion, it not only ſubmits implicitly to it, but deſires that the ſame reſpect ſhould be paid to it by all the reſt of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppoſe this deſire in another, and that, if he is wiſe, he will do his utmoſt endeavours to check it in himſelf.

LOCKE.

Is there not alſo a weakneſs, of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? Do we not often take a pleaſure to ſhew our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading notions ſet up by other men, and generally reſpected?

BAYLE.

BAYLE.

I believe we do; and by this means it often happens, that if one man builds and conſecrates *a temple to folly*, another pulls it down.

LOCKE.

Do you think it beneficial to human ſociety, to have *all temples* pulled down?

BAYLE.

I cannot ſay that I do.

LOCKE.

Yet I find not in your writings any mark of diſtinction, to ſhew us which you mean to ſave.

BAYLE.

A true philoſopher, like an impartial hiſtorian, muſt be of no ſect.

LOCKE.

Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a ſectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

BAYLE.

With regard to morality I was not indifferent.

LOCKE.

How could you then be indifferent with regard to the ſanctions religion gives to morality? How could you publiſh what tends ſo directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of thoſe ſanctions?

Was

Was not this ſacrificing the great intereſts of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

BAYLE.

A man may act indiſcreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full diſcuſſion of the queſtion, he ſincerely thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An enthuſiaſt, who advances doctrines prejudicial to ſociety, or oppoſes any that are uſeful to it, has the ſtrength of opinion and the heat of a diſturbed imagination to plead, in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and ſound judgment can have no ſuch excuſe. I know very well there are paſſages in all your works, and thoſe not a few, where you talk like a rigid moraliſt. I have alſo heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when in the moſt laboured parts of your writings, you ſap the ſureſt foundations of all moral duties, what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you have appeared to reſpect them? How many, who have ſtronger paſſions than you had, and are deſirous to get rid of the curb that reſtrains them, will lay hold of your ſcepticiſm, to ſet themſelves looſe from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune is it to have made ſuch a uſe of ſuch talents! It would have been better for you and for mankind, if you had been one of the dulleſt of Dutch theologians, or the moſt credulous monk in a Portugueſe convent. The riches of the mind, like thoſe of fortune, may be employed ſo perverſely, as to become a nuiſance and peſt, inſtead of an ornament and ſupport to ſociety.

BAYLE.

You are very ſevere upon me.—But do you count it no merit, no ſervice to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of prieſtcraft, from the deliriums

deliriums of fanaticiſm, and from the terrors and follies of ſuperſtition. Conſider how much miſchief theſe have done to the world! Even in the laſt age what maſſacres, what civil wars, what convulſions of government, what confuſion in ſociety did they produce. Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not ſee them occaſion a violent perſecution in my own country? And can you blame me for ſtriking at the root of theſe evils?

LOCKE.

The root of theſe evils, you well know, was *falſe religion*; but you ſtruck at the *true*. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the ſyſtem of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you ſpeak. Why would you ſo fallaciouſly confound them together in ſome of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to ſeparate them again, and to make the proper diſtinctions? This indeed is the great art of the moſt celebrated freethinkers. They recommend themſelves to warm and ingenuous minds by lively ſtrokes of wit, and by arguments really ſtrong, againſt ſuperſtition, enthuſiaſm and prieſtcraft. But, at the ſame time, they inſidiouſly throw the colours of theſe upon the fair face of true religion, and dreſs her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or deſpicable to thoſe, who have not penetration enough to diſcern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived *themſelves*, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the moſt acute of theſe gentlemen, is ſo repugnant to prieſtcraft, to ſpiritual tyranny, to all abſurd ſuperſtitions, to all that can tend to diſturb or injure ſociety, as *that goſpel* they ſo much affected to deſpiſe.

BAYLE.

BAYLE.

Mankind is ſo made, that, when they have been *overheated*, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been *overcooled*. My ſcepticiſm might be neceſſary to abate the *fever* and *phrenzy* of falſe religion.

LOCKE.

A wiſe preſcription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* ſtate of the mind (for ſuch a ſcepticiſm as yours is a *palſy*, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers) in order to take off a *fever*, which *temperance*, and *the milk of the evangelical doctrines*, would probably cure?

BAYLE.

I acknowledge that thoſe medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of ſome harſher drugs, or ſome unſafe and ridiculous *noſtrums* of their own.

LOCKE.

What you now ſay is too true:—GOD has given us a moſt excellent phyſick for the ſoul, in all its diſeaſes; but bad and intereſted phyſicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, adminiſter it ſo ill to the reſt of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily loſt.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, EARL OF DOUGLAS, DUKE OF TOURAINE—JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH, FIELD MARSHAL OF HIS BRITANNICK MAJESTY'S FORCES.

ARGYLE.

YES, noble DOUGLAS, it grieves me that you, and your ſon, together with the brave Earl of BUCHAN,* ſhould have employed ſo much valour, and have thrown away your lives, in fighting the battles of that ſtate, which, from its ſituation and intereſts, is the perpetual and moſt dangerous enemy to Great-britain. A Britiſh nobleman ſerving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper ſphere, as a Grecian commander engaged in the ſervice of Perſia, would have appeared to ARISTIDES or AGESILAUS.

DOUGLAS.

In ſerving France I ſerved Scotland. The French were the natural allies to the Scotch, and, by ſupporting their crown, I enabled my countrymen to maintain their independence againſt the Engliſh.

ARGYLE.

* See Buchan. Rerum Scoticarum, l. 10. p. 338. A. D. 1424.

ARGYLE.

The French indeed, from the unhappy ſtate of our country, were *ancient allies* to the Scotch; but that they ever were our *natural allies* I deny. Their alliance was proper and neceſſary for us, becauſe we were then in an unnatural ſtate, diſunited from England. While that diſunion continued, our monarchy was compelled to lean upon France for aſſiſtance and ſupport. The French power and policy kept us, I acknowledge, independent on the Engliſh, but dependent on them; and this dependence expoſed us to many grievous calamities, by drawing on our country the formidable arms of the Engliſh, whenever it happened that the French and they had a quarrel. The ſuccours they afforded us were diſtant, and uncertain. Our enemy was at hand, ſuperior to us in ſtrength, though not in valour. Our borders were ravaged; our kings were ſlain, or led captive; we loſt all the advantage of being the inhabitants of a great iſland; we had no commerce, no peace, no ſecurity, no degree of maritime power. Scotland was a backdoor, through which the French, with our help, made their inroads into England: If they conquered, we obtained little benefit from it; but, if they were defeated, we were always the devoted victims, on whom the conquerors ſeverely wreaked their reſentment.

DOUGLAS.

The Engliſh ſuffered as much in thoſe wars as we. How terribly were their borders laid waſte and depopulated by our ſharp incurſions! How often have the ſwords of my anceſtors been ſtained with the beſt blood of that nation. Were not our victories at Bannocbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious, as any, that, with all the advantage of numbers, they have obtained over us?

ARGYLE.

They were: But yet they did us no laſting good. They left us ſtill dependent on the protection of France: They left us a poor, a feeble, a diſtreſſed, though a moſt valiant nation. They irritated England, but could not ſubdue it, nor hinder our feeling ſuch effects of its enmity, as gave us no reaſon to rejoice in our triumphs.——How much more happily, in the auſpicious reign of that queen who formed the union, was my ſword employed in humbling the foes of Greatbritain! With how ſuperior a dignity did I appear in the combined Britiſh ſenate, maintaining the intereſts of the whole united people of England and Scotland, againſt all foreign powers, who attempted to diſturb our general happineſs, or to invade our common rights!

DOUGLAS.

Your eloquence and your valour had unqueſtionably a much nobler and more ſpacious field, to exerciſe themſelves in, than any of thoſe who defended the intereſts of only a part of the iſland.

ARGYLE.

Whenever I read any account of the wars between the Scotch and the Engliſh, I think I am reading a melancholy hiſtory of civil diſſenſions. Whichever ſide is defeated, their loſs appears to me a loſs to the whole, and an advantage to ſome foreign enemy of Greatbritain. But the ſtrength of that iſland is made complete by the union, and what a great Engliſh poet has juſtly ſaid in one inſtance, is now true in all:

"The *Hotſpur** and the *Douglas* both together
"Are confident againſt the world in arms."

Who

* See Shakeſpeare's Hen. IV. Par. 1.

Who can reſiſt the Engliſh and Scotch valour combined? When ſeparated, and oppoſed, they balanced each other: United they will hold the balance of Europe. If all the Scotch blood, that has been ſhed for the French in unnatural wars againſt England, had been poured out, to oppoſe the ambition of France, in conjunction with the Engliſh: If all the Engliſh blood, that has been ſpilt as unfortunately in uſeleſs wars againſt Scotland, had been preſerved, France would long ago have been rendered incapable of diſturbing our peace, and Greatbritain would have been the moſt powerful of nations.

DOUGLAS.

There is truth in all you have ſaid.—But yet, when I reflect on the inſidious ambition of king EDWARD the Firſt, on the ungenerous arts he ſo treacherouſly employed, to gain, or rather to ſteal the ſovereignty of our kingdom, and the deteſtable cruelty he ſhewed to WALLACE, our brave Champion and Martyr, my ſoul is up in arms againſt the inſolence of the Engliſh, and I adore the memory of thoſe patriots, who died in aſſerting the independence of our Crown and the liberty of our nation.

ARGYLE.

Had I lived in thoſe days, I ſhould have joined with thoſe patriots, and been the foremoſt to maintain ſo noble a cauſe. The Scotch were not made to be ſubject to the Engliſh. Their ſouls are too great for ſuch a timid ſubmiſſion. But they may unite and incorporate with a nation they would not obey. Their ſcorn of a foreign yoke, their ſtrong and generous love of independence and freedom, make their union with England more natural and more proper. Had the ſpirit of the Scotch been ſervile or baſe, it could never have coaleſced with that of the Engliſh.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

It is true that the minds of both nations are congenial, and filled with the ſame noble virtues, the ſame impatience of ſervitude, the ſame magnanimity, courage and prudence, the ſame genius for policy, for navigation and commerce, for Sciences and Arts. Yet, notwithſtanding this happy conformity, when I conſider how long they were enemies to each other; what an hereditary hatred and jealouſy had ſubſiſted, for many ages, between them; what private paſſions, what prejudices, what contrary iutereſts, muſt have neceſſarily obſtructed every ſtep of the treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the ſtrong oppoſition of national pride; I ſtand aſtoniſhed that it was poſſible to unite the two kingdoms upon any conditions; and much more that it could be done with ſuch equal regard and amicable fairneſs to both!

ARGYLE.

It was indeed a moſt arduous and difficult undertaking! The ſucceſs of it muſt, I think, be thankfully aſcribed, not only to the great firmneſs and prudence of thoſe who had the management of it, but to the gracious aſſiſtance of Providence, for the preſervation of the reformed religion amongſt us, which, in that conjuncture, if the union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland and much endangered in England. The ſame good Providence has watched over and protected it ſince, in a moſt ſignal manner, againſt the attempts of an infatuated party in Scotland,* and the arts of France, who by her emiſſaries laboured to deſtroy it, as ſoon as formed; becauſe ſhe juſtly foreſaw that the continuance of it would be deſtructive to all her vaſt deſigns

* See Hook's Letters and Lockhart's Memoirs.

ſigns againſt the liberty of Europe. I myſelf had the honour to have a principal ſhare in ſubduing one rebellion deſigned to ſubvert it; and, ſince my death, it has been, I hope, eſtabliſhed forever, not only by the defeat of another rebellion, which came upon us in the midſt of a dangerous war with France, but by meaſures prudently taken in order to prevent ſuch diſturbances for the future. The miniſters of the Crown have propoſed, and the Britiſh legiſlature has enacted, a wiſe ſyſtem of laws, the object of which is to reform and to civilize the Highlands of Scotland; to deliver the people there from the arbitrary power and oppreſſion of their chieftains; to carry the royal juſtice and royal protection into the wildeſt parts of their mountains; to hinder their natural valour from being abuſed and perverted to the detriment of their country; and to introduce among them arts, agriculture, commerce, tranquillity, with all the improvements of ſocial and poliſhed life.

DOUGLAS.

By what you now tell me you give me the higheſt idea of the great prince, your maſter; who, after having been provoked by ſuch a wicked rebellion, inſtead of enſlaving the people of the Highlands, or laying the hand of power more heavy upon them (which is the uſual conſequence of unſucceſsful revolts) has conferred on them the ineſtimable bleſſings of liberty, juſtice and good order. To act thus is indeed *to perfect the union*, and make all the inhabitants of Greatbritain acknowledge, with gratitude and with joy, that they are ſubjects of the ſame well regulated kingdom, and governed with the ſame impartial affection, by the ſovereign and father of the whole Commonwealth!

ARGYLE.

The laws I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent policy of his majeſty's government, have

already produced very ſalutary effects in that part of the kingdom; and, if ſteadily purſued will produce many more. But no words can recount to you the infinite benefits, which have attended the union, in the northern counties of England and the ſouthern of Scotland.

DOUGLAS.

The fruits of it muſt be, doubtleſs, moſt ſenſible, there, where the perpetual enmity between the two nations had occaſioned the greateſt diſorder and deſolation.

ARGYLE.

Oh DOUGLAS—could you revive and return into Scotland, what a delightful alteration would you ſee in that country! All thoſe great tracts of land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the inroads of the bordering Engliſh, or the feuds and diſcords that raged, with perpetual violence, within our own diſtracted kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and ſmiling with plenty. Inſtead of the caſtles, which every Baron was compelled to erect for the defence of his family, and where he lived in the barbariſm of Gothic pride, among miſerable vaſſals oppreſſed by the abuſe of his feudal powers, your eyes would be charmed with elegant country houſes, adorned with fine plantations and beautiful gardens; while happy villages or gay towns are riſing about them, and enlivening the proſpect with every image of rural wealth! On our coaſts trading cities, full of new manufactures, and continually encreaſing the extent of their commerce! In our ports and harbours innumerable merchant ſhips richly loaded, and protected from all enemies by the matchleſs fleet of Greatbritain! But of all improvements the greateſt is in the minds of the Scotch. Theſe have profited, even more than their lands, by the culture, which the ſettled peace and tranquillity, produced by

by the union, have happily given to them: And they diſcovered ſuch talents in all branches of literature, as might render the Engliſh jealous of being excelled by their genius, if there could remain a competition, when there remains no diſtinction between the two nations.

DOUGLAS.

There may be emulation without jealouſy; and the efforts, which that emulation will excite, may render our iſland ſuperior in the fame of wit and good learning to Italy or to Greece; a ſuperiority, which I have learnt in the Elyſian fields to prefer even to that which is acquired by arms.—But one doubt ſtill remains with me concerning the union. I have been informed that no more than ſixteen of our peers, except thoſe who have Engliſh peerages (which ſome of the nobleſt have not) now ſit in the Houſe of Lords, as repreſentatives of the reſt. Does not this in a great meaſure diminiſh thoſe peers who are not elected? And have you not found the election of the ſixteen too dependent on the favour of a court?

ARGYLE.

It was impoſſible that the Engliſh could ever conſent, in the treaty of union, to admit a greater number to have places and votes in the Upper Houſe of Parliament: But all the Scotch peerage is virtually there, by repreſentation. And thoſe who are not elected have every dignity and right of the peerage,* except the privilege of ſitting in the Houſe of Lords, and ſome others depending thereon.

DOUGLAS.

* See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

DOUGLAS.

They have ſo:——But when Parliaments enjoy ſuch a ſhare in the government of a country, as ours do at this time, to be *perſonally* there is a privilege and a dignity of the higheſt importance.

ARGYLE.

I wiſh it had been poſſible to impart it to all. But your reaſon will tell you it was not.——And conſider, my Lord, that, till the revolution in ſixteen hundred and eightyeight, the power veſted by our government in *the Lords of the Articles* had made our Parliaments much more ſubject to the influence of the Crown than our elections are now.* As, by the manner in which they were conſtituted, thoſe Lords were no leſs devoted to the king than his own privy council; and as no propoſition could then be preſented in Parliament, if rejected by them, they gave him a negative before debate. This indeed was aboliſhed upon the acceſſion of king WILLIAM the Third, with many other oppreſſive and deſpotical powers, which had rendered our nobles abject ſlaves to the Crown, while they were allowed to be tyrants over the people. But if king JAMES, or his ſon, had been reſtored, the government he had exerciſed would have been reeſtabliſhed: And nothing but the union of the two kingdoms could have effectually prevented that reſtoration. We likewiſe owe to the union the ſubſequent abolition of the Scotch privy council, which† had been the moſt grievous engine of tyranny; and that ſalutary law, which declared that no crime ſhould be high treaſon or miſpriſion of treaſon in Scotland, but ſuch as were ſo in England; and

* See Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland, l. 1. p. 69, to 72.

† See Act for rendering the Union of the two Kingdoms more entire and complete, Anno Reginæ Annæ ſexto.

and gave us the Engliſh methods of trial in caſes of that nature: Whereas, before, there were ſo many ſpecies of treaſons, the conſtruction of them was ſo uncertain, and the trials were ſo arbitrary, that no man could be ſafe from ſuffering as a traitor.* By the ſame act of Parliament we alſo received a communication of that noble privilege of the Engliſh, exemption from torture; a privilege, which, though eſſential both to humanity and to juſtice, no other nation in Europe, not even the freeſt Republicks, can boaſt of poſſeſſing. Shall we then take offence at ſome inevitable circumſtances, which may be objected to, on our part, in the treaty of union,† when it has delivered us from ſlavery, and all the worſt evils that a State can ſuffer? It might be eaſily ſhewn, that, in his political and civil condition, every Baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more independent, than the higheſt was under that conſtitution of government which continued in Scotland even after the expulſion of king JAMES the Second. The greateſt enemies to the union are the friends of that king, in whoſe reign, and in his brother's, the kingdom of Scotland was ſubjected to a deſpotiſm as arbitrary as that of France, and more tyrannically adminiſtered.

DOUGLAS.

All I have heard of thoſe reigns makes me bluſh with indignation at the ſervility of our nobles, who could endure them ſo long. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch ſpirit, which had dared to reſiſt the Plantagenets in the height of their power and pride? Could the deſcendants of thoſe, who had diſdained to be ſubjects of EDWARD the Firſt, ſubmit

* See Act for improving the Union of the two Kingdoms, Anno ſeptimo Annæ Reginæ.

† See Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland, l. 8. and Hume's Hiſtory of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

ſubmit to be ſlaves of CHARLES the Second, or JAMES?

ARGYLE.

They ſeemed in general to have loſt every characteriſtic of their natural temper, except a deſire to abuſe the royal authority, for the gratification of their private reſentments in family quarrels.

DOUGLAS.

Your grandfather, my Lord, has the glory of not deſerving this cenſure.

ARGYLE.

I am proud that his ſpirit and the principles he poſſeſſed drew upon him the injuſtice and fury of thoſe times. But there needs no other proof than the nature and the manner of his condemnation, to ſhew what a wretched ſtate our nobility then were in,* and what an ineſtimable advantage it is to them, that they are now to be tried as peers of Greatbritain, and have the benefit of thoſe laws which imparted to us the equity and freedom of the Engliſh Conſtitution.†

Upon the whole, as much as wealth is preferable to poverty, liberty to oppreſſion, and national ſtrength to national weakneſs, ſo much has Scotland inconteſtiby gained by the union. England too has ſecured by it every publick bleſſing which was before enjoyed by her, and has greatly augmented her ſtrength. The martial ſpirit of the Scotch, their hardy bodies, their acute and vigorous minds, their induſtry, their activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole Iſland. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Engliſhman,

* See Hume's Hiſtory of Charles II. c. 7.

† See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

man, and he is a bad Engliſhman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual intercourſe, mutual intereſts, mutual benefits, muſt naturally be productive of mutual affection. And when that is eſtabliſhed, when our hearts are ſincerely united, many great things, which ſome remains of jealouſy and diſtruſt, or narrow, local partialities, may hitherto have obſtructed, will be done for the good of the whole united kingdom. How much may the revenues of Greatbritain be encreaſed by the further encreaſe of population, of induſtry, and of commerce in Scotland! What a mighty addition to the ſtock of national wealth will ariſe from the improvement of our moſt northern counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The briars and thorns are in a great meaſure grubbed up: The flowers and fruits may be ſoon planted. And what more pleaſing, or what more glorious employment, can any government have, than to attend to the cultivating of ſuch a plantation?

DOUGLAS.

The proſpect you open to me of happineſs to my country appears ſo fair, that it makes me amends for the pain, with which I reflect on the times wherein I lived, and indeed on our whole hiſtory for ſeveral ages.

ARGYLE.

That hiſtory does, in truth, preſent to the mind a long ſeries of the moſt direful objects, aſſaſſinations, rebellions, anarchy, tyranny and religion itſelf, either cruel, or gloomy and unſocial. An hiſtorian, who would paint it in its true colours, muſt take the pencil of GUERCINO or SALVATOR ROSA. But the moſt agreeable imagination can hardly figure to itſelf a more pleaſing ſcene of private and publick felicity, than will naturally reſult from the union, if all the prejudices againſt it, and all diſtinctions that

may

may tend, on either ſide, to keep up an idea of ſeparate intereſts, or to revive a ſharp remembrance of national animoſities, can be removed.

DOUGLAS.

If they can be removed! I think it impoſſible they can be retained. To reſiſt the union is indeed to rebel againſt Nature.——She has joined the two countries, has fenced them both with the ſea, againſt the invaſion of all other nations; but has laid them entirely open the one to the other. Accurſed be he who endeavours to divide them.—WHAT GOD HAS JOINED LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVI.

[THE THREE FOLLOWING DIALOGUES ARE BY ANOTHER HAND.]

GADMUS—HERCULES.

HERCULES.

DO you pretend to ſit as high on Olympus as HERCULES? Did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean ſerpent, and Stymphalian birds? Did you deſtroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourſelf greatly on ſubduing one ſerpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

CADMUS.

It is not on account of the ſerpent I boaſt myſelf a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions ſhould be valued by their utility rather than their eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their preciſion and permanency. You ſubdued monſters; I civilized men. It is from untamed paſſions, not from wild beaſts, that the greateſt evils ariſe to human ſociety. By wiſdom, by art, by the united ſtrength of civil community, men have been enabled to ſubdue the whole race of lions, bears and ſerpents, and what is more, to bind in laws and wholeſome regulations the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human diſpoſition. Had

lions been deſtroyed only in ſingle combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper diſtinction of the rational ſpecies, ariſes from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and ſtrength is often exerted in acts of oppreſſion. But wiſdom is the aſſociate of juſtice; it aſſiſts her to form equal laws, to purſue right meaſures, to correct power, protect weakneſs, and to unite individuals in a common intereſt and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants; but it is wiſdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppreſſion. The operations of policy far ſurpaſs the labours of HERCULES, preventing many evils which valour and might cannot even redreſs. You heroes conſider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conqueſts which raiſe your fame are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valour not directed by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

HERCULES.

I do not expect to find an admirer of my ſtrenuous life in the man who taught his countrymen to ſit ſtill and read, and to loſe the hours of youth and action in idle ſpeculation and the ſport of words.

CADMUS.

An ambition to have a place in the regiſters of fame is the Euryſtheus which impoſes heroic labours on mankind. The Muſes incite to action as well as entertain the hours of repoſe; and I think you ſhould honour them for preſenting to heroes ſuch a noble recreation, as may prevent their taking up the *Diſtaff*, when they lay down the club.

HERCULES.

HERCULES.

Wits as well as heroes can take up the *Diſtaff*. What think you of their thin ſpun ſyſtems of philoſophy, or laſcivious poems, or Mileſian fables? Nay, what is ſtill worſe, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that blaſpheme the Gods, and perplex the natural ſenſe of right and wrong? I believe if EURYSTHEUS was to ſet me to work again, he would find me a worſe taſk than any he impoſed; he would make me read through a great library; and I would ſerve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not riſe from another, to plague mankind. I ſhould have valued myſelf more on clearing the library, than on cleanſing the Augean ſtables.

CADMUS.

It is in thoſe libraries only that the memory of your labours exiſts. The heroes of MARATHON, the patriots of THERMOPYLAE owe their immortality to me. All the wiſe inſtitutions of lawgivers, and all the doctries of ſages, had periſhed in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preſerved them. Oh HERCULES! It is not for the man who preferred virtue to pleaſure to be an enemy to the Muſes. Let SARDANAPALUS and the ſilken ſons of luxury, who have waſted life in inglorious eaſe, deſpiſe the records of action, which bear no honourable teſtimony to their lives. But true merit, heroic virtue, each genuine offſpring of immortal JOVE, ſhould honour the ſacred ſource of laſting fame.

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themſelves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be ſaid in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their

their meditations! Can it ſignify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CADMUS.

Yes it may. The moſt important and extenſive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their cloſets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and ſecurity of navigation. The invention of the compaſs has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to conſtruct ſuch wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions by the ſevereſt drudgery could not accompliſh. Agriculture too, the moſt uſeful of arts, has received its ſhare of improvement from the ſame ſource. Poetry likewiſe is of excellent uſe, to enable the memory to retain with more eaſe, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few letters, ſcience has ſpread its branches over all nature, and raiſed its head to the heavens. Some philoſophers have entered ſo far into the counſels of Divine Wiſdom as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimenſions and diſtances of the planets, the cauſes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are underſtood and explained. Can any thing raiſe the glory of the human ſpecies more, than to ſee a little creature, inhabiting a ſmall ſpot, amidſt innumerable worlds, taking a ſurvey of the univerſe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the ſcheme of that wonderful connexion and correſpondence of things ſo remote, and which it ſeems the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence to have eſtabliſhed? What a volume of wiſdom, what a noble theology do theſe diſcoveries open to us! While ſome ſuperior geniuſes have ſoared to theſe ſublime ſubjects, other ſagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the moſt minute works of the infinite artificer: The ſame care, the ſame providence is exerted

erted through the whole, and we ſhould learn from it that to true wiſdom, utility and fitneſs appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HERCULES.

I approve of ſcience as far as it is aſſiſtant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the diſcovery of the greater part of the globe, becauſe it opens a wider field for the maſter ſpirits of the world to buſtle in.

CADMUS.

There ſpoke the ſoul of HERCULES. But if learned men are to be eſteemed for the aſſiſtance they give to active minds in their ſchemes, they are not leſs to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardor. The ſtudy of hiſtory will teach the warrior and the legiſlator by what means armies have been victorious, and ſtates have become powerful; and in the private citizen they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of ſages point out a private path of virtue, and ſhew that the beſt empire is ſelfgovernment, and ſubduing our paſſions the nobleſt of conqueſts.

HERCULES.

The true ſpirit of heroiſm acts by a ſort of inſpiration, and wants neither the experience of hiſtory, nor the doctrines of philoſophers to direct it. But do not arts and ſciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive; and can you deny that wit and learning are often made ſubſervient to very bad purpoſes?

CADMUS.

I will own that there are ſome natures ſo happily formed, they hardly want the aſſiſtance of a maſter,

and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But theſe heaven inſpired geniuſes are few. As learning flouriſhes only where eaſe, plenty and mild government ſubſiſt, in ſo rich a ſoil, and under ſo ſoft a climate, the weeds of luxury will ſpring up among the flowers of art; but the ſpontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely ſenſual and debauched. Every gift of the Gods is ſometimes abuſed; but wit and fine talents by a natural law gravitate towards virtue: Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but ſuch accidents are a ſort of prodigies, and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if virtue cannot keep to her allegiance thoſe men, who in their hearts confeſs her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whoſe fidelity and obedience can ſhe depend? May ſuch geniuſes never deſcend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the ſervice of virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of thoſe, who, like you, preferred her to pleaſure.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

MERCURY—AND A MODERN FINE LADY.

MRS. MODISH.

INDEED, Mr. MECURY, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

MERCURY.

I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, CHARON would not get a passenger, (except now and then a hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

MRS. MODISH.

I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimneypiece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for

for two months to come; and it would be the rudeſt thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will ſtay for me till the ſummer ſeaſon, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyſian Fields may be leſs deteſtable than the country in our world. Pray have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I ſhould not diſlike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full ſeaſon.

MERCURY.

Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleaſure the buſineſs, end and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares, but who would waſh away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleaſure.

MRS. MODISH.

Diverſion was indeed the buſineſs of my life, but as to pleaſure I have enjoyed none ſince the novelty of my amuſements was gone off. Can one be pleaſed with ſeeing the ſame thing over and over again? late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, ſpoiled the natural cheerfulneſs of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

MERCURY.

If this way of life did not give you pleaſure, why did you continue in it? I ſuppoſe you did not think it was very meritorious?

MRS. MODISH.

I was too much engaged to think at all: So far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diverſions were neceſſary, and my doctor aſſured me diſſipation was good for my ſpirits; my huſband inſiſted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply

comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du Bon ton.**

MERCURY.

Bon ton! what is that, madam? pray define it.

MRS. MODSIH.

Oh sir, excuse me, it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define, or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is: But I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner with certain persons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets a higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

MERCURY.

Then, madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *Bon ton*.

MRS.

* *Du Bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

MRS. MODISH.

What would you have had me do?

MERCURY.

I will follow your mode of inſtructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you ſacrifice your time, your reaſon and your duties, to faſhion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your huſband's happineſs, and your children's education.

MRS. MODISH.

As to the education of my daughters, I ſpared no expenſe; they had a dancing maſter, muſick maſter and drawing maſter; and a French governeſs to teach them behaviour and the French language.

MERCURY.

So their religion, ſentiments and manners were to be learnt from a dancing maſter, muſick maſter and a chambermaid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *Bon ton*. Your daughters muſt have been ſo educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am ſorry for the ſort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have juſt concluded. MINOS is a ſour old gentleman, without the leaſt ſmattering of the *Bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The beſt thing I can adviſe you is to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happineſs in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this ſide Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elyſian Fields, but never attempt to enter into them, leſt MINOS ſhould puſh you into Tartarus: For duties neglected may bring on a ſentence not much leſs ſevere than crimes committed.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH—CHARON—AND A MODERN BOOKSELLER.

CHARON.

HERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our territories. He ſays he is rich, has a great deal of buſineſs in the other world, and muſt needs return to it: He is ſo troubleſome and obſtreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good PLUTARCH; you will eaſily awe him into order and decency by the ſuperiority an author has over a bookſeller.

BOOKSELLER.

Am I got into a world ſo abſolutely the reverſe of that I left, that here *authors* domineer over *bookſellers?* Dear CHARON, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my paſſage. But, if I muſt ſtay, leave me not with any of thoſe who are ſtiled *Claſſical Authors*. As to you, PLUTARCH, I have a particular animoſity againſt you, for having almoſt occaſioned my ruin. When I firſt ſet up ſhop, underſtanding but little of buſineſs, I unadviſedly bought an edition of your *Lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which coſt me a great ſum of money. I could never get off above twenty ſets of them. I ſold a few to the Univerſities, and ſome to Eaton and Weſtminſter; for it is reckoned a pretty book for

for boys and under graduates; but, unleſs a man has the luck to light on a pedant, he ſhall not ſell a ſet of them in twenty years.

PLUTARCH.

From the merit of the ſubjects I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed, that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumſtance, nor do I give ſo exact and circumſtantial a detail of the actions of my heroes, as may be expected from a Biographer who has confined himſelf to one or two characters. A zeal to preſerve the memory of great men, and to extend the influence of ſuch noble examples, made me to undertake more than I could accompliſh in the firſt degree of perfection: But ſurely the characters of my illuſtrious men are not ſo imperfectly ſketched, that they will not ſtand forth to all ages as patterns of virtue, and incitements to glory. My reflections are allowed to be deep and ſagacious; and what can be more uſeful to a reader than a wiſe man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my writings you will find no raſh cenſures, no undeſerved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain oſtentation of critical ſkill, nor any affected *fineſſe*. In my Parallels, which uſed to be admired as pieces of excellent judgment, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another, and each with the rule of juſtice. If indeed latter ages have produced greater men and better writers, my heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the advantage of much better rules of morality than the unaſſiſted reaſon of poor pagans could form, I do not wonder, that thoſe vices, which appeared to us as mere blemiſhes in great characters, ſhould ſeem moſt horrid deformities in the purer eyes of the preſent age: A delicacy I do not blame, but admire and commend. And I muſt cenſure you for endeavouring, if you could publiſh better examples, to obtrude on

on your countrymen ſuch as were defective. I rejoice at the preference they give to perfect and unallayed virtue; and as I ſhall ever retain a high veneration for the illuſtrious men of every age, I ſhould be glad you would give me ſome account of thoſe perſons, who in wiſdom, juſtice, valour, patriotiſm, have eclipſed my SOLON, NUMA, CAMILLUS, and other boaſts of Greece or Rome.

BOOKSELLER.

Why, Maſter PLUTARCH, you are talking Greek indeed. That work which repaired the loſs I ſuſtained by the coſtly edition of your books, was, *The Lives of the Highwaymen:* But I ſhould never have grown rich, if it had not been by publiſhing *the Lives of men that never lived.* You muſt know, that though in all times it was poſſible to have a great deal of learning and very little wiſdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his life and have no learning or knowledge at all, which begins to be an advantage of the greateſt importance. There is as natural a war between your men of Science and fools, as between the Cranes and the Pigmies of old. Moſt of our young men having deſerted to the fools, the party of the learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their forts and faſtneſſes at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them ſtay and ſtudy old muſty moraliſts, till one falls in love with the Greek, another with the Roman virtue: But our men of the world ſhould read our new books, which teach them to have no virtue at all. No book is fit for a gentleman's reading which is not void of facts and of doctrines, that he may not grow a pedant in his morals or converſation. I look upon hiſtory (I mean real hiſtory) to be one of the worſt kinds of ſtudy. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well bred man may unwarily mention a parallel inſtance he had met with in hiſtory, and be betrayed

trayed into the aukwardneſs of introducing into his diſcourſe a Greek, a Roman, or even a Gothic name. But when a gentleman has ſpent his time in reading adventures that never occurred, exploits that never were atchieved, and events that not only never did, but never can happen, it is impoſſible that in life or in diſcourſe he ſhould ever apply them. *A ſecret hiſtory*, in which there is *no ſecret* and *no hiſtory*, cannot tempt indiſcretion to blab or vanity to quote; and by this means modern converſation flows gentle and eaſy, unincumbered with matter and unburthened of inſtruction. As the preſent ſtudies throw no weight or gravity into diſcourſe and manners, the women are not afraid to read our books, which not only diſpoſe to gallantry and coquetry, but give rules for them. CESAR's commentaries, and the account of XENOPHON's expedition, are not more ſtudied by military commanders, than our novels are by the fair; to a different purpoſe indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, ours to yield; thoſe inflame the vain and idle love of glory, theſe inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers than the men. By the commerce of the world men might learn much of what they get from books; but the poor women, who in their early youth are confined and reſtrained, if it were not for the friendly aſſiſtance of books, would remain long in an inſipid purity of mind, with a diſcouraging reſerve of behaviour.

PLUTARCH.

As to your men who have quitted the ſtudy of virtue for the ſtudy of vice, uſeful truth for abſurd fancy, and real hiſtory for monſtrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compaſſion for them: But I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into theſe dangerous ſtudies: And I wiſh for their ſakes I had expatiated more on the character of LUCRETIA and ſome other heroines.

BOOKSELLER.

BOOKSELLER.

I tell you, our women do not read in order to live or to die like LUCRETIA. If you would inform us, that a *Billet doux* was found in her cabinet after her death, or give an hint as if TARQUIN really ſaw her in the arms of a ſlave, and that ſhe killed herſelf not to ſuffer the ſhame of a diſcovery, ſuch anecdotes would ſell very well. Or if even by tradition, but better ſtill, if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could ſhew ſome probability that PORTIA died of *dram drinking*; you would oblige the world very much; for you muſt know, that next to new invented characters, we are fond of new lights upon ancient characters; I mean ſuch lights as ſhew a reputed honeſt man to have been a concealed knave; an illuſtrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are ſo fond of theſe kinds of information, as to be pleaſed ſometimes to ſee a character cleared from a vice or crime it has been charged with, provided the perſon concerned be actually dead. But in this caſe the evidence muſt be authentic, and amount to a demonſtration; in the other a detection is not neceſſary; a ſlight ſuſpicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great character.

PLUTARCH.

I am the more ſurpriſed at what you ſay of the taſte of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who aſſured me that leſs than a century ago he had written a much admired life of CYRUS under the name of ARTAMENES, in which he aſcribed to him far greater actions than thoſe recorded of him by XENOPHON and HERODOTUS; and that many of the great heroes of hiſtory had been treated in the ſame manner; that empires were gained and battles decided by the valour of a ſingle man, imagination beſtowing what Nature has denied, and the ſyſtem of human affairs rendered impoſſible.

BOOKSELLER.

BOOKSELLER.

I aſſure you theſe books were very uſeful to the authors and their bookſellers: And for whoſe benefit beſide ſhould a man write? Theſe Romances were very faſhionable and had a great ſale: They fell in luckily with the humour of the age.

PLUTARCH.

Monſieur SCUDERI tells me they were written in the times of vigour and ſpirit, in the evening of the gallant days of chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of men a warm glow of courage and heroiſm; and they were to be called to books as to battles, by the ſound of the trumpet: He ſays too, that, if writers had not accommodated themſelves to the prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and deſperate encounters, their works would have been eſteemed too effeminate an amuſement for gentlemen. Hiſtories of chivalry, inſtead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raiſe human nature above the condition which is naturally preſcribed to it; but as ſtrict juſtice, patriot motives, prudent counſels, and a diſpaſſionate choice of what upon the whole is fitteſt and beſt, do not direct theſe heroes of Romance, they cannot ſerve for inſtruction and example, like the great characters of true hiſtory. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and ſteady light of truth can guide men to virtue, and that the leſſon which is *impracticable* muſt be *unuſeful*. Whoever ſhall deſign to regulate his conduct by theſe viſionary characters will be in the condition of ſuperſtitious people, who chooſe rather to act by intimations they receive in the dreams of the night, than by the ſober counſels of morning meditation. Yet I confeſs it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the deeds of *fabulous heroes*; but ſurely it is the cuſtom only of yours to incite them

them to *vice* by the hiſtory of *fabulous Scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have ſoared into the regions of fancy to bring back ASTREA: You go thither in ſearch of PANDORA; oh diſgrace to letters! Oh ſhame to the Muſes!

BOOKSELLER.

You expreſs great indignation at our preſent race of writers; but believe me the fault lies chiefly on the ſide of the readers. As Monſieur SCUDERI obſerved to you, authors muſt comply with the manners and diſpoſition of thoſe who are to read them. There muſt be a certain ſympathy between the book and the reader to create a good liking. Would you preſent a modern fine gentleman, who is negligently lolling in an eaſy chair, with the *Labours of Hercules* for his recreation? Or make him climb the Alps with HANNIBAL when he is expiring with the fatigue of laſt night's ball? Our readers muſt be amuſed, flattered, ſoothed; ſuch adventures muſt be offered to them as they would like to have a ſhare in.

PLUTARCH.

It ſhould be the firſt object of writers to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your love of fictitious characters might be turned to good purpoſe, if thoſe preſented to the publick were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It muſt be confeſſed, that hiſtory, being employed only about illuſtrious perſons, publick events, and celebrated actions, does not ſupply us with ſuch inſtances of domeſtic merit as one could wiſh: Our heroes are great in the field and the ſenate, and act well in great ſcenes on the theatre of the world: But the idea of a man, who in the ſilent retired path of life never deviates into vice, who conſiders no

ſpectator but *the omniſcient Being* and ſolicits no applauſe but *His* approbation, is the nobleſt model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the moſt general uſe. Examples of domeſtic virtue would be more particularly uſeful to women than thoſe of great heroines. The virtues of women are blaſted by the breath of publick fame, as flowers that grow on an eminence are faded by the ſun and wind, which expand them. But true female praiſe, like the muſic of the ſpheres, ariſes from a gentle, a conſtant and an equal progreſs in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the groſs ear of mortals, but is reſerved for the delight of higher beings, by whoſe wiſe laws they were ordained to give a ſilent light, and ſhed a mild benignant influence on the world.

BOOKSELLER.

We have had ſome Engliſh and French writers who aimed at what you ſuggeſt. In the ſuppoſed character of CLARISSA, (ſaid a clergyman to me a few days before I left the world) one finds the dignity of heroiſm tempered by the meekneſs and humility of religion, a perfect purity of mind and ſanctity of manners: In that of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, a noble pattern of every private virtue, with ſentiments ſo exalted as to render him equal to every publick duty.

PLUTARCH.

Are both theſe characters by the ſame author?

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, Maſter PLUTARCH; and what will ſurpriſe you more, this author has *printed* for me.

PLUTARCH.

PLUTARCH.

By what you ſay, it is pity he ſhould *print* any work but *his own*. Are there no other authors who write in this manner?

BOOKSELLER.

Yes, we have another writer of theſe imaginary hiſtories; one who has not long ſince deſcended to theſe regions; his name is FIELDING, and his works, as I have heard the beſt judges ſay, have a true ſpirit of comedy, and an exact repreſentation of nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given leſſons of pure and conſummate virtue, but he has expoſed vice and meanneſs with all the powers of ridicule; and we have ſome other good wits who have exerted their talents to the purpoſes you approve. Monſieur DE MARIVAUX, and ſome other French writers, have alſo proceeded much upon the ſame plan, with a ſpirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *Belles Lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and entertainment enough in a book to make it ſell, it is not the worſe for good morals.

CHARON.

I think, PLUTARCH, you have made this gentleman a little more humble, and now I will carry him the reſt of his journey. But he is too frivolous an animal to preſent to wiſe MINOS. I wiſh MERCURY were here; he would damn him for his dulneſs. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaides, and leave him to pour water into their veſſels, which, like his late readers, are deſtined to eternal emptineſs. Or ſhall I chain him to the rock, ſide to ſide, by PROMETHEUS, not for having attempted to ſteal celeſtial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguiſh that which JUPITER

PITER had imparted? Or ſhall we conſtitute him *Friſeur* to TISIPHONE, and make him curl up her locks with his ſatires and libels?

PLUTARCH.

MINOS does not eſteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind; he puniſhes authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy vengeance for the injuries which virtue or the virtuous have ſuffered in conſequence of their writings.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIX.

[THE FOUR FOLLOWING DIALOGUES, NOT PRINTED IN THE THREE FIRST EDITIONS, ARE BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FIRST TWENTYFIVE.]

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS —CAIUS JULIUS CESAR.

SCIPIO.

ALAS CESAR! How unhappily did you end a life made illuſtrious by the greateſt exploits in war, and moſt various civil talents!

CESAR.

Can SCIPIO wonder at the ingratitude of Rome to her generals? Did not he reproach her with it in the epitaph he ordered to be inſcribed upon his tomb at Liternum, that mean village in Campania, to which ſhe had driven the conqueror of HANNIBAL and of Carthage? I alſo, after ſubduing her moſt dangerous enemies, the Helvetians, the Gauls and the Germans, after raiſing her name to the higheſt pitch of glory, ſhould have been deprived of my province, reduced to live as a private man, under the power of my enemies and the enviers of my greatneſs; nay, brought to a trial, and condemned by the judgment of a faction, if I had not led my victorious troops to Rome,

Rome, and by their aſſiſtance, after all my offers of peace had been iniquitouſly rejected, made myſelf maſter of a ſtate, which knew ſo ill how to recompenſe ſuperior merit. Reſentment of this, together with the ſecret machinations of envy, produced not long afterwards a conſpiracy of ſenators, and even of ſome whom I had moſt obliged and loved, againſt my life, which they baſely took away by aſſaſſination.

SCIPIO.

You ſay you led your victorious troops to Rome. —How were they *your* troops? I thought the Roman armies had belonged to the republick, not to their generals.

CESAR.

They did ſo in your time. But before I came to command them, MARIUS and SYLLA had taught them, that they belonged to their generals. And I taught the ſenate, that a veteran army, affectionately attached to its leader, could give him all the treaſures and honours of the ſtate without aſking their leave.

SCIPIO.

Juſt Gods! Did I then deliver my country from the invading Carthaginian, did I exalt it by my victories above all other nations, that it might become a richer prey to its own rebel ſoldiers, and their ambitious commanders?

CESAR.

How could it be otherwiſe? Was it poſſible that the conquerors of Europe, Aſia and Africk, could tamely ſubmit to deſcend from their triumphal chariots, and become ſubject to the authority of prætors and conſuls elected by a populace corrupted by bribes

bribes or enſlaved to a confederacy of factious nobles, who, without regard to merit, conſidered all the offices and dignities of the ſtate as hereditary poſſeſſions belonging to their families?

SCIPIO.

If I thought it no diſhonour, after triumphing over HANNIBAL, to lay down my faſces, and obey, as all my anceſtors had done before me, the magiſtrates of the republick, ſuch a conduct would not have diſhonoured either MARIUS, or SYLLA, or CESAR. But you all diſhonoured yourſelves, when, inſtead of virtuous Romans, ſuperior to your fellow citizens in merit and glory, but equal to them in a due ſubjection to the laws, you became the enemies, the invaders and the tyrants of your country.

CESAR.

Was I the *enemy* of my country in giving it a ruler fit to ſupport all the majeſty and weight of its empire? Did I *invade* it, when I marched to deliver the people from the uſurped dominion and inſolence of a few ſenators? Was I a *tyrant*, becauſe I would not crouch under POMPEY, and let him be thought my *ſuperior*, when I felt he was not my *equal*?

SCIPIO.

POMPEY had given you a noble example of moderation, in twice diſmiſſing the armies, at the head of which he had performed ſuch illuſtrious actions, and returning, a private citizen, into the boſom of his country.

CESAR.

His moderation was a cheat. He believed that the authority his victories had gained him would make him effectually maſter of the Commonwealth, without

out the help of thoſe armies. But finding it difficult to ſubdue the united oppoſition of CRASSUS and me, he leagued himſelf with us; and, in conſequence of that league, we three governed the empire. But, after the death of CRASSUS, my glorious atchievements in ſubduing the Gauls raiſed ſuch a jealouſy in him, that he could no longer endure me as a partner in his power, nor could I ſubmit to degrade myſelf into his ſubject.

SCIPIO.

Am I then to underſtand, that the civil war you engaged in was really a mere conteſt, whether you or POMPEY ſhould remain *ſole lord of Rome?*

CESAR.

Not ſo—for I offered, in my letters to the ſenate to lay down my arms,* if POMPEY at the ſame time would lay down his, and leave the republick in freedom.† Nor did I reſolve to draw the ſword, till not only the ſenate, overpowered by the fear of POMPEY and his troops, had rejected theſe offers, but two tribunes of the people, for legally and juſtly interpoſing their authority in my behalf, had been forced to fly from Rome, diſguiſed in the habit of ſlaves, and take refuge in my camp, for the ſafety of their perſons. My camp was therefore the aſylum of perſecuted liberty; and my army fought to avenge the violation of the rights and majeſty of the people, as much as to defend the dignity of their general unjuſtly oppreſſed.

SCIPIO.

You would therefore have me think, that you contended for the equality and liberty of the Romans againſt

* See Plutarch and Suetonius in Vit. Cæſaris.
† Ceſar Comment. de Bello Civili, l. 1.

gainſt the tyranny of POMPEY and his lawleſs adherents. In ſuch a war I myſelf, if I had lived in your times, would have willingly been your lieutenant. Tell me then, on the iſſue of this honourable enterpriſe, when you had ſubdued all your foes, and had no oppoſition remaining to obſtruct your intentions, did you eſtabliſh that liberty for which you fought? Did you reſtore the republick to what it was in my time?

CESAR.

I took the neceſſary meaſures to ſecure to myſelf the fruits of my victories, and gave a head to the empire, which could neither ſubſiſt without one, nor find another ſo well ſuited to the greatneſs of the body.

SCIPIO.

There the true character of CESAR was ſeen unmaſked—you had managed ſo ſkilfully in the meaſures which preceded the civil war, your offers were ſo ſpecious, and there appeared ſo much violence in the conduct of your enemies, that, if you had fallen in that war, poſterity might have doubted, whether you were not a victim to the intereſts of your country. But your ſucceſs, and the deſpotiſm you afterwards exerciſed, took off thoſe diſguiſes, and ſhewed clearly, that the aim of all your actions was tyranny.

CESAR.

Let us not deceive ourſelves with *Sounds* and *Names*—that great minds ſhould aſpire to ſovereign power is a fixed law of nature. It is an injury to mankind, if the higheſt abilities are not placed in the higheſt ſtations. Had you, SCIPIO, been kept down by the republican jealouſy of CATO the cenſor, HANNIBAL would have never been recalled out of Italy, nor defeated in Africk. And if I had not been

treacherouſly murdered by the daggers of BRUTUS and CASSIUS, my ſword would have avenged the defeat of CRASSUS, and added the empire of Partha to that of Rome. Nor was my government tyrannical. It was mild, humane and bounteous. The world would have been happy under it, and wiſhed its continuance: But my death broke the pillars of the publick tranquillity, and brought upon the whole empire a direful ſcene of calamity and confuſion.

SCIPIO.

You ſay that great minds will naturally aſpire to ſovereign power. But, if they are *good*, as well as *great*, they will regulate their ambition by the laws of their country. The laws of Rome permitted me to aſpire to the conduct of the war againſt Carthage; but they did not permit you to turn her arms againſt herſelf, and ſubject her to your will. The breach of one law of liberty is a greater evil to a nation than the loſs of a province; and, in my opinion, the conqueſt of the whole world would not be enough to compenſate for the total loſs of their freedom.

CESAR.

You talk finely, AFRICANUS—but aſk yourſelf, whether the height and dignity of your mind, that noble pride which accompanies the magnanimity of a hero, could always ſtoop to a nice conformity with the laws of your country? Is there a law of liberty more eſſential, more ſacred than that, which obliges every member of a free community to ſubmit himſelf to a trial, upon a legal charge brought againſt him for a publick miſdemeanour? In what manner did you anſwer a regular accuſation from a tribune of the people, who charged you with embezzling the money of the ſtate? You told your judges, that *on that day you had vanquiſhed Hannibal and Carthage*, and bade them *follow you to the Temples to give thanks to the Gods*. Nor could you ever be brought to ſtand a legal

a legal trial, or juſtify thoſe accounts, which you had torn in the ſenate, when they were queſtioned there by two magiſtrates in the name of the Roman people. Was this acting like the ſubject of a free ſtate? Had your victory procured you an exemption from juſtice? Had it given it into your hands the money of the republick without account? If it had, you were *king of Rome*. PHARSALIA, THAPSUS and MUNDA, could do no more for me.

SCIPIO.

I did not queſtoin the right of bringing me to a trial, but I diſdained to plead in vindication of a character ſo unſpotted as mine. My whole life had been an anſwer to that infamous charge.

CESAR.

It may be ſo: And, for my part, I admire the magnanimity of your behaviour. But I ſhould condemn it as repugnant and deſtructive to liberty, if I did not pay more reſpect to the dignity of a great general, than to the forms of a democracy, or the rights of a tribune.

SCIPIO.

You are endeavouring to confound my cauſe with yours; but they are exceedingly different. You apprehended a ſentence of condemnation againſt you for ſome part of your conduct,* and, to prevent it, made an impious war on your country, and reduced her to ſervitude. I truſted the juſtification of my affronted innocence to the opinion of my judges, ſcorning to plead for myſelf againſt a charge unſupported by any other proof than bare ſuſpicions and ſurmiſes. But I made no reſiſtance: I kindled no civil war: I left Rome undiſturbed in the enjoyment of her liberty. Had the malice of my accuſers

* Suetonius in Cæſare.

ers been ever ſo violent, had it threatened my deſtruction, I ſhould have choſen much rather to turn my ſword againſt my own boſom, than againſt that of my country.

CESAR.

You beg the queſtion in ſuppoſing that I really hurt my country by giving her a maſter. When CATO adviſed the ſenate to make POMPEY *ſole conſul*,* he did it upon this principle, *that any kind of government is preferable to anarchy.* The truth of this, I preſume, no man of ſenſe will conteſt; and the anarchy, which that zealous defender of liberty, ſo much apprehended, would have continued in Rome, if that power, which the urgent neceſſity of the ſtate conferred upon me, had not removed it.

SCIPIO.

POMPEY and you had brought that anarchy on the ſtate, in order to ſerve your own ends. It was owing to the corruption, the factions and the violence, which you had encouraged, from an opinion that the ſenate would be forced to ſubmit to an abſolute power in your hands, as a remedy againſt thoſe intolerable evils. But CATO judged well in thinking it eligible to make POMPEY *ſole conſul* rather than you *dictator*; becauſe experience had ſhewn that POMPEY reſpected the forms of the Roman Conſtitution, and, though he ſought, by bad means as well as good, to obtain the higheſt magiſtracies, and the moſt honourable commands, yet he laid them down again, and contented himſelf with remaining ſuperior in credit to any other citizen.

CESAR.

If all the difference between my ambition and POMPEY's was only, as you repreſent it, in a greater or

* See Plutarch's Life of Ceſar.

or leſs reſpect for *the forms of the Conſtitution*, I think it was hardly becoming ſuch a patriot as CATO to take part in our quarrel, much leſs to kill himſelf rather than yield to my power.

SCIPIO.

It is eaſier to revive *the ſpirit of liberty* in a government where the *forms* of it remain unchanged, than where they have been totally diſregarded and aboliſhed. But I readily own, that the balance of the Roman Conſtitution had been deſtroyed by the exceſſive and illegal authority, which the people were induced to confer upon POMPEY, before any extraordinary honours or commands had been demanded by you. And that is, I think, your beſt excuſe.

CESAR.

Yes ſurely.—The favourers of the *Manilian Law* had an ill grace in deſiring to limit the commiſſions I obtained from the people, according to the rigour of certain obſolete republican laws, no more regarded in my time than the Sybilline Oracles, or the pious inſtitutions of NUMA.

SCIPIO.

It was the misfortune of your time that they were not regarded. A virtuous man would not take from a deluded people ſuch favours as they ought not to beſtow. I have a right to ſay this, becauſe I chid the Roman people,* when, overheated by gratitude for the ſervices I had done them, they deſired to make me *Perpetual Conſul* and *Dictator*. Hear this, and bluſh—What I refuſed to accept, you ſnatched by force.

* Livius l. 88. Sect. 36.

CESAR.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS reproached you with the inconſiſtency of your conduct, when, after refuſing theſe offers, you ſo little reſpected the Tribunitian Authority. But thus it muſt happen. We are naturally fond of the idea of liberty till we come to ſuffer by it, or find it an impediment to ſome predominant paſſion; and then we wiſh to controul it, as you did moſt deſpotically, by refuſing to ſubmit to the juſtice of the ſtate.

SCIPIO.

I have anſwered before to that charge. TIBERIUS GRACCHUS himſelf, though my perſonal enemy, thought it became him to ſtop the proceedings againſt me; not for my ſake, but for the honour of my country, whoſe dignity ſuffered with mine. Nevertheleſs I acknowledge, my conduct in that buſineſs was not abſolutely blameleſs. The generous pride of virtue was too ſtrong in my mind. It made me forget I was creating a dangerous precedent in declining to plead to a legal accuſation, brought againſt me by a magiſtrate inveſted with the majeſty of the whole Roman people. It made me unjuſtly accuſe my country of ingratitude, when ſhe had ſhewn herſelf grateful even beyond the true bounds of policy and juſtice, by not inflicting upon me any penalty for ſo irregular a proceeding. But, at the ſame time, what a proof did I give of moderation, and reſpect for her liberty, when my utmoſt reſentment could impel me to nothing more violent than a voluntary retreat, and quiet baniſhment of myſelf from the city of Rome! SCIPIO AFRICANUS offended, and living a private man, in a country houſe at Liternum, was an example of more uſe to ſecure the equality of the Roman Commonwealth, than all the power of its tribunes.

CESAR.

CESAR.

I had rather have been thrown down the Tarpeian rock, than have retired, as you did, to the obſcurity of a village, after acting the firſt part on the greateſt theatre of the world.

SCIPIO.

An uſurper exalted on the higheſt throne of the univerſe is not ſo glorious as I was in that obſcure retirement. I hear indeed, that you, CESAR, have been *deified* by the flattery of ſome of your ſucceſſors. But the impartial judgment of hiſtory has conſecrated my name, and ranks me in the firſt claſs of heroes and patriots: Whereas the higheſt praiſe her records, even under the dominion uſurped by your family, have given to you is, that your courage and talents were equal to the object your ambition aſpired to, the empire of the world; and that you exerciſed a ſovereignty unjuſtly acquired with a magnanimous clemency. But it would have been better for your country, and better for mankind, if you had never exiſted.

DIALOGUE XXX.

PLATO——DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

PLATO, ſtand off—A true Philoſopher as I was, is no company for a courtier of the tyrant of Syracuſe. I would avoid you, as one infected with the moſt noiſome of plagues, the plague of ſlavery.

PLATO.

He who can miſtake a brutal pride and ſavage indecency of manners for freedom, may naturally think that the being in a court (however virtuous one's conduct, however free one's language there) is ſlavery. But I was taught by my great maſter, the incomparable SOCRATES, that the buſineſs of true philoſophy is to conſult and promote the happineſs of ſociety. She muſt not therefore be confined to a *tub* or a *cell*. Her ſphere is in ſenates, or the cabinets of kings. While your ſect is employed in ſnarling at the great, or buffooning with the vulgar, ſhe is counſelling thoſe who govern nations, infuſing into their minds humanity, juſtice, temperance, and the love of true glory, reſiſting their paſſions when they tranſport them beyond the bounds of virtue, and fortifying their reaſon by the antidotes ſhe adminiſters againſt the poiſon of flattery.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

You mean to have me underſtand, that you went to the court of the younger DIONYSIUS, to give him antidotes againſt the poiſon of flattery. But I ſay he ſent for you only to ſweeten the cup, by mixing it more agreeably, and rendering the flavour more delicate. His vanity was too nice for the nauſeous common draught; but your ſeaſoning gave it a reliſh, which made it go down moſt delightfully, and intoxicated him more than ever. Oh! there is no flatterer half ſo dangerous to a prince as a fawning Philoſopher!

PLATO.

If you call it fawning, that I did not treat him with ſuch unmannerly rudeneſs as you did ALEXANDER the great, when he viſited you at Athens, I have nothing to ſay. But, in truth, I made my company agreeable to him, not for any mean ends which regarded only myſelf, but that I might be uſeful both to him and to his people. I endeavoured to give a right turn to his vanity; and know, DIOGENES, that whoever will ſerve mankind, but more eſpecially princes, muſt compound with their weakneſſes, and take as much pains to gain them over to virtue, by an honeſt and prudent complaiſance, as others do to ſeduce them from it, by a criminal adulation.

DIOGENES.

A little of my ſagacity would have ſhewn you, that, if this was your purpoſe, your labour was loſt in that court. Why did not you go and preach chaſtity to LAIS? A Philoſopher in a brothel, reading lectures on the beauty of continence and decency, is not a more ridiculous animal, than a Philoſopher in the cabinet, or at the table of a tyrant, deſcanting on

on liberty and publick ſpirit! What effect had the leſſons of your famous diſciple ARISTOTLE upon ALEXANDER the great, a prince far more capable of receiving inſtruction than the younger DIONYSIUS? Did they hinder him from killing his beſt friend, CLITUS, for ſpeaking to him with freedom, or from fancying himſelf a God, becauſe he was adored by the wretched ſlaves he had vanquiſhed? When I deſired him *not to ſtand between me and the Sun*, I humbled his pride more, and conſequently did him more good, than ARISTOTLE had done by all his formal precepts.

PLATO.

Yet he owed to thoſe precepts, that, notwithſtanding his exceſſes, he appeared not unworthy of the empire of the world. Had the tutor of his youth gone with him into Aſia, and continued always at his ear, the authority of that wiſe and virtuous man might have been able to ſtop him, even in the riot of conqueſt, from giving way to thoſe paſſions which diſhonoured his character.

DIOGENES.

If he had gone into Aſia, and had not flattered the king as obſequiouſly as HAEPHESTION, he would, like CALLISTHENES, whom he ſent thither as his deputy, have been put to death for high treaſon. The man who will not flatter, muſt live independent, as I did, and prefer a tub to a palace.

PLATO.

Do you pretend, DIOGENES, that, becauſe you were never in a court, you never flattered? How did you gain the affection of the people of Athens, but by ſoothing their ruling paſſion, the deſire of hearing their ſuperiors abuſed? Your Cynic railing was to them the moſt acceptable flattery. This you well

well underſtood, and made your court to the vulgar, always envious and malignant, by trying to lower all dignity and confound all order: You made your court, I ſay, as ſervilely, and with as much offence to virtue, as the baſeſt flatterer ever did to the moſt corrupted prince. But true philoſophy will diſdain to act either of theſe parts. Neither in the aſſemblies of the people, nor in the cabinets of kings, will ſhe obtain favour by fomenting any bad diſpoſitions. If her endeavours to do good prove unſucceſsful, ſhe will retire with honour, as an honeſt phyſician departs from the houſe of a patient, whoſe diſtemper he finds incurable, or who refuſes to take the remedies he preſcribes. But if ſhe ſucceeds; if, like the muſic of ORPHEUS, her ſweet perſuaſions can mitigate the ferocity of the multitude, and tame their minds to a due obedience of laws and reverence of magiſtrates; or if ſhe can form a TIMOLEON, or a NUMA POMPILIUS, to the government of a State, how meritorious is the work! One king, nay one miniſter, or counſellor of State, imbued with her precepts, is of more value than all the ſpeculative, retired philoſophers, or Cynical revilers of princes and magiſtrates, that ever lived upon earth.

DIOGENES.

Don't tell me of the muſic of ORPHEUS, and of his taming wild beaſts. A wild beaſt brought to *crouch* and *lick the hand of a maſter*, is a much viler animal than he was in his natural State of ferocity. You ſeem to think, that the buſineſs of philoſophy is *to poliſh men into ſlaves*; but I ſay, it is to teach them to aſſert, with an untamed and generous ſpirit, their independence and freedom. You profeſs to inſtruct thoſe who want to *ride* their fellow creatures, how to do it with an eaſy and gentle rein; but I would have them thrown off, and trampled under the feet of all their deluded or inſulted equals,

on

on whoſe backs they have mounted. Which of us two is the trueſt friend to mankind?

PLATO.

According to your notions all government is deſtructive to liberty; but I think that no liberty can ſubſiſt without government. A State of ſociety is the *natural* ſtate of mankind. They are impelled to it by their wants, their infirmities, their affections. The laws of ſociety are rules of life and action neceſſary to ſecure their happineſs in that ſtate. Government is the due enforcing of thoſe laws. That government is the beſt, which does this moſt effectually, and moſt equally; and that people is the freeeſt, which is moſt ſubmiſſively obedient to ſuch a government.

DIOGENES.

Shew me the government which makes no other uſe of its power than duly to enforce the laws of ſociety, and I will own it is intitled to the moſt abſolute ſubmiſſion from all its ſubjects.

PLATO.

I cannot ſhew you perfection in human inſtitutions. It is far more eaſy to blame them, than it is to amend them: Much may be wrong in the beſt: But a good man reſpects the laws and the magiſtrates of his country.

DIOGENES.

As for the laws of my country, I did ſo far reſpect them, as not to philoſophiſe to the prejudice of the firſt and greateſt principles of Nature and of wiſdom, ſelf preſervation. Though I loved to prate about high matters as well as SOCRATES, I did not chooſe to drink hemlock after his example. But you might

as

as well have bid me *love* an ugly woman, becauſe ſhe was dreſt up in the gown of Laïs, as *reſpect* a fool or a knave, becauſe he was attired in the robe of a magiſtrate.

PLATO.

All I deſired of you was, not to amuſe yourſelf and the populace by throwing dirt upon the robe of a magiſtrate, merely becauſe he wore that robe, and you did not.

DIOGENES.

A Philoſopher cannot better diſplay his wiſdom than by throwing contempt on that pageantry, which the ignorant multitude gaze at with a ſenſeleſs veneration.

PLATO.

He who tries to make the multitude *venerate nothing* is more ſenſeleſs than they. Wiſe men have endeavoured to excite an awful reverence in the minds of the vulgar for external ceremonies and forms, in order to ſecure their obedience to religion and government, of which theſe are the ſymbols. Can a *Philoſopher* deſire to defeat that good purpoſe?

DIOGENES.

Yes, if he ſees it abuſed to ſupport the evil purpoſes of ſuperſtition and tyranny.

PLATO.

May not the abuſe be corrected without loſing the benefit? Is there no difference between *reformation* and *deſtruction?*

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

Half meaſures do nothing. He who deſires to *reform* muſt not be afraid to *pull down*.

PLATO.

I know that you and your ſect *are for pulling down every thing that is above your own level*. Pride and envy are the motives that ſet you all to work. Nor can one wonder that paſſions, the influence of which is ſo general, ſhould give you many diſciples and many admirers.

DIOGENES.

When you have eſtabliſhed your *Republick*, if you will admit me into it, I promiſe you to be *there* a moſt *reſpectful* ſubject.

PLATO.

I am conſcious, DIOGENES, that *my Republick* was imaginary, and could never be eſtabliſhed. But they ſhew as little knowledge of what is practicable in politicks, as I did in that book, who ſuppoſe that the liberty of any civil ſociety can be maintained by the deſtruction of order and decency, or promoted by the petulance of unbribed defamation.

DIOGENES.

I never knew any government angry at defamation, when it fell on thoſe who diſliked or obſtructed its meaſures. But I well remember, that the thirty tyrants at Athens called oppoſition to them, the *deſtruction of order and decency*.

PLATO.

Things are not altered by names.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

No—but names have a ſtrange power to impoſe on weak underſtandings. If, when you were in Egypt, you had laughed at the worſhip of an onion, the prieſts would have called you an Atheiſt, and the people would have ſtoned you. But I preſume, that, to have the honour of being initiated into the myſteries of that reverend Hierarchy, you bowed as low to it as any of their devout diſciples. Unfortunately my neck was not ſo pliant, and therefore I was never initiated into the myſteries either of religion or government; but was feared or hated by all who thought it their intereſt to make them be reſpected.

PLATO.

Your vanity found its account in that fear and hatred. The high prieſt of a Deity, or the ruler of a State, is much leſs diſtinguiſhed from the vulgar herd of mankind, than the ſcoffer at all religion, and the deſpiſer of all dominion.—But let us end our diſpute. I feel my folly in continuing to argue with one, who in reaſoning does not ſeek to come at truth, but merely to ſhew his wit. Adieu, DIOGENES; I am going to converſe with the ſhades of PYTHAGORAS, SOLON and BIAS.—You may jeſt with ARISTOPHANES, or rail with THERSITES.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXXI.

ARISTIDES——PHOCION——DEMOSTHENES.

ARISTIDES.

HOW could it happen, that Athens, after having recovered an equality with Sparta, ſhould be forced to ſubmit to the dominion of Macedon, when ſhe had two ſuch great men as PHOCION and DEMOSTHENES at the head of her State?

PHOCION.

It happened becauſe our opinions of her intereſts in foreign affairs were totally different; which made us act with a conſtant and pernicious oppoſition, the one to the other.

ARISTIDES.

I wiſh to hear from you both (if you will indulge my curioſity) on what principles you could form ſuch contrary judgments concerning points of ſuch moment to the ſafety of your country, which you equally loved.

DEMOSTHENES.

My principles were the ſame with yours, ARISTIDES. I laboured to maintain the independence of

of Athens againſt the encroaching ambition of Macedon, as you had maintained it againſt that of Perſia. I ſaw that our own ſtrength was unequal to the enterpriſe: But what we could not do alone I thought might be done by a union of the principal States of Greece; ſuch a union as had been formed by you and THEMISTOCLES, in oppoſition to the Perſians. To effect this was the great, the conſtant aim of my policy; and, though traverſed in it by many whom the gold of Macedon had corrupted, and by PHOCION, whom alone, of all the enemies to my ſyſtem, I muſt acquit of corruption, I ſo far ſucceded, that I brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to PHILIP'S. The event was unfortunate; but ARISTIDES will not judge of the merits of a ſtateſman by the accidents of war.

PHOCION.

Do not imagine, ARISTIDES, that I was leſs deſirous than DEMOSTHENES to preſerve the independence and liberty of my country. But, before I engaged the Arthenians in a war *not abſolutely neceſſary*, I thought it proper to conſider what the event of a battle would probably be. That which I feared came to paſs: The Macedonians were victorious, and Athens was ruined.

DEMOSTHENES.

Would Athens not have been ruined if no battle had been fought? Could you, PHOCION, think it ſafety, to have our freedom depend on the moderation of PHILIP? And what had we elſe to protect us, if no confederacy had been formed to reſiſt his ambition?

PHOCION.

I ſaw no wiſdom in accelerating the downfall of my country, by a raſh activity in provoking the reſentment of an enemy, whoſe arms, I foretold, would

in the iſſue prove ſuperior, not only to ours, but to thoſe of any confederacy we were able to form. My maxim was, that a ſtate, which cannot make itſelf ſtronger than any of its neighbours, ſhould live in friendſhip with that power which is the ſtrongeſt. But, the more apparent it was, that our ſtrength was inferior to that of Macedon, the more you laboured to induce us, by all the vehemence of your oratory, to take ſuch meaſures as tended to render PHILIP our enemy, and exaſperate him more againſt us than any other nation. This I thought a raſh conduct. It was not by orations that the dangerous war you had kindled could finally be determined: Nor did your triumphs over me in an aſſembly of the people intimidate any Macedonian in the field of Chæronea, or ſtop you yourſelf from flying out of that field.

DEMOSTHENES.

My flight from thence, I muſt own, was ignominious to me, but it affects not the queſtion we are agitating now, whether the counſels I gave to the people of Athens, as a ſtateſman and a publick miniſter were right or wrong. When firſt I excited them to make war againſt PHILIP, the victories gained by CHABRIAS, in which you, PHOCION, had a ſhare, particularly that of Naxos, which completely reſtored to us the empire of the Sea, had enabled us to maintain, not only our own liberty, but that of all Greece, in the defence of which we had formerly acquired ſo much glory, and which our anceſtors thought ſo important to the ſafety and independence of Athens. PHILIP's power was but beginning, and ſupported itſelf more by craft than force. I ſaw, and I warned my countrymen, in due time, how impolitick it would be to ſuffer his machinations to be carried on with ſucceſs, and his ſtrength to increaſe by continual acquiſitions, without reſiſtance. I expoſed the weakneſs of that narrow, that ſhortſighted policy, which looked no farther than to our own immediate borders, and imagined, that whatſoever lay out of thoſe

thoſe bounds was foreign to our intereſts, and unworthy of our care. The force of my remonſtrances rouſed the Athenians to a more vigilant conduct. Then it was, that the orators whom PHILIP had corrupted loudly inveighed againſt me, as alarming the people with imaginary dangers, and drawing them into quarrels, in which they had really no concern. This language, and the fair profeſſions of PHILIP, who was perfectly ſkilled in *the royal art of diſſembling*, were often ſo prevalent, that many favourable opportunities of defeating his deſigns were unhappily loſt. Yet ſometimes, by the ſpirit, with which I animated the Athenians and other neighbouring ſtates, I ſtopt the progreſs of his arms, and oppoſed to him ſuch obſtacles, as coſt him much time and much labour to remove. You yourſelf, PHOCION, at the head of fleets and armies ſent againſt him by decrees which I had propoſed, vanquiſhed his troops in Eubæa, and ſaved from him Byſantium, with other cities of our allies on the coaſts of the Helleſpont, from which you drove him with ſhame.

PHOCION.

The proper uſe of thoſe advantages was to ſecure a peace to Athens, which they inclined him to keep. His ambition was checked, but his forces were not ſo much diminiſhed, as to render it ſafe to provoke him to farther hoſtilities.

DEMOSTHENES.

His courage and policy were indeed ſo ſuperior to ours, that, notwithſtanding his defeats, he was ſoon in a condition to purſue the great plan of conqueſt and dominion, which he had formed long before, and from which he never deſiſted. Thus, through indolence on our ſide, and activity on his, things were brought to ſuch a criſis, that I ſaw no hope of delivering all Greece from his yoke, but by confederating againſt him the Athenians and the Thebans; which league

league I effected. Was it not better to fight for the independence of our country in conjunction with Thebes than alone? Would a battle loſt in Bæotia be ſo fatal to Athens, as one loſt in our own territory, and under our own walls?

PHOCION.

You may remember, that, when you were eagerly urging this argument, I deſired you to conſider, not where we ſhould fight, but how we ſhould be conquerors: For, if we were vanquiſhed, all ſorts of evils and dangers would be inſtantly at our gates.

ARISTIDES.

Did not you tell me, DEMOSTHENES, when you began to ſpeak upon this ſubject, that you brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to PHILIP'S?

DEMOSTHENES.

I did, and believe that PHOCION will not contradict me.

ARISTIDES.

But, though equal in number, it was, perhaps, much inferior to the Macedonians in valour and military diſcipline.

DEMOSTHENES.

The courage ſhewn by our army excited the admiration of PHILIP himſelf, and their diſcipline was inferior to none in Greece.

ARISTIDES.

What then occaſioned their defeat?

DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES.

The bad conduct of their generals.

ARISTIDES.

Why was the command not given to PHOCION, whoſe abilities had been proved on ſo many other occaſions? Was it offered to him, and did he refuſe to accept it? You are ſilent, DEMOSTHENES. I underſtand your ſilence. You are unwilling to tell me, that, having the power, by your influence over the people, to confer the command on what Athenian you pleaſed, you were induced, by the ſpirit of party, to lay aſide a great general, who had been always ſucceſsful, who had the chief confidence of your troops and of your allies, in order to give it to men, zealous indeed for your meaſures, and full of military ardour, but of little capacity or experience in the conduct of a war. You cannot plead, that, if PHOCION had led your troops againſt PHILIP, there was any danger of his baſely betraying his truſt. PHOCION could not be a traitor. You had ſeen him ſerve the republick, and conquer for it in wars, the undertaking of which he had ſtrenuouſly oppoſed, in wars with PHILIP. How could you then be ſo negligent of the ſafety of your country, as not to employ him in this, the moſt dangerous of all ſhe ever had waged? If CHARLES and LYSICLES, the two generals you choſe to conduct it, had commanded the Grecian forces at Marathon and Platæa, we ſhould have loſt thoſe battles. All the men whom you ſent to fight the Macedonians under ſuch leaders, were victims to the animoſity between you and PHOCION, which made you deprive them of the neceſſary benefit of his wiſe directions. This I think the worſt blemiſh of your adminiſtration. In other parts of your conduct I not only acquit, but greatly applaud and admire you. With the ſagacity of a moſt conſummate ſtateſman you penetrated the deepeſt deſigns

ſigns of PHILIP; you ſaw all the dangers which threatened Greece from that quarter, while they were yet at a diſtance; you exhorted your countrymen to make a timely proviſion for their future ſecurity; you ſpread the alarm through all the neighbouring ſtates; you combined the moſt powerful in a confederacy with Athens; you carried the war *out of Attica*, which (let PHOCION ſay what he will) was ſafer than meeting it *there*; you brought it, after all that had been done by the enemy to ſtrengthen himſelf and weaken us, after the loſs of Amphipolis, Olynthus and Potidæa, the outguards of Athens; you brought it, I ſay, to the deciſion of a battle with equal forces. When this could be effected, there was evidently nothing ſo deſperate in our circumſtances, as to juſtify an inaction, which might probably make them worſe, but could not make them better. PHOCION thinks that a ſtate, which cannot itſelf be the ſtrongeſt, ſhould live in friendſhip with that power which is the ſtrongeſt. But in my opinion *ſuch friendſhip* is no better than *ſervitude*. It is more adviſeable to endeavour to ſupply what is wanting in our own ſtrength by a conjunction with others who are equally in danger. This method of preventing the ruin of our country was tried by DEMOSTHENES. Nor yet did he neglect, by all practicable means, to augment, at the ſame time, our internal reſources. I have heard, that when he found the publick treaſure exhauſted, he repleniſhed it, with very great peril to himſelf, by bringing into it money appropriated before to the entertainment of the people, againſt the expreſs prohibition of a popular law, which made it death to propoſe the application thereof to any other uſe. This was virtue, this was *true and genuine patriotiſm*. He owed all his importance and power in the ſtate to the favour of the people: Yet, in order to ſerve the ſtate, he did not fear, at the evident hazard of his life, to offend their darling paſſion, and appeal againſt it to their reaſon.

PHOCION.

PHOCION.

For this action I praiſe him. It was indeed far more dangerous for a miniſter at Athens to violate that abſurd and extravagant law than any of thoſe of SOLON. But, though he reſtored our finances, he could not reſtore our loſt virtue; he could not give that firm health, that vigour to the ſtate, which is the reſult of pure morals, of ſtrict order and civil diſcipline, of integrity in the old, and obedience in the young. I therefore dreaded a conflict with the ſolid ſtrength of Macedon, where corruption had yet made but a very ſmall progreſs, and was happy that DEMOSTHENES did not oblige me, againſt my own inclination, to be the general of ſuch a people in ſuch war.

ARISTIDES.

I fear that your juſt contempt of the greater number of thoſe who compoſed the democracy, ſo diſguſted you with this mode and form of government, that you were as averſe to ſerve under it, as others, with leſs ability and virtue than you, were deſirous of obtruding themſelves into its ſervice. But, though ſuch a reluctance proceeds from a very noble cauſe, and ſeems agreeable to the dignity of a great mind in bad times, yet it is a fault againſt the higheſt of moral obligations, the love of our country. For, how unworthy ſoever individuals may be, the publick is always reſpectable, always dear to the virtuous.

PHOCION.

True: But no obligation can lie upon a citizen to ſeek a publick charge, when he foreſees that his obtaining of it will be uſeleſs to his country. Would you have had me ſolicit the command of an army which I believed would be beaten?

ARISTIDES.

ARISTIDES.

It is not permitted to a ſtate to deſpair of its ſafety, till its utmoſt efforts have been made without ſucceſs. If you had commanded the army at Chæronea, you might poſſibly have changed the event of the day: But, if you had not, you would have died more honourably there, than in a priſon at Athens, betrayed by a vain confidence in the inſecure friendſhip of a perfidious Macedonian.

1 NO 61

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXXII.

MARCUS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS—— SERVIUS TULLIUS.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

YES, MARCUS, though I own you to have been the firſt of mankind in virtue and goodneſs, though, while you governed, philoſophy ſat on the throne and diffuſed the benign influences of her adminiſtration over the whole Roman empire, *as a king*, I might, perhaps, pretend to a merit even ſuperior to yours.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

That philoſophy you aſcribe to me has taught me to feel my own defects, and to venerate the virues of other men. Tell me, therefore, in what conſiſted the ſuperiority of your merit *as a king*.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

It conſiſted in this, *that I gave my people freedom*. I diminiſhed, I limited the kingly power, when it was placed in my hands. I need not tell you, that the plan of government inſtituted by me was adopted by the Romans, when they had driven out TARQUIN, the deſtroyer of their liberty; and gave its form to that Republick, compoſed of a due mixture of the regal, ariſtocratical and democratical powers, the ſtrength and wiſdom of which ſubdued the world. Thus all the glory of that great people, who for many ages excelled the reſt of mankind in the arts of war and of policy, belongs originally to me.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

There is much truth in what you ſay. But would not the Romans have done better, if, after the expulſion of TARQUIN, they had veſted the regal power in *a limited monarchy*, inſtead of placing it in two annual elective magiſtrates, with the title of conſuls? This was a great deviation from your plan of government, and I think, an unwiſe one. For a *divided royalty* is a ſoleciſm, an abſurdity in politics. Nor was the regal power, committed to the adminiſtration of conſuls, continued in their hands long enough, to enable them to finiſh any difficult war, or other act of great moment. From hence aroſe a neceſſity of prolonging their commands beyond the legal term; of ſhortening the interval preſcribed by the laws between the elections to thoſe offices; and of granting extraordinary commiſſions and powers, by all which the republick was in the end deſtroyed.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

The revolution which enſued upon the death of LUCRETIA was made with ſo much anger, that it is no wonder the Romans aboliſhed in their fury the name of king, and deſired to weaken a power, the exerciſe of which had been ſo grievous; though the doing this was attended with all the inconveniencies you have juſtly obſerved. But, if anger acted too violently in reforming abuſes, philoſophy might have wiſely corrected that error. MARCUS AURELIUS might have new modelled the Conſtitution of Rome. He might have made it *a limited Monarchy*, leaving to the emperors all the power that was neceſſary to govern a wide extended empire, and to the Senate and people all the liberty that could be conſiſtent with order and obedience to government; a liberty purged of faction and guarded againſt anarchy.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I ſhould have been happy indeed, if it had been in my power to do ſuch good to my country. But the

the Gods themſelves cannot force their bleſſings on men, who by their vices are become incapable to receive them. Liberty, like power, is only good for thoſe who poſſeſs it, when it is under the conſtant direction of virtue. No laws can have force enough to hinder it from degenerating into faction and anarchy, where the morals of a nation are depraved; and continued habits of vice will eradicate the very love of it out of the hearts of a people. A MARCUS BRUTUS, in my time, could not have drawn to his ſtandard a ſingle legion of Romans. But farther, it is certain that *the ſpirit of liberty* is abſolutely incompatible with *the ſpirit of conqueſt*. To keep *great conquered nations* in ſubjection and obedience, *great ſtanding armies* are neceſſary. The generals of thoſe armies will not long remain ſubjects; and whoever acquires dominion by the ſword, muſt rule by the ſword. If it does not deſtroy liberty, liberty will deſtroy him.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Do you then juſtify AUGUSTUS for the change he made in the Roman government?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I do not—for AUGUSTUS had no lawful authority to make that change. His power was uſurpation and breach of truſt. But the government, which he ſeized with a violent hand, came to me by a *lawful* and *eſtabliſhed* rule of ſucceſſion.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Can any length of *eſtabliſhment* make deſpotiſm *lawful*? Is not liberty an inherent, inalienable right of mankind?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They have an inherent right to be governed by laws, not by arbitrary will. But forms of governmen

ment may, and muſt, be occaſionally changed, with the conſent of the people. When I reigned over them the Romans were governed by laws.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Yes, becauſe your moderation, and the precepts of that philoſophy in which your youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the laws the rules of your government and the bounds of your power. But, if you had deſired to govern otherwiſe, had they power to reſtrain you?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They had not.—The imperial authority in my time had no limitations.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Rome therefore was in reality as much enſlaved under you as under your ſon; and you left him the power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary right.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I did—and the concluſion of that tyranny was his murder.

1 NO 61

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Unhappy father! Unhappy king! What a deteſtable thing is abſolute monarchy, when even the virtues of MARCUS AURELIUS could not hinder it from being deſtructive to his family, and pernicious to his country, any longer than the period of his own life. But how happy is that kingdom, in which a *limited monarch* preſides over a ſtate *ſo juſtly poiſed*, that it guards itſelf from ſuch evils, and has no need to take refuge in arbitrary power againſt the dangers of anarchy, which is almoſt as bad a reſource, as it would be for a ſhip to run itſelf on a rock, in order to eſcape from the agitation of a tempeſt.

FINIS.